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LETTERS FROM THE MANCHURIAN BORDER[1]

BY NORA WALN

TIENTSIN, *January* 18, 1931. — Skating west from the Pa Li Tai Bridge yesterday morning, my daughter and I accepted a kind invitation to rest and take a cup of tea in the Hour of the Snake with some people named Wu — a family of emigrants on their way to Tientsin to board the train for Manchuria. They had had their *pia-tzu* (canal boat fitted with runners when the water is frozen over and propelled by metal-tipped staffs) pushed off the double-trace iceway into the wayside bay below the Village of the Fragrant Forest. There were thirty-seven in the family, counting the youngest girl, who had been born on the *pia-tzu* the previous afternoon. They were all of the same surname — agnatic descendants of the two eldest, a man and a woman who had celebrated six decades of marriage.

These Wus had come from 'two moons down the Canal.' They are farmers, descended from 'folk who have tilled the earth for generations beyond count.' One of them was born with a club foot and apprenticed to a smith. He has forged farm tools in his home hamlet for thirty years and is now teaching his trade to a nine-year-old nephew who was shot in the hip last year by marauding soldiers. Another, who was stung blind by bees, was apprenticed to the Minstrel of the City of the Third Dike. He can play the moon guitar and sing songs from the 'forty-six centuries of Chinese

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[1] When the trouble in Manchuria became acute, the *Atlantic* cabled an old and experienced contributor, Mrs. Waln, and these letters, written at different times while the trouble was brewing, were mailed in reply. In a note which accompanied them the author explained that they describe incidents and events characteristic of the tense situation that 'led up to the gunfire, which is a rumble as I write.' She goes on to say: 'There is an intermittent censorship of the Tientsin post, by self-appointed Anti-Japanese Scouts, to which the Chinese Government here has not yet given attention. I am therefore posting three copies of the letters, trusting thus to reach you.' It is significant that only one packet has arrived at the *Atlantic* office. — EDITORS

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history to enlighten the family in times of darkness, because by examining the past we can understand the present and know the future.' From external appearances and the acquaintance of an hour, I found all of the family self-respecting, decent people — good citizens such as China needs just now. Yet they were leaving the homestead where they had dwelt for two centuries and going out beyond the Wall.

They were dressed in clean, neat, warmly wadded cotton garments and homemade shoes. Before eating, they washed their faces and hands, calloused and thickened by honest toil, in basins of steaming water. In addition to good tea they had whole-grain flour noodles, grown and prepared at home before the journey, seasoned with fresh green onion tops bought from a passing farm boat. After the meal they scrubbed their strong white teeth with salt, washed their food bowls, chopsticks, and the cooking pot, then put out the charcoal fire in the cookstove, saving the bits of once-used fuel. Two of the women cracked walnuts for the mother of the newborn child, saying, 'She has two to feed, so she must have something extra.' The great-great-great-grandmother told me that rolled inside their bedding they each had a complete outfit of summer clothes, sewn before leaving their old homestead; when spring came they expected to be entirely occupied planting crops in new fields.

My daughter asked the Elder why he was leaving the fertile midlands, where the climate is kind, to farm northern fields where the cruel winter shortens the growing season to a scant portion of the year. In reply he said: 'Thatch your roof before the rains; dig your well before you are thirsty. We flee from the wrath of the Three of the Midlands — the Yangtze, the Yellow River, and the Canal. Shamefully neglected for more than two decades, the Three are angry. They are not satisfied with a few bright toys flung into their waters to a mythical dragon at festival times. The historical annals from the most ancient days record more practical appeasement. In the past, engineers have coaxed the Three into good humor, returning to them part of the riches received from the midland harvests: they dredged channels, built and repaired dikes, and helped the Three control the summer rains. It is now twice ten years since the engineers went away, and we flee from the wrath to come.'

'The ice level in the Canal is a finger length higher than ever before in my father's lifetime,' said the man who sat next to the Elder as he handed him the pipe he had lighted. 'It is a warning to the House of Wu to move elsewhere, even though we have enjoyed two centuries of satisfaction in that place. Twenty years ago, in the first year of the Republic, we sent petitions to Peking concerning three weak places in the dikes above our fields that had been neglected by the previous government. Our cry was not heard. Four years ago we welcomed the Nationalists as saviors. We have reported the danger nine times to Nanking. Our nine cries are not heard. The places of weakness now number twenty. We have sent foot scouts to other farmers of the rich midlands. They have reported that it is common knowledge in hamlet, field, and village market place that at the next season of heavy rain the Three will sweep out, causing such devastation as has not previously been recorded in Chinese history. The midlands are the treasure chest of the National Government. Nanking, their capital, the Queen of the Three Valleys, sits at the place of threefold danger. Can we judge these new rulers wise men when they are now entirely occupied arguing among themselves about party discipline?'

We skated home with the sun on our backs.

II

There is no abatement in the activities of the Anti-Japanese Society. This morning I was in the shop of Ping on the Taku Road when a pretty little Chinese girl about four years old, dressed in pink silk trousers and coat lined with white rabbit, came in holding fast to her nurse's hand. The child told Ping that her uncle had given her a dollar and she wanted to purchase a doll. She inspected Ping's dolls and finally chose one with a chubby body which he assured her could be washed all over. It was without clothes, and the nurse recommended one in a blue dress, but the little girl said, 'I get a larger child for a dollar without clothes. You can dress it, please, just as I am dressed.'

Ping's clerk was wrapping up the doll when two Anti-Japanese Scouts arrived. They were exceedingly self-assured schoolboys of perhaps fifteen or sixteen years. The elder took the parcel from the clerk, examined the doll, and said it was made in Japan. Then, despite the protests of the child and her nurse, he tucked it under his arm and joined his companion in pulling merchandise from cases and shelves. They pronounced this and that Japanese-made, and threw other goods carelessly on the floor, trampling over them so that Ping's tidy shop was soon in a disgraceful state. Ping stood by, impassive. There was a policeman on duty at the corner; the shutters of the glass-fronted shop were down, so that he could easily see what was going on, but he did nothing.

When the Scouts had gathered together spoils enough to 'teach a lesson,' — cotton cloth, knitting wool, spools of thread, bath towels (which plainly bore the woven-in trade-mark of a local Chinese factory), candles, bedroom slippers, and two crates of Swedish matches, — they directed the frightened young clerk to pile the merchandise in a heap in the centre of the Taku Road. Traffic was diverted to make room for it. The elder Scout laid the doll on top of the pyre while the second set the whole mass ablaze by putting one of the lighted candles under each crate of matches. When I left, the child who had bought the doll was screaming and struggling to get away from her nurse so that she could fly at the vandals who had destroyed her treasure.

At the corner I asked the policeman why he had permitted the bonfire. He shuffled his feet uneasily, but remained silent. When I had repeated my question three times he replied, 'As yet I have received no command to thwart anti-Japanese activities.' These words were overheard by a coppersmith, an independent craftsman with a powerful guild behind him, who seized the occasion to lecture the policeman. A crowd came away from the bonfire to listen.

'Six of our neighbors,' said the coppersmith, 'have been ruined in this street in nine moons. First the government collects taxes again after they have already been paid, then it lets these Anti-Japanese Scouts complete our ruin. I have not heard that the Nationalist Government has prohibited the importation of Japanese goods. Such merchandise pays import duty to get here; if it were forbidden, surely it would not be allowed to pass the customs. The merchants do not stock it just to be impudent. They would not have it on their shelves if the people did not want to buy it. Yet these schoolboys take it upon themselves to punish the merchants by seizing everything their fancy prompts them to pronounce Japanese-made, and they trample and spoil hundreds of dollars' worth of Chinese-made goods as well. By neglecting to stop the foolishness of these students, who ought to be at their books, you police are thrusting your thumbs through your own paper lanterns. It is the merchants who pay the taxes and make possible the modern luxury of a policeman at every corner in a nice uniform — and when there are no more merchants, you will be out of a job!'

Farther down the street I saw a Japanese in military uniform photographing an anti-Japanese poster.

III

TIENTSIN, *May* 23, 1931. — Early in the month Sir Miles Lampson, the British Minister, came down to Tientsin and went on to Nanking in the lovely flagship *Petersfield*. M. Wilder, the French Minister, went down by train shortly afterward. A little later Mr. Johnson, the American Minister, took a plane and flew down. Soon the Italian Minister followed, and a representative came over from Tokyo to speak for Japan. As a result of these conferences the press has been filled with reports that the Nanking officials are demanding the surrender of all the foreign 'concessions' in China.

These concessions comprise only a few square acres, adding together the land at Shanghai, Canton, Chinkiang, Newchwang, and Tientsin. Originally they were districts set aside by the rulers of China for the segregation of Westerners, so that the Chinese would not be contaminated by them, but they no longer serve that purpose. To-day Westerners in China are not segregated. Though they may not own property outside of the concessions, they may live anywhere they can rent a residence. These areas, however, have become oases in this land of perpetual civil war which for the last twenty years has been torn by plots and counterplots, intrigues, riots, and sedition. Consequently large numbers of natives have taken refuge in the concessions, and the majority of the residents in them are now Chinese.

All the concessions stand on swamps. Only the most undesirable sites could be spared for the 'barbarians' who pushed into China to barter and trade despite every effort of the Son of Heaven to discourage them. On low taxes the swamps have been drained, filled in, and planted with trees so that they now present a handsome appearance. All roads in these areas, even the back streets, are well paved. All concessions have fine schoolhouses, adequate to educate all the children of the residents, and balances in their treasuries large enough to build on annexes and hire more teachers as they are needed. They have good hospitals, modern sewage-disposal systems, and furnish water and electricity at much lower rates than any other municipal government in China has been able to do. They are all crowded to their boundaries, for civil war halts at their borders.

I frequently hear it said, over teacups in Chinese courtyards, that since China is now proclaimed a democratic republic the fate of the concessions should not be autocratically decided by ministers and officials, but by a ballot of all the residents. The clear implication of this is that if the local Chinese were allowed a voice in the matter the concessions would remain as they now are.

Until recently the municipal bonds of the concessions have regularly paid 5 per cent and been counted gilt-edged investments. They have dropped alarmingly since it has become a possibility that these areas may come under the same government as the rest of China. The daughter of a Chinese banker noted for his shrewdness tells me that he is selling and advising all his relatives to sell British concession bonds for whatever they will bring, and is buying up French bonds. He interprets the briskness with which England turned over the Hankow concession and the administration of the fishing village of Wei-hai-wei as evidence that 'the British of this generation are eager to relinquish their inherited responsibilities and glad to find sentimental reasons for handing things over.'

The countries in whose names these concessions are held reap no revenues from them. They are entirely self-supporting except for the cost of sending out troops to gesture fighting away from their borders on those rare occasions when civil war presses too close. In spite of all this, the concessions remain a potential source of trouble in this disturbed land because modern Chinese politicians, with their insight into Western character acquired through their education in Europe and America, can always throw up the smoke screen of 'foreign aggression.'

IV

As I look down from my sitting-room window, at which I am writing, I can see a little group of nine Chinese country people waiting, bewildered by motor traffic, for the policeman to signal them that it is safe to cross the street. Ever since I came to live here, in April 1927, there has been a steady flux of hardy, independent, good-natured farm families passing through Tientsin en route to Manchuria beyond the Great Wall. There seem to be even more of them this spring than usual.

According to a census report which I heard a young Chinese economist deliver this week at Nankai University, there are now thirty million farmers spread sparsely over the 364,000 square miles of Manchuria. At the time Japan began to take an interest in the development of those generous empty acres, laying railways to induce settlers to open the virgin soil with the plough, there were only five million Chinese living in Manchuria. The Chinese Government was anxious lest overpopulous Japan should colonize in such numbers as to overshadow the Chinese, but events have proved this fear groundless. Twenty-seven million of the present population are Chinese.

'China proper is not crowded,' said the economist. 'One may travel for weeks in our country through fertile, uncultivated acres. Foreigners think we are overpopulated because they only see a few cities. In peace time it would have been impossible to colonize Manchuria, but circumstances have accomplished what the government could never have brought about by direct efforts. Civil war in the eighteen provinces has driven the peace-loving farmers out to settle Manchuria even more effectively than the Japanese Government, with all its paternal coaxing, has been able to move the citizens of that crowded country. In 1927, the most turbulent year of the revolution, over a million Chinese went into Manchuria. In 1928 half a million more became farm proprietors there. In 1929 the emigrants numbered six hundred thousand, and in 1930 another half million joined them. In spite of the extreme difficulties encountered in that harsh climate, the Chinese farmer endures them with good spirit; he is unconcerned about hardship so long as he can plough, sow, and reap undisturbed.'

Large numbers of these migrating

peasants pass through Tientsin by boat, by train, and on foot, according to the fullness of their purses. They travel in family groups. One sees babies in the arms of their parents, and aged folk, too weak to walk, riding astride the backs of their descendants. They have their ploughs, their seed, their kitchen gods, often even the hearthstone from their old homestead; along with their clothes, bedding, food, and incense to burn at wayside shrines, they often carry roots and cuttings from favorite rosebushes and shrubs.

Because heretofore I have always found the Chinese family firmly attached to its bit of home soil (all my friends and acquaintances, even my servants, speak quite casually of three or four centuries of residence on the same site), I often wander down the Willow Road to see the emigrant families who approach Tientsin on foot. I have been intensely curious to know what manner of people these were who had suddenly deserted the graves of their ancestors to seek the Promised Land outside the Wall. All of them to whom I have talked have shown themselves to be resolute, gallant folk ready to face a new life with courage and fortitude. They are all stoutly Chinese. Not one of them will concede that there is a race in the world equal in any respect to their own. They speak of all others as barbarians, except the Japanese, 'our half-civilized cousins.' They are firm in their conviction that the Chinese confer a benefit upon any place they enter. They are not at all concerned about matters of government. 'We have had many dynasties and many governments,' they say. 'Whatever the regulations, the farmers abide by them.'

When I have asked them about Manchuria, they replied: 'We flee before the God of Civil War and the God of Flood. There is a King in Manchuria, but we can't remember his name. We do not know whether he is Russian, British, as in Malaya, Japanese, Manchu, or Ming. What does it matter? We have assurance, from a member of our family sent to investigate, that he lets farmers settle there, and, beyond taking 20 per cent of the harvest, does not bother people.'

V

Our garden extends on the south to the Nuchang Road, where it faces the residence of Chang Hsueh-ming, the Mayor of Tientsin. He is the second son of the late Chang Tso-lin, whom the people called the King of Manchuria. The oldest son is Chang Hsueh-liang, who inherited his father's rights to the dictatorship; he is young, ardent, and eager to rule well in Manchuria.

On the fourteenth, this older brother of our Mayor came to Tientsin and flew on down to Nanking to see if he could n't patch up the serious differences within the Nationalist Party. These internal conflicts have made it impossible for the Nanking Government to give attention to the care of the people, although it is now four years since their flag was unfurled over all the provinces within the Wall. At his first meeting with Chiang Kai-shek, who is now head of the Nationalist Party, Chang Hsueh-liang was won to hero worship of the charming Southerner, whom he regarded as the 'strong man' under whom all other strong men of China should rally. The Elders of the Chang family tried to persuade him not to leave Mukden on such a mission. They considered the trip unwise because the Japanese authorities in Manchuria had already warned him against involving that region any further in the vortex of politics within the Wall. He went, however, in spite of everything they could say.

To-day his plane came back bearing him unconscious with typhoid fever. He is to be rushed to the Rockefeller Hospital at Peking by train to-night. Every effort has been made to keep his serious illness secret, since such incidents always cause political unrest and runs on the banks. But in that insidious way in which rumors run in China, hot-cake vendors, minstrels, and clerks in shops were spreading word yesterday, before the plane arrived, that Chang Hsueh-liang had been poisoned in Nanking.

The younger brother, the Mayor of Tientsin, has been giving us the best government we have had in the four years since we came here. Communists and labor agitators have miraculously disappeared, and robberies and kidnapings, previously frequent, have ceased. His men have done no looting; they are paid each month at their barracks with round silver dollars. Steam rollers, like those used on the roads in America, have appeared on our streets and are kept busy from sunrise until sunset crushing and leveling out the ruts.

The only disturbance in the spring peace is the puzzling continuance of activities by the Anti-Japanese Society. School-teachers complain that the students won't stay in the classrooms and be taught, now that the government is paying their wages regularly. Not only the shops, but the bridges, the railway stations, and the roads, are infested by the Anti-Japanese Scouts. Most of them are fresh-faced, impudent schoolboys, and school*girls* as well, but in their ranks one also sees coarse ruffians from the lowest alleys in the city. They not only confiscate the merchants' goods, but stop carriers and carters to rip open luggage and cases that have passed the customs, and they accost people in the street if they suspect them of wearing Japanese-made apparel.

I myself was recently accosted and had my blue-flowered scarf taken away. It was made in America, but the Scout who claimed it — he was a grown man — swore that it was made in Japan. Although it was faded and twice darned, I was annoyed to lose it. I argued and even appealed to the head priest of the temple I had been visiting, but a kindly Chinese gentleman in the crowd that had collected advised me to let it go. 'One cannot blow out a fire with a rolling-pin,' he remarked. Then a gentlewoman who had been praying at the shrine took my arm, saying, 'Come away. It is best always to suit self to circumstance.'

While such things are going on, numbers of Japanese, both in civilian garb and in military uniform, may be observed everywhere, quietly but industriously photographing each new anti-Japanese poster as soon as it is pasted up.

VI

TIENTSIN, *July* 8, 1931. — Chang Hsueh-liang's crusade to Nanking appears to have been futile. The feud between party chiefs, far from being ended, has mounted once more to the point of civil war. Sun-Fo and Wang Ching-wei, party veterans, have gone south and set the Canton arsenals to making cartridges, rifles, pistols, machine guns, and smokeless powder in day and night shifts in order to unseat President Chiang Kai-shek. Their confederate, C. C. Wu, has thereby been forced to resign his appointment as Minister to Washington. President Chiang Kai-shek has ridden continuous storms and remained in control of the government longer than any other ruler since the revolution, but he has been kept so busy raising armies to defend his position that he has had no time to do anything else.

Chang Hsueh-liang is still in the Rockefeller Hospital with typhoid, and bulletins reporting his progress are issued by the Mayor's office here every day. In spite of them many people assert that he is dead, and shops refuse to accept money stamped with his likeness. Japanese military officers are now saying quite openly that if he is alive and recovers he can never return to Manchuria. They explain that his friendship with Chiang Kai-shek and his alliance with the Nationalist Party make his government unsuited to conditions in Manchuria, and as evidence of this they say that more than three hundred insults to Japan have occurred there. Moreover, they add, his brother, the Mayor of Tientsin, has made no effort to stop anti-Japanese activities here.

When the Japanese officials are asked who would be acceptable to them, they just smile and say nothing. Mr. Henry Pu-Yi, the ex-Emperor, has been approached unofficially by Japanese callers, as well as by his relatives, who work continuously for a monarchical restoration, and by anti-Chang-family Chinese, but he is anxious to keep free of all politics. He has grown into a nice young man, very like an American college boy of the quiet, studious type, with kindly and simple manners. Both he and his beautiful young wife accompanied me to the gate when I had tea there last, and said, 'Do come again. We need our friends in these trying times.'

VII

The thermometer hovers around ninety in the shade, and we have had lots of rain. The crops in the surrounding countryside are coming on excellently — the corn shoulder high, the rice above level and well seeded, the winter wheat heavy with grain. I have seen the abundance on both sides of the river for many miles, for I have been a guest on an all-day picnic arranged by the River Commission aboard its launch. The picnic was not just to give officials and their wives and members of prominent Tientsin families a pleasant day; its object was to draw attention to the danger of flood.

We were asked to recall that our province is a flood plain, and that the Hai-ho River, curving in a restricted and narrow channel through and around Tientsin, is the only outlet to the sea. The complicated system of dikes and canals which for centuries have been used to draw off surplus water was reviewed, and the British, French, German, and Chinese engineers employed by the Commission emphasized the need of immediate improvements and repairs. History was quoted to remind us that Tientsin's past has been checkered with devastating floods. Photographs of the two most recent catastrophes, in 1917 and 1924, were passed around so that people who were not then living here might see how the city suffered when rushing torrents, bearing farms and hamlets in their churning waters, came down upon it.

I remembered that the flood mark in our house, which stands in the most elevated section of Tientsin, is at the second landing of the stairs, and that the gateman had told me how the family then in residence dwelt safely above. The engineers say that the next flood will be worse. If so, we have a third story to retire to, but the average Chinese house has only one.

I concluded, however, before the picnic was over, that the government at Tientsin, like the governments in the Yangtze and the Yellow River and the Grand Canal valleys, has so many pressing demands on the treasury just now that the gods will have to be trusted not to send heavy rains this summer. The silted river channels, at the very places the engineers pointed out as most dangerous, are all mantled by the lovely lotus, now in bud.

TIENTSIN, *September* 6, 1931. — News of the Yangtze catastrophe, aggravated by fifteen breaks in the dikes of the Grand Canal, first reached us while we were at the seashore, when Mrs. Davis received a telegram from Hankow informing her that her piano had been moved to the upper floor of her house, which was then above water. I am thankful for the escape of the Wu family, whom I met while skating last winter. I am grateful, too, that we have not had such heavy rains in our province. It would be impossible to describe adequately the sad plight of the afflicted in this great disaster.

The Emperor of Japan has sent a personal gift of 100,000 yen (about $50,000 in American money) in addition to the sympathy donation for flood relief sent by the Japanese people. He also offered Japanese health experts to help cope with the problem of plague prevention. The Chinese Government immediately telegraphed grateful acceptance, and the health experts are now working in the Chinese medical corps.

VIII

Anti-Japanese incidents at Tientsin are more numerous now than they were before I went to the seashore. I have witnessed three to-day.

About nine this morning I saw the candy vendor accosted by a well-dressed young man with a picket's badge, who proceeded to examine the old man's wares. I cannot imagine what the picket could have found, but he claimed that something was made in Japan and gave a lesson in 'national loyalty' by wrecking the portable cookstove and emptying the bamboo sugar jar over the candy man's head.

At eleven I saw two little Japanese schoolgirls baited by impudent questions and pushed about by a mob of Chinese children. The sash of one Japanese child was pulled off and trampled, and excitement was running high when Tientsin's most popular actor happened to peer out from his 'To and From the World Door.' He snatched the Japanese maids inside and bolted his gates in the astonished faces of their persecutors.

At four this afternoon pickets went down Shoe Street and commandeered all the cobblers' Formosa snakeskin, which, among Chinese flappers, is the fashionable shoe material this autumn.

Last night the family of M. Samarq, the manager of the Crédit Foncier, who are neighbors of ours, moved up from their seaside home, arriving at the East Station at ten o'clock. They had with them the usual clothing, linen, silver, and household furnishings which we must all move to and from the sea each summer. They passed out of the station all right and were traveling homeward when they were stopped within five minutes' distance of their town-house gate by Anti-Japanese Scouts, who demanded to go through their luggage. M. Samarq refused and attempted to go on, but the Scouts seized his bearers and whistled for reënforcements. They came in increasing numbers until there was a mob of them, mostly high-school and college students, with a few street ruffians — all of them wearing the Anti-Japanese badge. M. Samarq and his daughter's fiancé, M. Ferrier, speak the local dialect fluently, and they appealed to the police. The police, however, stood quietly on duty and said it was not their affair.

Three hours passed in argument, which served to keep the boxes from being opened, but did not succeed in getting them moved, for the pickets sat upon them. The police change guard at twelve o'clock. Finally at one o'clock one of the policemen then on duty said it appeared to him that neither side was accomplishing anything, so he would suggest a compromise. He had had no orders to thwart Anti-Japanese Scouts, but he saw that a Frenchman would not peacefully submit to having his bedding, his garments, and his private personal utensils exposed to public examination in the street. So, not as a policeman but as an individual, he would offer his courtyard, three streets away, for the inspection. The offer was accepted by both sides, and the luggage was carried there. After a lengthy opening of everything, nothing of Japanese manufacture was found. The French Consul-General is protesting.

In addition to the pickets there are other Anti-Japanese Scouts who try to educate the people by street lectures. I have listened to several of them. They all informed the passing populace that every treaty with Japan is unfair because none of them confers mutual benefits, but only benefits to Japan. All the treaties have been signed under duress, they explain, and bear the signatures of Chinese politicians who were bribed to sell their country. I have secured and carefully read copies of all the Sino-Japanese treaties, and am tempted to believe that what the lecturers say is true. But after one of the orators had quoted the treaties and scolded the Street of Nine Blessings more than half an hour for its indifference, I heard a man hitched behind a mule in the drawing harness of a cart remark, 'We might be more sensitive to the danger of Japanese vassalage if we had ever known anything except vassalage at home.'

Japanese and Chinese officials are still extremely polite to each other at dinner parties and social gatherings. It would still be a serious breach of good taste to invite one nationality and leave out the other 'because they do not go well together.' But over idle cups of tea in Chinese courtyards it is common talk that the two countries are on the eve of war.

(*Further letters from the Manchurian border will be published next month*)

TWO ENTHUSIASMS

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

AMONG good memories I cherish particularly the recollection of my youthful friendship with Sir Sidney Colvin, the biographer of Landor and Keats, professor of Fine Arts at Cambridge, and then for many years curator of prints at the British Museum. His generous kindness meant much to a college boy. As everyone knew, he had been the first discoverer and adviser of Stevenson's talent.[1] Stevenson was the great enthusiasm of my boyhood (my twenty-first birthday present to myself was the pocket edition in four volumes of Stevenson's *Letters* which Colvin had edited), and in the summer of 1911 a college mate and I had bicycled all the way from Oxford to Edinburgh to investigate Tusitala's footprints. I had even gone so far as to hunt out the country rectory where Colvin and Stevenson first met, at Cockfield in Suffolk.[2] I wrote to Colvin to tell him about all this. At a time when the old Stevenson 'idolatry' was beginning to show signs of an undertow, this boyish zeal may well have pleased him.

But Colvin was much more than just the kindly procurator of a well-loved author. His *Memories and Notes of Persons and Places, 1852–1912*, gives a deep view into the Victorian Age — which really was an age; something organic and patterned, like the slice of a ham, whereas what we live in now sometimes seems more like a jelly that refuses to jell. (Both phenomena have their advantages.) When Colvin died, his executor, Mr. E. V. Lucas, arranged his correspondence for sale at the Anderson Galleries. A study of that sale catalogue (Anderson Catalogue No. 2267, May 7, 1928) shows his many relationships. Colvin's career as mediator between artists and the decorous world of publishers — he knew intimately most of the figures from Ruskin, Browning, and Meredith down to Hugh Walpole — would be the theme of an interesting essay. He was always, as Stevenson said, somewhat the Stern Parent. It was characteristic of him that when Stephen Phillips dined with him he warned the butler not to replenish the poet's wineglass more than twice. Phillips used to tell with much grievance how hard he tried to catch the discreet servant's eye.

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[1] Barrie wrote in 1922: 'I should forget to couple Mary Lamb with Charles as soon as think of R. L. S. without taking off my hat to Colvin. Even now when you sit with Colvin you feel that Stevenson is nearer than in any other mortal room; some very slight disturbance of the atmosphere and he would break into the conversation.' — AUTHOR

[2] As a matter of fact, Colvin told me, they actually met first, not at the rectory, but on the railroad station platform at Cockfield. I went there again in 1930, looking for an inn at the near-by town of Lavenham, where I vaguely remembered an old engraving of 'Pirates Decoying a Merchantman.' Lavenham, famous for its magnificent old church, also prides itself on the legend that 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' was written there; but I doubt it, for I believe Jane Taylor was only thirteen when her family left Lavenham in 1796. Ann and Jane Taylor's *Original Poems for Infant Minds* was not published until 1804. — AUTHOR

In my own small doings Colvin served as link between two major enthusiasms, Stevenson and Conrad. Though the men were very different, and Conrad had no high opinion of Stevenson's work, there was a sort of continuity; for while Stevenson was writing his last and finest book, which burst his brain and killed him, Conrad was reading proof of his first novel. Surely one of the most curious episodes in literary history is that of the thin, dark-eyed, and dying Cambridge man, Jacques, to whom Conrad showed his manuscript aboard the *Torrens* in 1892 and who chose just the right reply when Conrad asked him if it was worth finishing. 'Distinctly,' he said. Too much or too little fervor would have been equally distasteful to Conrad; 'distinctly' was just the needed word. And the next year Galsworthy was a passenger in the *Torrens;* I believe that his intention was to go to Samoa to see Stevenson. He never got there, and the fact that the mate of the ship he sailed in was to be an even greater writer was a paradox he could hardly have anticipated.

One of my trophies is a little drawing of the *Torrens* by an old sea captain who was her cabin boy just after Conrad had left her. If you are interested in ships, you can look up her record in Lubbock's *Colonial Clippers*. Surely one of the most covetable 'items' in the world is that now owned by Mr. George Keating, the 'Certificate of Competency as Master' issued on November 11, 1886, to Conrad Korzeniowski by the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade.[3] I have always wondered if poor Jacques, who died soon after reaching Australia, ever wrote home to his family any impressions of the seaman whose manuscript he read.

My chief boyhood treasure, which Colvin gave me, was a letter of Stevenson's, written from Mentone in the earliest days of his friendship with Colvin, in which the youth wrote, 'I am full of litterary [*sic*] schemes.' This I once parted with in a too impulsive moment, and though I tried hard some years later to retrace it, I never could find it again. Probably it gladdens the heart of some collector somewhere, which is as it should be. The purpose of all such trophies is to give pleasure, not to lie hidden in vaults.

One of my greatest treasures still is the copy of *Travels with a Donkey* (inscribed 'from Modestine per R. L. S.') which Stevenson gave his good Bournemouth physician, the doctor with the sadly appropriate initials, Dr. T. B. Scott. This was a gift from that openhanded Caliph of amenity, A. E. N. I prize no less my copy of *Moral Emblems* signed by Lloyd Osbourne, who describes himself in the inscription as 'the little boy for whom they were written'; and my *Wrong Box* (Scribner, 1889) is also signed by Osbourne, who was its co-author. This admirable farce, which is certainly well up among contenders for the most subtly amusing spoof in our language, gives a portrait of an old gentleman whose wits have been addled by a passion for public lecturing.

There was a curious psychic episode in connection with its publication. Stevenson's friend, Charles Baxter, a lawyer in Edinburgh, received a copy fresh from the press. When the book arrived he wrote in it his name and the date (June 17, 1889) and began reading it in the train on his way home from his office to the suburbs. He found the character of Michael Finsbury 'a rather ill-natured caricature' of himself, and was so annoyed that he put the book away and did not write to the author. Weeks later he received a letter from R. L. S. in Samoa saying: 'Did you die on June 17 or what happened to you? My wife saw you come up to the house with an angry look. She rushed to meet you and you vanished.' Baxter, with legal precision, made a note of this coincidence in his copy and had his father witness it. I remember seeing that identical copy at Drake's bookshop some fifteen years ago.

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[3] See facsimile in Keating, *A Conrad Memorial Library*, p. 230. — Author

Stevenson's letters have lost little of their savor. Glancing through them again recently, I found his comment on a British lecturer who was coming to this country in 1884 to give us some cultural assistance. 'Let him resist the fatal British tendency to communicate his dissatisfaction with a country to its inhabitants.'

From Colvin I first heard of Joseph Conrad, and like to think that I have Conrad's own name written in that one of his books which was dearest to himself, *The Mirror of the Sea.* He had sailed almost everywhere else, but never crossed the North Atlantic until he came to New York in the *Tuscania* in 1923. Captain Bone was then master of the *Tuscania,* and Conrad's fellow passenger was the Captain's brother, Muirhead Bone. Surely the finest portrait ever done of Conrad is that etching by Muirhead Bone showing him as he was on that voyage, sitting up late in his dressing gown talking of old days at sea. It shows the austere Ulysses aspect of that grimly noble head.

This was Conrad's first experience of modern liners, and, while he paid tribute to every cunning device of comfort and precaution that marks our great steamships, the old master in sail spoke in his final comment that hotel life is much the same everywhere. A number of newspaper men went down the bay in the revenue cutter to meet the *Tuscania* at Quarantine. I had *The Mirror of the Sea* in my pocket, and Captain Bone wrote in it a formal shipmaster's manifest: 'Duly delivered at New York, in good order and condition, Captain Joseph Conrad. David Wm. Bone, Master, *R. M. S. Tuscania,* May Day 1923.' This was witnessed in signature by the invoice himself.

The first essay in *The Mirror of the Sea* is called 'Landfalls and Departures' (a landfall is the sailor's first sight of land after a voyage, when he 'falls in with the land') and Muirhead Bone gracefully illustrated the first page of that essay with a little watercolor sketch of the Fire Island Lightship, which was Conrad's first glimpse of North America. One surprising similarity which I have never seen mentioned always strikes me in *The Mirror:* in some of the sketches Conrad's mood and tone are identically those of a man he had probably never read, whose life was as different as possible from his own — Charles Lamb.

It is well to remember, in thinking about Conrad, that he was a foreigner. Long years at sea, long years as a writer in England, did not suppress but only drove inward his native quality. His wildly improbable career raises the deepest problems of art and consciousness. Surely the Slavic accent of his speech was an analogy of the thought within. His Polish habit of extreme politeness very likely gave a misleading impression of his apparent assimilation. I doubt if in all their years of affectionate relation a man so indestructibly English as Colvin divined Conrad's essential detachment from Anglo-Saxon ideas. A brilliant book by Gustav Morf, *The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad,* tries to recapture him for his native land, showing how deep Polish idiom and Polish folk tales were imbedded in his work. Dr. Morf suggests that Conrad's loneliness accounts for his choice of exiled, outcast, and frustrated characters. At the very front of Morf's book is a phrase that shows we are dealing with an order of ideas totally different from English. The portrait of the superbly bearded Apollo Korzeniowski, Conrad's revolutionist father, is thus described: 'The eyes of a dreamer, the beard of a man whose accounts with the world at large are closed.'

But Conrad was even more foreign than an expatriated Pole. He came from a land remoter still, the land of the poet's imagination. He always resented being classified as a maritime writer. 'The English have tried to imprison me on an island in the ocean,' he wrote. 'They never did that to anyone but Napoleon.' The sea was the ancient enemy in many of his stories, but the sea was a symbol. In March 1917, he wrote to Colvin, apropos of *The Shadow Line:* 'Perhaps you won't find it presumptious [*sic*] if after 22 years of work I may say that I have not been very well understood. I have been called a writer of the sea, of the tropics, a descriptive writer, a romantic writer — and also a realist. But as a matter of fact all my concern has been with the ideal values of things.' Perhaps in the sea he found the purest area of uncompromised insolubility which is available for any artist. Its appalling unconcern is disastrously complete. Even when he settled in England he kept near it. We learn from the late Neil Munro that in 1898, when he had already published four books (including the immortal *Nigger*), Conrad actually spent three days in Glasgow looking for a ship. Luckily he did n't find one; he went back and wrote *Lord Jim.*

His great countryman, Paderewski, once opened a war-time appeal for Poland in these memorable words: 'I have to speak to you of a country which is not yours, in a language which is not mine.' That was even more true of Conrad. The indescribable refreshment he brought to his fellow émigrés from that dominion of ideal values, and the extraordinary enthusiasm of their homage, testify to that element of strangeness which Bacon identified as a character of great art. His career as writer was necessariiy studded with the small comedies inseparable from the lives of those who dwell far abroad from their own folk. No example is better than the instance when the offer of knighthood was sent him in its alarmingly official envelope. It lay long unopened on his desk, so long that the Prime Minister was gravely embarrassed and had to send a personal messenger to investigate. Conrad had thought it was the income tax.

One of the greatest things he ever wrote, the Preface to the *Nigger*, was for many years omitted from his books because his English publishers thought it too proud a manifesto to come from an almost unknown writer. But in that preface he spoke as does a great king entering his kingdom.

THE ROAD TO ROME — AND BACK

BY ONE WHO HAS TRAVELED IT

Most of us who have given consideration to religious matters assume that we know why we stand thus and so in the tangle of conflicting faiths. If one is a Christian Scientist, a Roman Catholic, an orthodox Presbyterian, he can usually, and with manifest sincerity, set forth impressive reasons for adhering to the doctrines of his sect. It was only after I had passed through radical changes in my religious convictions that I came to doubt whether pure reason plays much part in fixing our attitude toward such questions, and to suspect that underlying our reason there is, as a rule, some emotional drive which determines the trend of our logic. As I look back over the double shift in my religious views, I am led to believe that the average man or woman, even though he be as staunch and genuine in his faith as the Pope himself, is likely to remain unconscious of the forces that control his reasoning processes. In this he is like the little metal ball at the end of a pendulum, which swings back and forth insensitive to the working of the governing mechanism within the clock.

Hoping to throw some light upon the secret coils and springs of the mind which determine the 'swing' of human convictions, I shall relate those events of my life which marked my progress along the road to Rome — and back again. As I reflect upon it, it seems to me now that both in becoming a Roman Catholic and later in ceasing to be one I was not at all the conscious director of my destiny that I imagined myself to be at the time. I was the little ball at the end of a pendulum, and forces which I did not understand swung me first to one religious extreme and then to its opposite.

I

My parents were New Englanders, whose standards were fixed by a strict Puritanism. Dancing and other forms of amusement in which my friends found harmless pleasure were forbidden me, and my girlhood was monotonous. In compensation I threw myself into my school work with great ardor and fed upon the hope that I might some day go to college. My father, however, was not prosperous, and there seemed little chance of realizing my ambition unless I earned my way. With this in view I took a short business course after graduation from high school, and secured a position as stenographer in a small city not far from my home. I changed offices several times, little by little increasing my salary and putting aside part of it toward a college education. Life, however, continued drab.

Finally I went to work in the office of a promising young business man, highly respected in the city, who happened to be a Roman Catholic. Within a short time after this I noticed that life had taken on color. My new employer, Patrick O'Neill, appeared to me to be perfection in human form. It surprised me, provincial that I was, to discover that a Catholic could be as upright in his business dealings as I soon recognized my employer to be, and at the same time so human — always ready with an encouraging joke whenever I made a mistake. I had never before known a Catholic, and had given no thought to the teachings of the Roman Church, but I had formed certain opinions just the same — highly unfavorable opinions, based upon such hearsay as I had picked up among my family and friends. Now for the first time I began to question my attitude. The religion of Patrick O'Neill *could* not deserve the abuse I had heard heaped upon it.

I had not been in the office very long before I learned that Mr. O'Neill was engaged to be married to a girl with whom I sometimes saw him outside of business hours. The information did not affect me except as an interesting item of news. I went on working and saving my money. The months grew into a year, and I realized, without probing the cause of it, that I was more contented with my lot than I had ever been before. My days were full; only the Sundays, spent alone in the city, reminded me how dreary my life had been. At last the time for summer vacation arrived. I did not want to go away. I made the excuse that I would rather stay and keep up my work, but Mr. O'Neill insisted that I needed a rest.

That vacation period seemed an age. With nothing else to occupy my thoughts, I was forced to face the fact that I was in love. The realization filled me with acute distress, and I debated with myself whether it would not be best for me not to go back to the office. That was the only place, however, where I had ever been happy, and in the end I decided to return, resolving at the same time that I would manage somehow to overcome my feelings.

The first day back at the office I remained after the closing hour to attend to some important work that my substitute had been unable to handle in my absence. Mr. O'Neill stayed to check it over with me, but an unexpected turn of events drove all thought of business from our heads. Mr. O'Neill suddenly told me that he had realized while I was away that he loved me; that he wanted to marry me instead of Marie, the girl to whom he was engaged. This engagement worried him a great deal, he said. When he was too young to know what he was about, he had been led into it, largely through pressure from his family. Because he had never been really sure that he loved Marie, he had postponed marriage for years; then, since he had allowed matters to run on so long, he had felt that it would not be just to her to break the engagement. Now he could n't help himself, he said. Being certain at last that he wanted to marry someone else, he could hardly make Marie an ideal husband. He'd have to pluck up courage, tell her the situation frankly; when he was free, we'd make our plans for the future.

Foolishly, but humanly, we did not wait until he had come to an understanding with Marie, but started immediately to talk about the happiness that lay before us. Patrick knew that I wanted to go to college. This, he said, would fit in well with his own ambitions. Although he was thirty years old — ten years my senior — he had never lost his desire to study for the bar. Heavy financial responsibilities had kept him from doing it when he was younger, but now his dependent mother was dead and the two sisters whom he had supported were well married. He had enough money saved to put me through college and himself through law school. Thus was opened out before me a vision of all that I had asked of life — marriage to the man I loved, and a college education.

In the weeks that followed I learned what it means to 'walk on air.' But, light-hearted as I was, I could not rid myself of the haunting fear that something might go wrong with our plans. I could see that Patrick was worried. Several times he admitted that he had not yet summoned courage to tell Marie, but that he would have to do so soon because the time for the opening of the University (of which we both had catalogues well thumbed) was drawing near. Besides, he felt that he had done very wrong in speaking to me before he had settled matters with her; it was n't fair to either of us. Now that he had gone so far in reaching an understanding with me, it seemed harder than ever to ask her for his release.

At length his business affairs were wound up and things were turned over to his successor. Patrick suggested that I go home and rest until he could complete the final arrangements for our marriage — in case he gained Marie's consent. We jested and laughed about the proviso, but, after I left, it kept running through my mind like an ominous refrain and I could not shake it off. Then one day, soon after I had returned home, Patrick arrived suddenly. With great difficulty and many expressions of self-reproach he told me what I had already guessed only too well.

But even as he explained all that had happened I could hardly grasp what it meant. We had discussed religion only once, when he had asked me whether I should be willing to receive instructions from a priest and be married in his Church, and I had agreed and promised that our children should be reared as Catholics. He never thought, I am sure, of asking me to become a Catholic, and such a possibility had never entered my mind. I knew hardly a detail of Catholic practice. From Patrick's story, related haltingly under the stress of his emotion, I gathered that he had gone to his confessor and told him of his understanding with me, although he was still engaged to Marie. When he had stated his intention of going to her immediately and asking for a release, the priest had said No: an engagement was morally binding; Patrick must keep his word. I could not understand it at all as he told it to me, but now I realize that my being a Protestant probably had something to do with the priest's decision, for Marie was a Catholic.[1]

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[1] The attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward 'mixed marriages' is explained by the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. IX, pp. 698–699) in these words: 'The very intimacy of the union necessarily established between those joined in wedlock requires a concordance above all in their religious sentiments. Holding this doctrine, it was but natural and logical for the Church to do all in her power to hinder her children from contracting marriage with those outside her pale, who did not recognize the sacramental character of the union on which they were entering. . . . For the issuing of a dispensation for a mixed marriage, the Church requires three conditions: that the Catholic party be allowed free exercise of religion, that all the offspring are to be brought up Catholics, and that the Catholic party promise to do all that is possible to convert the non-Catholic. It is not to be supposed, however, that even when these precautions have been taken, this is all that suffices for the issuance of a dispensation. In an instruction to the Bishops of England, 25 March, 1868, the Congregation of the Propaganda declared that the above conditions are exacted by the natural and divine law to remove the intrinsic dangers in mixed marriages, but that in addition there must be some grave necessity, which cannot otherwise be avoided, for allowing the faithful to expose themselves to the grave dangers inherent in these unions, even when the prescribed conditions have been fulfilled. The bishops are therefore to warn Catholics against such marriages and not to grant dispensations for them except for weighty reasons and not at the mere will of the petitioner.' On February 5, 1932, the Congregation of the Holy Office in Vatican City issued a decree ordering that even stricter guarantees concerning the Catholic education of children must henceforth be given before dispensations may be granted for 'mixed marriages.' — AUTHOR

Repentant for having led me to build upon mistaken hopes, Patrick suggested with a real delicacy of feeling that he would make whatever amends he could by paying my college bills; nobody need know it. As for himself, he would marry Marie without delay, while he still had the courage. With standards of propriety fixed in childhood, I tearfully refused his kindness and we parted, he assuring me that he would see to it that I had a good position when I wanted one. Not long afterward word came to me of an excellent opening in the city, and, anxious to forget my troubles, I took the next train to work. Once back in town I learned that Patrick had carried out his resolution and had already left for the University with his bride.

II

Through Patrick's recommendation of me to several of his friends I secured all the extra work I could do, in an effort to keep so busy that I should not have time to brood over what had happened. One night I remained at the office, without dinner, until half-past seven. Feeling faint, I became fearful that if I waited longer I should be unable to reach my room. As I was walking slowly home, my ear was caught by strains of mournful music which sounded just the way I felt. I looked up and saw that I was in front of a convent, all dark except for a few windows on the ground floor, which gave forth a soft light through stained glass. Suddenly the thought burst upon me that this was Catholic music; Patrick must have heard its like a thousand times. Scarcely knowing what I did, I stepped to the entrance, opened the door, and made my way into the chapel.

At the farther end of the room I beheld a central altar ablaze with many candles. At the foot of the altar knelt a priest, resplendent in white and gold, his face upturned as if he were drawn toward the radiance. Behind him was massed a group of black-robed figures. They, too, looked up as they sang, their eyes held by the same effulgence. I dropped upon a kneeling bench near the door. A sense of security and peace stole over me, and I felt united in spirit with those sombrely clad Sisters as they repeated the melancholy cadences of their song. Why, I wondered, had I not stumbled upon this refuge before? Why had I never sought to know more about this religion that had given Patrick almost superhuman power to follow the path of duty as he saw it? Why did that radiance at the altar make all the sorrows of life seem trifling and insignificant?

After prayers the nuns filed slowly out. Several noticed me and smiled a welcome. Their faces shone with goodness and happiness. Could it be that their troubles had all been poured forth into that sad melody and miraculously wafted away? One Sister paused to speak to me. Eagerly I asked her for information about the Catholic Church. She wondered why I was so anxious. 'I just wanted to know,' I replied; it was the only true answer I could give.

She put some books into my hands, — an armful of them, — and as I walked hurriedly up the street toward my boarding house I was no longer weary. I was impatient to read deep in those volumes, buoyed up by the hope of finding there the secret of that blessed peace which I had experienced. Late into the night I read, enthralled. Were these really the teachings of the Church which I had so often heard maligned? Even when I went to bed I could not sleep for joy at having found the way of contentment. I realized that I did not yet comprehend the secret, but that with earnest study I should understand.

After this my life was lived for those hours I could spend with the nuns. Under their guidance, and later under the direction of Father Griffin, the kindly pastor of a city parish, I devoted all my free time for months to reading books on Catholic doctrine. At last I was conditionally baptized and taken into the Church.

During these months of confidence with the nuns and with Father Griffin I had never spoken of my experience with Patrick. I saw no reason to. In that chapter of my life there had been not the smallest sin to confess, and it never so much as occurred to me that there could be any connection between this shattered romance and my wish to become a Catholic. True, I had not forgotten my bitter disappointment, but the keen edge of it was dulled and I was content. Indeed, if I had supposed that my conversion was in any way the result of my frustrated marriage, I should have thanked God for the whole painful episode; I should have felt that this was the drastic means He had used to make me realize my need and lead me into the fold.

III

Father Griffin needed a stenographer and I went to work in the rectory office. There, in addition to my regular duties, I did all sorts of stenographic and accounting tasks for the Sisters without a thought of compensation; it was a pleasure to be able to do something for them. As a consequence of this intimate, daily association I began after a while to entertain a serious idea of becoming a nun myself. No one urged me to take this step. On the contrary, everyone in whom I confided cautioned me to wait: God would direct me in deciding whether I had a religious 'vocation.' So I prayed for divine guidance, the Sisters prayed for me, and Father Griffin remembered this 'intention' each morning at Mass.

During these weeks of special prayer I thought continuously upon the subject of my 'vocation.' I could see only one impediment to happiness if I entered the convent — that I should never be a mother. I loved children and felt that life would be incomplete and unsatisfying if I should never have any of my own. In the end I disclosed my feeling to Father Griffin. This, he believed, was an answer to our prayers. My part in God's scheme was to be a good Catholic mother.

Emotionally unsettled as I was, I received this pronouncement with some glimmerings of common sense. How was I to become a good Catholic mother if I did not know a single man who wanted to marry me? Since I had been working in the rectory office the only Catholic laymen I had met were those who had called to pay pew rent, arrange for Masses, or attend to some other similar matter of church business; and they, if they thought about me at all, had doubtless noticed my devotion and set me down as one who was destined for the convent. Of social life among the Catholics of the city I knew nothing.

Father Griffin was quick to comprehend my predicament, but he was ready with comforting faith. A sincere Catholic always has a way out of difficulties. He can always pray — even for the granting of desires which, to a Puritan, would seem immodest, almost scandalous. God would help me find the right mate. (I thought then, and I think now, that Catholics are more sensible than Protestants in their realistic attitude toward such matters.)

We decided, then, Father Griffin and I, to start a novena to the Blessed Virgin that I might be directed to a good Catholic husband, if this were God's will. I took a few nuns, including the Mother Superior, into my confidence. She decreed a novena of the entire Sisterhood for this very special intention.

IV

At about this time I had to have some dental work done, and the Sisters recommended a Dr. Leo Murphy. They did not know whether he was a Catholic or not, though his parents were; he never came to Mass, and it was suspected that he had 'fallen away.' At any rate, he was a kind young man. He gave his professional services to the Sisters without charge, and they, in gratitude, were praying hard for him.

I went to Dr. Murphy and found him a large, genial Irishman bubbling over with good nature and good talk. He kept up a running fire of amusing chatter while he worked, which so diverted my thoughts that the hours I spent in the chair seemed very pleasant interludes. One day, when I had expressed my admiration for the Sisters, he burst out: 'Good gracious, girl, it's an outrage for you to live cooped up with nuns and priests! You need life and fun. Next week there's to be a dance, and I'm going to take you to it. I'll introduce you to some real people.'

My heart thumped. I had always wanted to dance, but I did n't know how. 'That's all right,' he laughed. 'I guess you're not too old to learn. I'll teach you myself.' So it was arranged that we should meet several evenings at the home of a friend of his, where he would give me the necessary lessons; and before the day of the dance arrived he pronounced me ready to take my place on the floor. I took from my trunk a gown I had purchased to wear at college parties with Patrick O'Neill, and, forgetting all about the disappointment that had caused it to be packed away unused, I went to the dance with Dr. Murphy and had a glorious time.

After this he escorted me frequently to dances, to the theatre, and to concerts. Meanwhile I continued my work at the rectory office and my intimacy with the Sisters, and went to Holy Communion every morning. At parties I refused refreshments after midnight so that I should be ready for this religious rite at seven o'clock, and this always annoyed Dr. Murphy, provoking him to say unkind things — not about me, for with me he was gentleness itself, but about the Roman organization. Little by little I learned that he felt he had great grievances against this Church in which he had been reared — grievances which I shall not go into here, since they belong to another story. Suffice it to say that he was a declared agnostic. He was good to the Sisters, he said, because he believed in being good to everyone; that was his only 'article of faith.' If he was especially kind to them, it was because he was more sorry for them than for anybody else. They were 'victims of a misleading religious system.'

Such talk worried me greatly, but I could not argue with Leo; he seemed to know my responses before I spoke. Meanwhile it appeared to me that in every other respect he was an answer to my prayers for a husband; if I had any doubts upon this score, he finally put them to rest by asking me to become his wife. He had hesitated to ask me, he confessed, because he disliked the idea of being married by a priest. At first he did not think he could bring himself to make the promises which he knew would be demanded of him. Now he was ready 'to submit politely to some priest's futile blessing,' and would give his word that any children we might have should be given Catholic instruction as long as I wished it. With characteristic frankness he added that he knew I would n't hold him to his promise very long. He was n't sure of many things, but he *was* sure of this: once I was happy in a home of my own, I should soon laugh at my obsession with religion.

I was touched by Leo's concessions, made against convictions which were very dear to him, and I knew he would keep his part of the bargain even though my steadfastness should prove him a poor prophet. Still, I could give him no definite answer. How, I asked myself, would Father Griffin look upon this marriage? When I consulted him about it I was prepared for his disapproval. I suggested that my marriage to Leo might be the means of bringing him back to the faith, since I was praying for him incessantly.

But Father Griffin stood firm. 'No, child, you'd lose *your* faith. The precious gift of faith must be guarded no matter what sacrifice it may entail. And think of your children. In spite of Catholic instruction, they would probably become atheists. Don't yield to this temptation, my child.'

Finally, after weeks of vacillation, I sent Leo away, but even then there were moments when I came near weakening and reversing my decision.

V

Father Griffin understood the moral struggle I had gone through and suggested that I needed a change of environment. I'd better go to college. He knew I had some money saved for this purpose; if I needed more, he would see to it that I had enough to finish my course. I did not like the idea of borrowing money, but Father Griffin's suggestions were not to be lightly put aside. So, although it was then the middle of the school year, I set off for a college for women that was conducted by nuns. Here I stayed several years, and in the search for knowledge I managed for a time almost to forget the ache at my heart.

After graduation I returned to my former city and secured a position teaching in a high school. I was kept very busy, but the monotony and emptiness of my life made me feel again all the pain of my earlier disappointments. Several times Dr. Murphy telephoned and asked if he might see me. I was tempted to renew our friendship, but, knowing it to be both foolish and dangerous, I refused to let him call. I made frantic efforts to find something with which to occupy myself in my leisure hours. One Sunday it was announced at Mass that there was to be a convention of the Holy Name Society the following week; women of the parish were urged to help in serving dinner to the visiting members at the Knights of Columbus Hall. I gladly volunteered.

After dinner on this occasion Father Griffin brought up and introduced to me a man from a neighboring city. From the first, the serious attentions which John Garrett offered me made it plain that he was looking for a wife, and I suspected that Father Griffin had told him my story. He asked if he might see me home and I consented, although it troubled my conscience to give even so slight an encouragement to a man to whom I was not particularly attracted, and who had made it only too evident that he was very much in earnest.

He came to see me several times, and after a few visits made his proposal. I had every intention of refusing him, but before I could speak he urged me not to be hasty — to think it over prayerfully and give myself time to know my own heart.

As usual, I carried my problem to Father Griffin. He spoke of Mr. Garrett in terms of highest praise: he was a good man, religious, kind, generous;

besides, he could offer me a fairly good living. All this I granted, but I did not love him. 'That does n't matter,' my fatherly adviser assured me. 'Love will come in due time after you are married to such a man. You prayed once, very fervently, for a good Catholic husband. Now that your prayer has been answered, years after it was offered, will you not do your part in trying to make yourself love a man who is suitable in every respect? God may not favor you again, my child, if you reject the one He has sent you.'

I protested to Father Griffin that I could not even think of marriage until I had paid back the debt I owed him. He waved this objection aside, saying that he would feel better repaid by seeing me do what was right than by my offering to give him mere money.

In the end he wore down my resistance, and thus it was that I became Mrs. John Garrett.

VI

John was thirty-two years old when we married. He had always conformed strictly to every moral injunction of his Church in the suppression of human desire. Before our wedding he had not even offered to kiss me. My life had been equally austere. Now, thrown suddenly into marriage, I suffered a great emotional shock. There was tragedy in the situation for both of us.

Disturbing as this was, it was not my only worry. Soon I was preparing for a baby and was very ill. John was as considerate and kind as a husband could be, and I reproached myself for my inability to repay him by a return of his affection. I determined to make up for it, as well as I could, in other directions. It began to look, however, as if I should never again be well enough to do for him the many things I had resolved to do. The next year there was another serious illness, and a second baby. One after another they came — a steady procession of helpless infants to be tended, and parallel illnesses which unfitted me to perform my duties as a wife and mother. It seemed unfair to all of us, but I knew the strictness of Catholic teaching upon this point[2] and prayed for strength.

When my health failed to improve, I went at last to my confessor and asked if there was n't some way by which I might avoid having children quite so rapidly. He replied that a Catholic may not interfere with the working of 'natural laws' except by a complete suspension of conjugal relations. This sacrifice I could not demand of John, since I had already done him an injustice in marrying him.

Children continued to come until I had eight in as many years. Bills piled up. Nothing multiplies as rapidly as bills when one is trying to support an ever-increasing family on a modest income. We had to mortgage our home and found it difficult to keep up the interest, and we were always at our wits' end to know how much of what bill to pay each month.

While we were in the midst of this financial struggle our parish priest decided to build a new parochial school, and every family in the parish was taxed for the project according to its resources. There was hardly anyone in the community who could pay his share without sacrifice, and many families would be even more closely pinched than ours. In spite of this, I wanted to go to the priest and ask him to excuse us, or at least to reduce our 'contribution,' but John would not hear of it. With him, Church obligations take precedence over all others. So I conjured and scraped, cut down on milk and fruit for the children, stopped buying meat almost entirely, patched night after night on old clothes to make them hold together, and somehow paid our tax toward the school.[3]

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[2] The *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. XII, p. 279) reasons the matter thus: 'The practices [employed to limit population growth] are intrinsically immoral. . . . The condition aimed at, namely, the small family or no children at all, fosters a degree of egotism and enervating self-indulgence which lessens very considerably the capacity for social service, altruism, and every form of industrial and intellectual achievement.' — AUTHOR

By this time my reason had begun to show occasional signs of rebellion against the unquestioning submissiveness which the Church required of its members. Some of the judgments pronounced by the priests appeared to me to be debatable, to say the least, and I proceeded to debate them with myself. I felt keenly the injustice that resulted from the application of 'infallible' dogmas to every problem that arose, regardless of the individual circumstances involved. Always, however, my indignation burned itself out in secret, and not even my husband suspected how perilously close I had come to an open rupture with the Church. I did not even realize it myself. I regarded myself as a good Catholic — more critical than I had formerly been, to be sure, but still a good Catholic.

VII

When my eighth child was four months old, the doctor told me that I should have to undergo a serious operation if I wanted to live to rear my family. How we should be able to manage the expense I did not know, but John was determined that everything possible should be done for my safety. He secured a loan through a second mortgage on our home, and I went to the hospital. Our physician, who was a Protestant, had made it clear that I could never have another child after my operation, but since this extreme measure had to be taken to save my life I had no notion that it would be wrong.

The day before the operation John asked the priest of the parish in which the hospital was situated to call that afternoon and hear my confession. When he arrived at my bedside, I had only the usual peccadillos to confess. The priest listened to my recital, and when it was finished inquired about the nature of the operation I was contemplating. I explained frankly. Then he asked my age. I told him. He looked very grave.

'You are still of child-bearing age,' he said. 'Are you aware of the fact that after this operation you could have no more children?'

I replied that I was.

'And do you know that such an operation is forbidden by Catholic teaching, and that to submit to one is a mortal sin?'

'I did not know,' I answered faintly.

'Well,' he said, with evident kindliness, 'it is too bad you did n't know before you went to all the trouble of coming here, because now you won't be able to carry out your plans.'

At first I hardly realized what he meant. When I did, I tried to explain that I had to live to care for my eight children and — this actually popped into my head as a dominant consideration — to help pay the bills. My husband could never make ends meet if he had to depend on a housekeeper; she would not even try to watch her pennies as I did. And my children would run wild like little ragamuffins. I'd *have* to have the operation — there was no other way out for us.

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[3] Urging the vital necessity of parochial schools for all children of the Church, the *Catholic Encyclopedia* (Vol. XIII, p. 581) cites the decree of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884, one provision of which reads: 'A mission or a parish which . . . neglects to assist a priest in erecting or maintaining a school . . . should be reprehended by the bishop and, by the most efficacious and prudent means possible, induced to contribute the necessary support.' — AUTHOR

'I know,' the priest said gently; 'you're nervous and upset. Just now you can't trust God to care for your children and help your husband out of his difficulties if you should die. You think they could n't get along without you. But they could, with God's help. Anyway, you won't act contrary to Catholic teaching. If you should persist, I could not grant you absolution.'[4]

For a while, overwhelmed by a sense of the momentous choice I had to make, — and make immediately, — I was unable to think. When at last my reasoning processes began to function again, it came to me in a flash that Dr. Murphy had once prophesied that my religious views would probably undergo a change when I knew more of life. I had to admit, now, that he was right, and in the firmest tones I could command I announced to the priest that I would not alter my plans.

Next morning I came out of the ether glad that the ordeal was over, and since then I have never regretted my decision. I did the only sensible thing I *could* do under the circumstances, and from that moment I ceased to be a Catholic.

VIII

Before taking leave of the Church in which I was for so long a devout communicant, I should like to set down here, in a spirit of fairness and justice, a few observations which have been strikingly brought home to me by my own experiences. Most of the charges that are leveled against the Roman Catholic Church by ignorant, unthinking people — particularly during a political campaign when a Catholic is running for office — are scandalously false. At one time this fact impressed me as a strong argument for the Church, and perhaps it is. At least no one can blame Catholics for replying that, if their enemies have to conjure up malicious falsehoods, their faith must be impregnable to attack by honest methods.

And indeed the list of virtues rightly attributable to the Roman Church is a long one — too long for me to itemize here. Suffice it to say that many of its staunch adherents are the salt of the earth. Any religion which can produce this result in human lives can claim a great deal for itself.

I often think that the strongest asset of the Catholic Church is the method it employs to triumph over all the ills that flesh is heir to. At the very moment when a kindly pastor is most acutely sensitive to suffering among his people, he advises them to court hardship. The stony path is the way of salvation. Sorrow is accepted by devout Catholics as the absolutely essential means of gaining happiness. The more intense the pain, the greater the reward. They see in the divine plan a 'reason' for suffering; so they welcome it while worldlings fight against it, try to escape it, and plunge into a mad scramble after diverting pleasures.

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[4] The *Catholic Encyclopedia* states emphatically in many places that it is sinful to interfere in any way with the normal working of 'natural laws,' but a careful search through the volumes, under all the headings where it might conceivably be classified, reveals no clear statement of a principle which might be held applicable to such a case as mine. The closest approximation to it occurs in a broad discussion of eugenics (Vol. XVI, p. 39), which contains this sentence: 'The operation [to produce sterilization of the unfit] is not permissible, except as a necessary means to bodily health, and consequently except for this necessity may not be performed even with the patient's consent.' By a broad interpretation this ruling, laid down for the specific problem of dealing with defectives, might conceivably have been thought to apply also to my predicament. If so, it would appear that my hospital confessor either questioned the Protestant physician's opinion that the operation was necessary to save my life, or, as I think more probable, pushed the ordinary objections of the Church against such operations further than they were meant to go. — AUTHOR

It does seem superhuman — this conception of pressing an agony to one's breast and converting it, as if by miracle, into a token of divine favor. And perhaps, after all, it is better to be buoyed up by such a faith, even though it be only an illusion. As for myself, I would give a great deal if I could return to that little convent chapel where the 'light' first burst upon me, lay my troubles upon that radiant altar, and, even though I could not forget them as I did in those early days, at least accept them as blessings in disguise.

Freud tells us that continuous repression, without satisfying compensations, may make people ill, causing them to lose control of their nerves, and, in extreme cases, their minds. I have no doubt that the harsh repressions of my youth had something to do with my conversion to Catholicism. To the masses of mankind, for whom manifold thwartings of ambitions and wishes are inevitable, the Catholic religion ministers powerfully as a soporific, just as it ministered to me upon my first contact with it. Its beautiful ritual, its hierarchy of ever-helpful Saints, its soothing emphasis upon heavenly rewards, provide effective outlets for all the emotions born of defeat and disappointment. It is no wonder, then, that millions cling to this Church as they cling to nothing else in life.

In spite of the seemingly unwise advice given me by Father Griffin, I shall always think of him with sincere affection. It was his interest in my welfare that made him appear dictatorial. He once intimated to me that he had himself made supreme sacrifices in becoming a priest, but that he felt fully repaid, knowing that he was doing that for which he would earn an eternal reward. He could therefore, in all honesty, urge others to go and do likewise. He only preached what he practised.

I also realize that mistakes made by individuals within any organization should not be held against the group they represent. Father Griffin, in advising me as he did, was perhaps not typical of the Catholic clergy. His insistence upon my marriage to John Garrett and the insistence of Patrick O'Neill's confessor upon his marriage to Marie were based, at least in part, upon purely personal opinions, and should not be construed as involving doctrine that is hard and fast in its application. The Roman Church does discourage 'mixed marriages,' — rightly, I believe, — but it allows many exceptions to the rule. It may also be that my hospital confessor applied the teachings of the Church more strictly than is customary in such cases.

However this may be, I have merely stated truthfully the facts as they affected my own life, and have tried to show why it was hard, and in the end impossible, for me to follow the instructions of my spiritual advisers, and how, in my resistance, I found that I had ceased to be a Catholic. Perhaps I was unreasonable in letting my faith be touched by such personal considerations, but — reasonable or unreasonable — that, too, is a fact, and I have set it down along with the rest.

IX

Sometimes as I review the series of extraordinary situations through which I have passed, it almost seems as if some god — the Spirit of Irony, no doubt — had chosen me for his most bizarre experiments. As I reflect upon it, it is clear that much of my unhappiness would have been avoided if the sequence of main events had been altered. If I had been a Catholic before

I met Patrick O'Neill, the priest might have come to a different conclusion about Patrick's engagement and I should have married him. Or, again, if I had ceased to be a Catholic before I married John, I should probably have become the wife of Dr. Murphy. It is all very puzzling. Why could not at least one of the changes in my religious beliefs have occurred soon enough to permit me to marry a man I loved? Some people may believe that such shifts in one's fundamental ideas depend wholly upon the accidental interplay of circumstance and environment; if this is so, I can only conclude that chance worked against me, and it is just too bad.

It may be, though, that these changes in attitude are not the result of mere chance. They may be brought about through the operation of definite but elusive laws. Perhaps I became a Roman Catholic primarily because I loved a Roman Catholic and was unconsciously moved to imitate him. Then, reversing the process, perhaps I slipped from the faith because, married to a Catholic more devout than myself and a man toward whom I have never been able to feel the sympathies of a wife, I was unconsciously driven to the opposite pole of thought from him. Whatever may be the mysterious truth, — and I know very little about theories of human behavior, — it seems to me that if my experiences reveal anything about the matter they show that emotion plays the dominant rôle in 'conditioning' and determining our convictions.

If this is so, it follows that our boasted reason is by no means the reliable arbiter of our destiny that we like to think it is. Once our emotions have driven us, willy-nilly, to take up this position or that, reason comes along like a dutiful handmaiden and spins out a beautiful rationalization to justify us in what we have done. May it not be that this is the stuff of which even the most shining faith is made? Indeed, it seems to me that cherished opinions in politics, theories of social and economic justice, — in fact, all our beliefs, — are spun out thus to uphold us in what we have already deeply *felt*. Because such cases as mine are comparatively rare, most people go on living within the little closed circle wherein they were born, believing more or less fervently just as their fathers did before them. The great majority of human beings are able to follow the even tenor of their lives from the cradle to the grave without once being forced, as I was in the crisis at the hospital, to take a seemingly impossible step which runs counter to all their settled convictions. The moment such an action is decided upon, it cuts through the shoddy of too easily assumed beliefs, and one's sincerest emotions surge to the surface to crystallize as a new orientation of faith.

Perhaps, then, my little history may serve to throw a ray of light upon those darkest recesses of the mind where faith is enshrined, and from whence fanaticism often lifts its ugly head simply because the believer never really understands why he believes as he does. Perhaps on some distant tomorrow, when the *terra incognita* of the mind has been thoroughly explored and charted, human beings may be brought to understand that the same emotional forces which make religious zealots of some of us are also at work making doubters of others. Then at last will come the dawn of an era of broader sympathies and more genuine tolerance.

MILKING TIME

Boom and Crash in Apartment Houses

BY THOMAS F. MURRAY

I

APARTMENT buildings — thousands upon thousands of them — house the millions who make New York their home. Each one of them stands as a monument to somebody's faith in urban real estate as a sure source of profit. And for many years the faith was justified, for it was possible to put up a magnificent building upon the merest shoestring financing. First-mortgage money was plentiful, and what the savings banks and insurance companies were unwilling to lend, other lenders were eager to advance in the form of second, third, and even fourth mortgages. Of course the financing charges for such secondary loans were exorbitant — 6 per cent interest plus all the 'bonuses' human ingenuity could invent. Those who built had to bid high for the money they used, but New York was growing fast and it looked as if nothing could stop the triumphant rise of real-estate values. Who would quibble about paying 15 or 20 per cent for loans if he could erect a building, rent the apartments, and then sell out to an eager purchaser at a handsome profit? The purchaser also bought with borrowed money, but he too planned to sell at a profit as soon as possible.

The real-estate market, in other words, was another stock market where bullish traders bought for a rise and sold to others who were certain that prices would soar higher still. In these sales of brick and mortar, ticker tape played no part, but speculation and wild inflation were just as rife as in Wall Street, and the same processes of deflation were as inevitable in one as in the other. Of course there was never an actual crash in the real-estate market. There are no black days to remember like November 13, 1929, on the Stock Exchange, or the terrible day, more recently, when the Dow Jones stock averages reached a new all-time bottom. Yet the actual losses that have accrued in the past two years to owners and mortgagees with money invested in New York apartment buildings, as well as to the hundred-odd industries which depend upon real estate, can only be compared with the immense shrinkage in security values.

To tell in detail how it all happened would call for a book. For present purposes suffice it to say that the time came in 1928 and 1929 — at the peak of 'prosperity' — when owners of real estate could no longer meet interest and other payments on their mortgages. If they could not raise the necessary funds, they were faced with the alternative of either turning the property over voluntarily to the corporation or individual who had lent them money or losing it to the mortgagee by foreclosure suit. It then fell to the lot of this mortgagee, who now became the owner of the property, to take care of the prior mortgages and pay the huge taxes which lie heavily on all metropolitan real estate. As economic conditions grew worse, one mortgagee would lose to another in slow or rapid succession, depending upon their resources and the earning power of individual properties.

This has been the process, gradual in its first stages but swift in its acceleration, which has been going on relentlessly until now it has affected thousands of apartment buildings on a scale never witnessed before. Every time a house is 'lost,' numbers of people suffer directly, finding themselves out of pocket to the extent of many thousands of dollars, and the repercussions spread throughout the whole economic system.

In order to understand this bedlam of debt piled upon debt in the face of a shrinking income, let us spend a few moments in the office of a typical apartment-house operator.

Interest is overdue on the first mortgage, and the savings bank has already written two letters threatening immediate foreclosure. Even more pressing is the second mortgagee, who has demanded that back taxes for the second half of 1930 must be paid by to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock. Several tenants are waiting in the outer office. They come for only one purpose: their rents are too high, and unless they are granted a reduction they will move out. There are also several bill collectors hanging around. One of them is a painter who swears to the stenographer by all that is holy that he will put a lien on the building not later than noon to-morrow. The practised eye of the stenographer has also spotted one waiting man as a process server. Who else would have shown suspicion in every gesture and asked in a loud voice for each of the officers of the corporation by his full name?

Meanwhile, there have been three or four telephone calls from the building itself. A tenant has moved out without warning, breaking a lease and owing three months' rent. . . . 'No, it was impossible to rent apartment A-11 to the dentist who has been considering it for the past three weeks. We wanted fifteen hundred dollars a year, but he would pay only eleven hundred and he demanded the first three months as a concession.' . . . Another call from the agent: he has caught the agent of the building across the street in the very act of offering to rent four rooms for eighty dollars a month when he promised only last week not to cut the price below ninety dollars. . . . 'Vacancies still about 18 per cent. Well, is n't everybody else in the same boat?'

All this within the space of a few minutes. The operators of this apartment house know only too well that there is no longer a chance of their being able to bring order out of such chaos. The problem before them now is to salvage as much of their investment as they can before the building passes into other hands. The property must be made to yield every possible cent before the mortgagee takes it over. Milking time has come.

II

Now how does one milk a building? It is a science which has never been reduced to written principles, but it can be carried out with all the exact precision of an experiment in a laboratory. I have recently had occasion to observe the process at close range and am beginning to appreciate some of the finer nuances. Let me offer as an example an apartment house which stands, we shall say, on West 102d Street.

It is an eleven-story building about

twelve years old with elevator service and all the various modern improvements. The building had passed through many hands before it was finally bought by a certain speculator in 1928. He took over a first mortgage of $250,000, a second mortgage of $90,000, and agreed to pay an additional sum of $75,000 in cash. But this was not all. The speculator did not have $75,000, so he obtained from a mortgage firm a loan of approximately this amount and gave in return a third mortgage. I say 'approximately this amount' because there were some mysterious transactions involving bonuses and special payments, which caused the third mortgage to be officially reported at $90,000. These figures, therefore, represented a valuation of $430,000 on the property.

The speculator was to operate the house, and from the rent he was to pay interest on all the mortgages plus certain fixed amounts which were required to reduce the principal of each. The summarized figures were as follows: —

Annual income from rents		$70,000
Fixed payments:		
Interest on first mortgage.................	$ 7,500	
Installment on first mortgage................	15,000	
Interest on second mortgage................	5,400	
Installment on second mortgage............	15,000	
Interest on third mortgage................	5,400	
Installment on third mortgage.................	15,000	
Total fixed payments.....		63,300
Available for taxes and running expenses...........		$6,700

From this small balance he was expected to pay taxes of at least $10,000 and maintenance costs of something like $20,000.

Now why would anybody in his senses ever enter into an idiotic arrangement like this? Strange as it may now seem, such operations were by no means uncommon during the boom years of the last decade. Every speculator believed that property values would continue to mount indefinitely, and he expected that he would soon be able to sell his building and 'get out' with a handsome profit. Unfortunately, things did not work out according to plan. Then what happened? The whole extraordinary story can best be told by following the fortunes of that apartment house on West 102d Street.

When the time came for the speculator to make his first quarterly payments, he found himself a bit short of cash, but he promised to pay up within two weeks. He was expecting, he said, to make a great deal of money on another transaction, which would enable him to take care of all arrears on the property. Two weeks passed, and he told the same story again, with additional flourishes. In the end, after a number of delays, he finally made an assignment allowing the third mortgagee to collect rents. Meanwhile he fell behind in his payments on both of the other mortgages, and taxes were overdue. So it went until at last the third mortgagee had to take over the house and assume the obligations of keeping it running and of paying off all the arrears, which now amounted to quite a large sum. The speculator was as sorry as he could be, but in turning over the property he said he was sure everything would work out all right. Those who speculate with other people's money can afford to be optimistic.

Now the holders of the third mortgage did not intend to lose their investment if they could help it, but they could not collect anything from the speculator. Even the rents he had pocketed during the months he had operated the building were irrevocably lost. Their only hope lay in the apartment house itself. So they set about running it, always at a deficit, but expecting that at any moment they would be able to sell it.

Then came the crash in the stock market, which set in motion an endless train of further unfavorable developments. Many tenants found that they could not pay their rents and insisted on reductions, lease or no lease. Before very long three fourths of the tenants had managed to obtain cuts ranging from 10 to 35 per cent, and the others either moved out or were dispossessed. The third mortgagees were now so deeply involved, however, that they felt they could not let the house go even though they were losing money on it every month. From time to time they asked the holders of the first and second mortgages to reduce the huge payments that were falling due, but without success. Matters went from bad to worse until at last the approach of the autumn renting season of 1931 brought a new ray of hope. If all the vacancies could be filled at satisfactory rentals, perhaps they could weather the depression and sit tight until real-estate values began to pick up again. This proved to be the last illusion, for the renting season of 1931 was the worst in history.

III

At this point — it was the end of September — the firm went over the whole situation with a lawyer. To him the problem was a simple one. 'You can't possibly carry your losses any further. The only thing you can do now is to start milking the building. Then, when you have to, you'll turn the house over to the second mortgagee and let him worry. You may get only ten cents on the dollar for your investment, but that is all anybody can expect these days.' He brought in a friend, an 'adjuster' who had been making a specialty of just this sort of thing, and urged the firm to follow his advice in everything.

The adjuster studied the problem carefully. At the moment the bank account showed a balance of about $3000, which had been accumulated to take care of the New York City taxes for the first half of the year. These taxes should have been paid in May, but there had never been enough funds available. Every time the first or second mortgagee had insisted that the taxes must be met, the owner answered with a promise. In the middle of September, however, the vice president of the savings bank which held the first mortgage had given notice that foreclosure would be commenced immediately after October 1 if a receipted tax bill were not exhibited before that date. The adjuster's first bit of advice was to ignore taxes entirely and to keep the mortgagees at arm's length with the most plausible excuses that could be invented. The whole idea, he explained, was to pay out absolutely nothing, but to collect rents as fast as possible and for as long a period as they could. Then, when the mortgagees finally foreclosed, they could have the bricks and mortar and the tenants, and the firm would have a comfortable sum in the bank.

The plan seemed good enough in theory, but it would not be easy to carry it through. Not only had the firm promised to pay $5000 in taxes on October 1, but interest on the first mortgage, amounting to $3750, and an installment payment of $7500 would also fall due at the same time. Obviously the holder of the first mortgage would be suspicious of delays and would not let more than a few weeks go by without taking action. To make matters worse, interest and installment payments on the second mortgage, of more than $20,000, would come due on October 15. Even if the first mortgagee could be persuaded to hold off, no peace could be expected from the second: he would be concerned not only about getting his own money, but also about the heavy payments he might have to make in the event of a default. The main course of action was clear, however, and the milking process was begun in dead earnest.

The tenants of this apartment house had always been very slow in paying their rent. Most of them managed to pay by the end of the month, but few could ever be prevailed upon to part with their money before the fifteenth. The problem that confronted the adjuster was to coax the tenants to change their habits and pay up immediately for October; every day was precious. He advised going through the building asking all the tenants if there was any painting or repair work they wanted done, and promising everything they demanded if they would pay their rent without delay.

'It won't do any good in this house,' replied the managing agent. 'I have been making the most solemn promises for months, and at least half the tenants have told me they won't pay another cent until the work is actually done.'

'Give them promises in writing,' suggested the adjuster.

'We've tried that too,' said the agent. 'In a number of cases I had to do that very thing to collect the rent for September, and of course none of the promises have been fulfilled.'

The adjuster concluded that the situation was even more serious than he had thought. But he was a resourceful man, and he made an appointment with the agent for the following evening, October 1, when together they would begin to make personal calls upon all the tenants.

IV

The next evening the campaign was launched. The agent had prepared a three-page typewritten statement summarizing all the promises that had already been made to the tenants. Most of the tenants had wanted to have their rooms repainted, some had asked for new bathtubs, and a few had demanded frigidaires to replace old-fashioned ice boxes. It would have cost about $3000 to do the work that had been promised — almost three fifths of the total rent collections for the month. The estimate, of course, was purely academic; the agent knew that the work would never be done. The adjuster arrived upon the scene at the appointed hour accompanied by a boss painter, whose important place in the scheme was soon to be revealed.

Ringing the first door bell, they were met by the tenant's daughter. She let them come into the foyer without any show of cordiality, and left them there, but they could hear her voice from one of the inner rooms announcing: 'Papa, it's that agent again, and he's brought two other men with him.' The father appeared in a dressing gown, hostility and suspicion sticking out all over him as he asked, 'Well, what do you want *now?*' (The agent had collected his September rent only two days before.)

The agent explained hastily that he had brought along the new president of the corporation, indicating the adjuster, who wanted to meet the tenants personally and see that all their requirements were given immediate attention.

'Oh, well,' said the tenant, 'come in and sit down.'

Before they had seated themselves in the living room the adjuster stopped short and let out an exclamation. 'Look here,' he said, 'that ceiling is in bad condition! It must be calcimined at once.'

'That's what I've been saying for months,' replied the tenant, glaring at the agent, who had told him two days before that that very ceiling was in the pink of condition.

'I've brought the painter up here,' continued the adjuster, 'to show him everything that must be done.' He turned to the painter. 'Make a note to repaint the entire living room and foyer. Now then,' he said, facing the bewildered tenant, who was completely taken aback by such unexpected generosity, 'is there any other painting that needs to be done?'

'Well, no; not exactly.' The tenant's voice had become more friendly. 'But how about a frigidaire?'

'Let's take a look at your ice box,' replied the adjuster.

They walked into the kitchen, where the tenant's wife was engaged in clearing away the remains of dinner. 'There's the wreck,' said the tenant, pointing to the ice box.

'Wreck!' exclaimed his wife, who seemed to size up the situation at a glance. 'Why, I ought to have complained about it to the Board of Health five years ago! And the agent does nothing but make promises. Well, all I've got to say is, not another penny for rent until we see a frigidaire standing right there — and that goes for painting the living-room ceiling, too.'

'Madam,' said the adjuster solemnly, 'if you had only been in the living room one minute ago, you would have heard me order this painter to do the entire living room and the foyer as well. As for the frigidaire, I'll order it myself personally to-morrow morning, and I think we ought to be able to get it delivered within a few weeks. As the new president of this corporation, I want to have the satisfaction of knowing that our tenants are satisfied. And if you insist, we'll put it in the form of a contract. Our firm will write you an official letter saying that we acknowledge receipt of the October rent — there has to be consideration and all that sort of thing in a contract, you know, to make it legal — and then we will go on to say that we do thereby promise to attend to the painting and install the frigidaire. And just to show you that I mean what I say, I would n't even think of accepting your check until I have actually handed you the letter.'

'Well,' began the tenant, 'if it's really to be a contract in writing —'

'Then it's agreed,' interrupted the adjuster. 'The agent will bring the letter the first thing in the morning and will accept the check.'

After they had left the apartment the agent remarked that the method had worked all right in this case, but it would n't have any effect on the next tenant, for he had already been given liberal promises in writing to induce him to pay his last month's rent, and of course nothing had been done for him.

'Let's tackle him,' said the adjuster.

I have already pointed out that the adjuster was a resourceful man. In dealing with this new situation he demonstrated that his methods were as flexible as his morals. First he got into a heated argument with the irate tenant, who let it be known that he thought the firm was composed of crooks and gangsters. Then, at the height of the argument, the adjuster managed to draw from the excited tenant a rash statement to the effect that he would write out a check for his October rent the minute a painter set foot in his apartment and started to work. This was a seven-room suite and the cost of painting it throughout, which the tenant demanded, would almost equal the month's rent. The adjuster had not forgotten this when he told the tenant to be ready for the workmen bright and early the next morning.

As they left the scene of battle the adjuster gave his instructions to the boss painter. 'Send a man in there at nine o'clock to-morrow to start washing the ceilings. At nine-thirty we'll call for that check. By ten we'll have it certified. Then we will give you the word if it is O. K. and you can take your man off the job. Give some good excuse and say you will be back some day soon.'

V

Everybody had a fine time that evening. The tenants were delighted. Everything they asked for was readily granted — painting, frigidaires, even drastic reductions in rent. When tenants complained that their rents were too high — and many of them did — the adjuster was too big-hearted to quibble about it. He volunteered liberal cuts, but, significantly enough, all reductions were to begin not with October but with November, and every concession was conditional upon the immediate payment of October rent in full. The painter stood by with a notebook taking down thousands of dollars' worth of orders that he knew he would never carry out, and the agent was kept busy scribbling the terms of all the fantastic agreements that were made.

In some cases the agreement stated that unless the work was done by a given date the tenant would be released from any further obligation to pay rent — but of course he was to pay the rent for October as soon as he received a copy of the contract. In one instance the adjuster was kind enough to agree that if the tenant would grant a release from an earlier promise to paint two rooms, which would have cost about thirty-five dollars at most, he would be given the entire month of December free of rent (the rent was $100 a month). This promise would have to be carried out, if at all, by whatever operator was unfortunate enough to have the building on his hands in far-away December, and the adjuster knew that his client would be well out of the picture before then. The tenant, unaware of the situation, cheerfully paid his October rent and decided to buy some new pictures to cover up his unpainted walls.

When a tenant asked to be released from his lease, the new 'president' of the corporation was much more obliging than the agent had ever been. All the tenant had to do was to pay his October rent immediately, plus the rent for one additional month, and he was given a letter freeing him from all the leases in the world.

Within a week the adjuster and his two assistants had visited every tenant in the building and had actually obtained checks from more than three fourths of them. Those who could not be moved by promises and refused to pay were threatened with immediate dispossession, and the threats were followed by action. Rather than go to court, the tenants paid the amount of rent mentioned in the dispossess notices.

Meanwhile the office of the second mortgagee was growing more and more nervous. Interest and installments on the mortgage had not been paid and the operator's promises were evasive. When representatives of the second mortgagee telephoned, they never managed to reach the right person. Their letters were answered in a way to prolong matters indefinitely. Large firms cannot act quickly, because of lack of coördination between various departments, and this worked in favor of the adjuster. He played one department against another and twisted them up in their own red tape.

Finally a conference was arranged between the adjuster and representatives of the second mortgagee for October 20. On the nineteenth the adjuster telephoned to say that the meeting would have to be postponed until the twenty-third because of 'unforeseen circumstances.' On that date he arranged with a friend to telegraph from Baltimore in his name, stating that he had been called away suddenly but would return as soon as possible.

He feared that this might be the last straw, particularly since word had come to him that the first mortgagee was becoming impatient and had already notified the second mortgagee that he (the second) must either take over the property or become involved in a foreclosure suit himself. At this point the adjuster took the precaution of ordering the rugs removed from the halls of the building on the pretext of having them rebound, and he also took stoves and other articles from the vacant apartments.

This desperate move was the adjuster's last opportunity. The next morning a notice appeared in the *Times* announcing that a receiver had been appointed, and by the twenty-eighth every tenant in the building had been notified to pay rents to no one but the receiver. By this time, however, all the October rents had been collected and the rent roll for November had been reduced nearly 25 per cent. The second mortgagee now became the new owner, taking over the bricks and mortar, and with them a group of tenants so disgruntled and angered that it would take months of patient negotiations to satisfy them. The new owner was not necessarily bound by all the fantastic promises, but the adjuster had sown the wind and the second mortgagee was left to reap the whirlwind.

VI

These are the methods by which a building may be milked, and many are the apartment houses in New York which are now being submitted to the process. In some instances departing owners leave even greater havoc in their wake than did the one I have cited. Only recently I chanced to run across a more extreme case. I had gone out one evening to make a business call at the home of a prospective client. I am in the real-estate business myself, and had learned that this man was looking for a new apartment. I arrived at the building where he lived — a large and imposing new apartment house — only to find that the entrance was in total darkness, without a single light. The inner door was locked, so I struck a match in the outer hallway to look for the house telephone. I saw a long row of buttons, but there were no names beside them, so I decided to seek directions from the janitor. I found a small side door leading from the street, and entered. Inside a porter was tending a huge boiler. He did not know by name the man I was looking for, but he gave me the surprising information that for a week there had been only one family living in the entire building; they were in apartment 5-E.

This must be my man, so I returned to the entrance and with the aid of another match pressed the button opposite this number. Immediately there was an answering click-click at the door.

The lobby was in pitchy darkness, and by the light of a match I saw that it was completely bare of furnishings. On one side I noticed an elevator. Making my way to it, I discovered that it was one of the self-operating variety, but it refused to budge when I pressed the buttons — the current was shut off. I searched for the stairs and walked up four flights, lighting matches at frequent intervals to keep from breaking my neck, for there was not a single light anywhere. Finally reaching the fifth floor, I saw a luminous rim around the edges of a door, and from within came the blare of a radio. Here I found my man.

From him I learned enough details of what had been going on in that apartment house to get a clear picture of a desperate operator at his worst. The owner of the property had furnished the entire building as an apartment hotel with modernistic furniture, electric refrigeration, radios, and tiled bathrooms. Within a few months he had secured more than twenty-five tenants. Then he had gotten into difficulties the exact nature of which my informant did not know, but I recognized the symptoms of acute financial distress. One day the owner had hired a fleet of trucks and had removed the furniture from all the apartments he was able to enter, tenant or no tenant. When the occupants of the dismantled rooms returned in the evening, they were told to move elsewhere. The owner also ripped out the electrical fixtures from the kitchenettes as well as every other appliance that could possibly be removed from any part of the building, including faucets and showers. All this had happened about a week before my visit.

By these methods the owner of the building had salvaged everything he could from the ruin that had overtaken him, and he had also managed to rid himself of every tenant except the one upon whom I had called. This family had put a special lock upon the door, which could not be broken, and their apartment was the only one that had not been stripped. They had refused to move when the owner entreated them to do so, but at last he had persuaded them to change their minds by flooding the apartment above them so that water poured through the ceiling. In taking these desperate measures the owner had admitted quite frankly that he was determined to empty the house and make as much trouble as possible for the mortgagees, who were about to freeze him out. His methods, he added, were the only cure for the depression in real estate.

Such occurrences as I have described are common these days among the owners and operators of New York apartment houses who have built or bought with borrowed money. I have no doubt that similar conditions prevail in other large cities. In the first case which I have described, the adjuster was aware that he would have to keep within the strict letter of the law, however much he might scheme to violate its spirit; even so, he was compelled to carry through his plans with great secrecy during the entire milking period in order to avoid a premature foreclosure suit. In the second case, the owner could doubtless be held accountable in court for his wanton damage to the building — that is, if he could be found, for he disappeared the moment the mortgagees took possession. Other instances that have come to my attention reveal more or less the same practices in mixed degree.

But all questions of law and morals and even sound business practice we must leave to the proper authorities. My purpose here is merely to describe the situation as I have seen it, not in isolated instances, but by the score. Each of the thousands of apartment houses that are being lost in this period of depression is the scene of a dramatic struggle such as I have sketched — a struggle against time, where the race goes to the swift. It is indeed fortunate, or unfortunate, — depending upon one's point of view, — that bricks can tell no tales.

THE FOREIGNER

BY BILL ADAMS

I

I'm a 'Limey.' I served my four-year apprenticeship in a lime-juice ship. That's another way of saying a British ship, sir. Under the law every man in a British ship had to be served a half gill of lime juice a day as a preventive of scurvy. I'm talking of sailing ships, of course. That's why I say 'had.' There are no sailing ships left now.

Thanks for the drink, sir. . . . Oh, very well. I'll spin you a yarn if you say so, sir. I'll tell you about the bloody foreigner.

Steam was fast crowding sail from the oceans when I went to sea, and sailing-ship owners were being forced to economize in every possible way. A sailor's work was very hard, because, from economy, ships invariably went to sea with barely men enough to handle them. That would n't have mattered so much if the food had been good, but the food was never enough and what there was was vile. Most white men would n't go to sea under such conditions; we Limeys called none but British and Americans 'white men.'

With the exception of Frenchmen, our crews were made up of men from every seagoing nation. You seldom saw a Frog in any but a Frog ship. Men from the Northern nations were most numerous, though there were plenty of others. More than once in my apprentice days I went to sea with no two men of the same nationality in the forecastle. Jabber, jabber, jabber, in all manner of languages. It made a fellow savage to hear it in a ship that flew the old Red Duster at her peak. You'd see some young apprentice walk up behind a foreigner and kick him. 'English aboard of an English ship!' he'd say. If the jabberer was a big six-foot Scandinavian, or one of those chunky, broad-chested Russian Finns, the young lad would maybe just shake a fist in the fellow's face and say, 'That talk does n't go in this packet! Cut it out!'

And one needed to be a bit careful with the Dagos, too. The South Europeans and South Americans were apt to be handy with a knife. But the foreign sailors were commonly a very peaceful lot — stolid, or cowed. If they were not being kicked and cursed by hardcase mates at sea, they were being preyed upon by the crimps and the sailors' boarding-house masters ashore. Enough to break any man's spirit, such a life was. A patient lot of poor sea slaves they were.

We young apprentices were a proud lot. 'One Froggy Frenchman, a Dane, a Portugee — one jolly Britisher can lick 'em all three.' That was our credo. Our history books had omitted to mention that even Lord Nelson's ships were manned largely by foreigners. Well, I'm older now, and I learned something from the bloody foreigner.

II

I was just turned twenty-two when, having finished my apprenticeship, I took the exam and passed for my second mate's ticket. The luck was with me, for on the very next day I chanced on a ship that wanted a second mate and on a skipper who had no objection to a young chap just out of his time.

The mate was on the quarter-deck when I came from interviewing the skipper in his cabin. He was pacing to and fro, his pipe in his lips and his hands in his pockets, and he looked as though he owned the earth. A man of around thirty-five or so, he stood better than six feet and was broad in proportion. 'Who in hell are you?' he asked when he saw me.

'I'm the second mate, sir,' said I, and his scowl changed to a comradely grin.

'You've struck a good ship and a damned fine skipper,' said the mate.

I was relieved to hear that, for I'd thought the skipper rather stony and had been half afraid that I'd shipped with a hard man to get along with.

The mate told me all about it while we sat on the hatch together, and the more he told me the better I liked it. The skipper's name was Mostyn. His father had commanded one of the grand tea clippers in the days before steam came to spoil the sea for sailors — days when our ships were manned by crews in which a foreigner was very rarely seen.

'Mostyn's chock-full of the good old tradition. He hates bloody foreigners like the Devil himself,' said the mate.

'He don't hate 'em any more than I do, sir,' said I.

'You and me both,' he replied. 'And that's what I meant when I told you he was a damned fine skipper. There'll be no foreigners in this packet. He's signed an all-white crew.'

'Glory be!' said I, and added, 'Who's the kid?' A little slip of a lad had just come from the deck house amidships.

The skipper's fifteen-year-old son was coming in the ship as an apprentice — her only apprentice. 'He's been a bit delicate,' the mate told me. 'The skipper's been pretty much worried about him, but now the doctors have told him that the sea'll probably be the making of the boy.'

'Fresh from home and mother, and delicate at that!' said I. 'I suppose we'll have to favor the little lubber, sir, eh?'

'His mother's been dead quite a while,' replied the mate. 'The skipper's had some old woman taking care of him. And as for favoring him — not on your life! The skipper wants us to treat him just as we'd treat any apprentice. He'll sweep decks, chip rust, scrape cable, and start at the bottom same as you and I had to.'

The ship was going to sea next morning, and the crew came aboard soon after dark. They'd all been drinking a bit, of course. When we went to the forecastle to look them over we found that there was one man short. 'He's probably drunk, sir,' said the mate, reporting to the skipper. 'He'll show up before very long.'

But when the tug came to take us out next morning the missing man had not joined. 'We'll have to take a pierhead jump, eh, sir?' asked the mate.

'See that you get a white man,' tersely ordered the skipper.

When the ship came to the last lock, just before entering the river, there was the usual crowd of idlers on the pierhead. 'Now then,' called the mate, 'who wants to make a voyage in a good ship?'

None of the idlers made any answer, but in a minute we saw a lean, shabby little fellow pushing his way toward the ship.

'Where the devil do you come from?' asked the mate when the little fellow jumped from the pierhead to the deck. 'You look like a bloody foreigner to me.'

Making no answer, the little fellow grinned placatingly up at the mate.

The skipper was furious, for, with the tide at the flood and the wind fair, he could n't lose time hanging round to wait for a white man. 'Very well, mister,' said he, 'put him to all the common deck work. I'll have no foreigner doing any sailor work in my ship.' So while the rest of the hands went about setting sail the foreigner was put to sweeping the decks down.

Pretty soon the skipper looked down from the poop and saw his kid and the foreigner sweeping the decks side by side. He immediately called the mate. 'I'll not have that boy working with a foreigner, mister. Find him something else to do,' said he. So the mate told the kid to lend a hand setting sail, and the foreigner was left to sweep by himself.

It was n't long before the hands were growling because they had to do the foreigner's share of the work as well as their own. He caught on at once, laid down his broom, and started forward to help them. 'You, damn you! Get hold of that broom!' bellowed the mate.

You can know how popular the foreigner was by the way he was treated when the hands went below for breakfast. It was mighty little breakfast for him! Just the few scraps of fat and gristle that they left him. When the meal was done they ordered him to take the empty mess kid back to the cook, and by way of putting him in his place one of them booted him. He took it all without a murmur of remonstrance — meek as he was shabby.

A dog's life the little foreigner led from the first. When he was n't sweeping the decks he was chipping rust from the bulwarks, or wiping off the paint work, or polishing the brass, or down on his knees scouring the planks with a holystone. As for sailor work, he was n't allowed so much as to coil up a rope. When he was off duty the hands made him wait on them. Instead of the forecastle's being scrubbed out on Saturday morning, as was customary, they made him scrub it every day. They made him wash their clothes when Sunday came round. They made him dubbin their sea boots and oil their oilskins. Nothing more than a poor common servant he was; and in the minds of everyone, from skipper to skipper's son, being just a poor common servant was all that he was fit for. 'The meek shall inherit the earth,' grinned the mate. 'I'll be damned if they'll inherit the sea!'

III

Thanks to the foreigner's presence in the ship, young Mostyn had a good time from the first. There was no sweeping, no chipping rust, no polishing or scouring for him. Instead of having to wait a year before being allowed to do any sailor work, he was set to helping the hands right away. For all that he looked a bit sickly, he was full of devilment, and the hands very naturally made a pet of him and went out of their way to teach him to splice, knot, hand canvas, and so forth. It was easy to see how pleased the skipper was. While he had n't intended to have the lad shown any favors, circumstances had played into his hands. You'd hardly blame a parent, I suppose.

You can't blame the kid for taking his cue from the mates and the men, either. And of course he knew how his old man felt about it. He was forever ragging the foreigner. He'd grimace at him. He'd mock his broken English. If the fellow had a shirt hung out to dry, he'd tie it into knots and break the buttons. If he was at work a little way up the rigging and the foreigner happened to be at work right below, he'd manage to spill tar down the foreigner's neck.

Maybe the fact of his being a bit sickly made the boy more of a tease than he'd have been otherwise. He was a regular young devil at finding ways to torment the little foreigner, and of course no one interfered. It was a big joke with the hands. They were always watching to see what he'd think of next, and sometimes they'd make suggestions. They never had to suggest anything twice. And the queer thing was that the foreigner never became the least bit mad. He'd look at young Mostyn and he'd grin, and his eyes would shine as though he actually enjoyed it all. It was n't long till the hands were setting him down as half-witted even for a foreigner.

As was often the case, there was one man in the crew who stood out above his fellows. He was a first-rate sailor, and of magnificent physique. He could box, wrestle, run, and jump better than any man in the forecastle — agile as a monkey when he was in the rigging, light-footed as a cat when he was on deck. It was with him that the skipper's son usually worked as helper. In the dogwatch, when the day's work was done, the sailor would call the kid out to the deck and give him a boxing lesson, or, having set the boy to wrestle with some light member of the crew, would teach him the different holds.

One day a week or two after we sailed, the wind died and the sea fell flat. In the dogwatch that evening the big sailor climbed up to the topsail yard. He had stripped himself naked, and for a moment he stood on the slender yardarm sixty feet above the sea with the setting sun shining on his bare hide. All hands gathered at the rail to watch his dive. Down he went, and down, and out of sight in the sunset-shadowed water. The ripples died. The sea was still. Long seconds passed.

Craning their heads over the side, the hands peered down to the sea. Perhaps the dive had been too high. Perhaps, though we were too far north for many sharks to be about, a shark had got him.

'By God,' said the mate at my side, 'that fellow's gone!' And then, when all hands were giving the big man up, there was a shout from the sea at the other side of the ship. He'd dived clear under her, and had come up on her opposite side.

'I'll teach ye to swim one o' these days, sonny,' called the big sailor to young Mostyn, who was looking down at him from the rail. And down he went again, out of sight, under her keel, and up at the opposite side. A whale of a man, he was; and it was always he who was hardest on the little foreigner. Over the rail he climbed now, and saw the foreigner staring at him. 'Ye bloody furriner, go git me clothes!' he ordered. And the foreigner fetched his clothes and held them while the big sailor took them one by one. 'Now, damn ye, put on me boots!' he ordered. While he sat on the hatch the foreigner put on his bluchers, and laced them.

'An' now ye can go to the devil!' said the big man, and pushed his foot against the little fellow's chest and sent him sprawling. The deck rang with laughter.

What with shark, barracouta, squid, and so forth, it was against orders for men to go swimming from a ship at sea. When the hands gathered on the quarter-deck at eight bells the skipper looked down on them. 'There'll be no more going over the side. D'ye hear me? No more swimming under any circumstances!' said he.

'Aye, aye, sir,' responded the big man, and, as the hands turned to go forward, he grasped the little foreigner by the neck. 'D' ye hear that, ye bloody furriner?' he demanded. 'Let me catch ye takin' a swim, an' just look out for yerself!' A big joke, the hands thought that. Even the skipper had to smile.

A few days later the ship was rambling along with the northeast trade in her canvas. Dusk fell, and, their forms dim in the starlight, the hands sat yarning on the hatch. Beside the rail, alone as always, stood the foreigner. All day he'd been down in the dark, smelly chain locker, chipping rust from the cables, while the others worked in the bright sun and balmy breeze. The mate and I had forgotten him, and he had n't been called up till after supper was done. None of the hands had given him a thought. They'd eaten all the supper hash and had drunk all the skilly by the time he came to the forecastle, so that there was nothing for him but hard-tack and cold water. His hands and his face, his dungaree shirt and pants, were grimy with rust stain. If it had n't been for young Mostyn he'd have had clean things to change into. Young Mostyn had taken his spare shirt and pants from the line where he had left them to dry and had daubed them with fresh tar. The kid was in the half deck now, in the snug little quarters that he had all to himself.

Suddenly there was a flapping on the deck halfway between the hatch and where the foreigner stood. A flying fish had come over the rail. The one to get it would have a fine breakfast next morning. All hands started up, but the big man was in the lead and the others sat down again.

'Hand it over, damn ye!' ordered the big man, for the foreigner had come first to the fish.

Without a word, the foreigner turned away and stepped to the half-deck door. 'Here ees nice feesh for leeder poy,' said he, and handed the fish to young Mostyn, who took it without so much as a word of thanks.

'Playin' up to the kid, eh? A lot o' good that'll do ye!' sneered the big sailor. And it did the foreigner no good, for thenceforth the big man was harder on him than before and young Mostyn ragged him no less. But there was never a murmur of complaint from him. Meek as a lamb among wolves he was.

IV

That was the way of things all the way down the Atlantic. Always dirty, always denied his full share of the grub, the little foreigner grew leaner and shabbier as the weeks passed.

We were a few hundred miles north of the corner when, going forward one evening, I heard a lot of laughter in the forecastle. The door was open. The big sailor was seated on his sea chest, pointing at the little foreigner, who stood before him. 'Ye blitherin' fool,' said he, 'ye can't go round Stiff without oilskins and sea boots. Ye got to go aft an' git 'em from th' Old Man.'

All down the Atlantic we'd had no weather bad enough to necessitate the wearing of oilskins or sea boots. I'd never realized that the foreigner lacked them. Now I remembered that all he carried when he jumped from the pierhead had been a small canvas bundle.

The big man winked up at me. 'Take a squint at the bloody furriner's dunnage, will ye, sir?' said he.

They had fetched out the foreigner's bundle. It lay open on the table, its contents in full view. An extra dungaree shirt, an extra pair of dungaree pants, both of them ragged and tar-stained, a couple of pairs of old socks — and the picture of a kid of about the age of young Mostyn.

The foreigner picked up the picture and held it out to me. 'Mine leeder poy, sir,' said he, and you should have seen how his eyes shone! I felt sorry for the poor little swab, for I understood now why it was that he had always been so patient with young Mostyn. But I said, 'You can't go round the Horn without oilskins and sea boots. You'll have to get some from the skipper.'

He shook his head. 'I safes mine moneys for mine leeder poy, sir,' he said.

I did n't ask about it then, but later I found out that his wife was dead and his kid was being taken care of by some woman to whom he sent all his pay.

I've seen some hard cases among crews, but not till that voyage had I seen a man hard enough to face Cape Stiff without oilskins or sea boots. And it was June, the black heart of the Horn winter!

We were two weeks beating round the Horn, two weeks of screaming gale and mountain seas. Hail bouncing from mast and spar and deck house; snow flying; spray, bitter cold, slapping over the rails unceasingly; always the deck deep in wintry white water.

'There's no law to make a man buy oilskins and sea boots if he don't want to,' said the mate. As for the skipper, he never so much as saw the foreigner, I think. Certainly he took no notice at all of him.

Down there off Stiff the foreigner was allowed to go aloft, to take his share of the sailor work. There was not a better man aboard. He was often first man into the gale-battered rigging, often the last man down. Always he was wet to the bone. Salt-water boils came at his wrists, his knees, his ankles. Yet, while the white men damned old Stiff and cursed the raging seas, no murmur came from his blue lips.

After twenty-four hours off Stiff, young Mostyn began to look a bit white about the gills. Though the hands tried to keep an eye on him, he was knocked down and washed round the decks a time or two that first day. He started to cough. 'Fetch him to the cabin, mister,' ordered the skipper when the mate told him that. It was blowing like the devil just then, and all hands were on the way aloft to furl a topsail — all but the foreigner, that is. A 'grayback' came roaring aboard and bowled the foreigner over before he could get into the shrouds. He was washed across the deck and back before he could regain his feet.

At the moment that the mate came from the half deck with his hand on young Mostyn's arm, one of the hands shouted something from aloft. The foreigner had found his feet and was close to the half deck. The mate ordered him to take the kid to the cabin, and hurried aloft to see what was wrong with the topsail.

You should have seen the skipper's face when the little foreigner came to the cabin door! He was carrying the kid tucked under one arm, and hanging to the life line with his other hand. The kid was dry, but the foreigner was soaked, of course. The skipper looked at him as one might look at a leper. The thought that that skinny little ragged foreign chap could face the Horn without oilskins or sea boots while his own son could n't face it with the very best possible outfit was too much for him. He shoved the lad through the door and banged it in the foreigner's face. And d' you suppose the little foreigner cared? Why, by the shine of his eyes you'd have supposed that the skipper had given him a hot shot of the best Jamaica!

V

At the end of two weeks we headed her nor'ard, and away she went with a souther in her canvas, everyone merry. The hands let up some on ragging the foreigner now. Even the big man quit badgering him quite so much. He'd earned his mite of respect. The mate and I would have set him to work with the others had we dared, but we knew that the skipper would not have allowed it.

When the souther died we picked up a fine westerly, and out of the cabin came young Mostyn. His cough was gone, and he was going back to the half deck. The hands gave a cheer when they saw him, and it was easy to see how pleased the skipper was at that.

If the hands quit ragging the foreigner, young Mostyn did n't. Maybe it was the spleen that you'll often find in those who are sickly. He tormented the little fellow even more than before.

On a Sunday when we were just at the edge of the tropics the westerly left us and we lay becalmed for a day. The mate and I were walking the quarter-deck together when the big sailor turned from looking over the flat sea and ran to the galley. 'Shark-oh, doctor!' said he to the cook. 'Gimme a hunk o' pork fat, will ye?' From the galley he went to the carpenter's shop for the shark hook.

It was a small shark, not over seven or eight feet long, but it took four men to haul it aboard.

'Keep clear there, boy!' called the skipper to his son, who was interestedly watching the hauling aboard of the first shark he'd seen.

'Aye, get away! Stand back, lad! He'll be takin' a leg off ye!' said the big sailor.

When the shark lay flapping on the deck the big man fetched an eight-foot wooden capstan bar from the rack and rammed it down the brute's throat. 'Bite on that, ye devil!' said he. They drove sheath knives into its brain, cut off its tail and fins, and, last, severed its head.

'Look at that, will ye, sonny?' said the big man, as the jaws of the severed head still gnashed on the bar. 'If ever ye fall over the side, look out as it ain't in the tropics, for no one's goin' to go in after ye.'

Just as they were about to throw the shark back to the sea the little foreigner came up. 'Vait,' said he. 'Vait yoost a leeder.'

'What's he doing that for?' asked young Mostyn as the foreigner cut off a slice of the warm flesh.

'Think o' eatin' shark, son! Them bloody furriners is no diff'rent from dogs,' said the big man.

Young Mostyn looked disgustedly at the foreigner. 'You dirty beast,' said he.

That night we picked up the southeast trades and footed it nor'ard again. When we were a degree or so south of the line the wind left us and we lay becalmed once more, idle canvas hanging flat from idle spars. Blue cloudless sky above, unshadowed blue sea beneath and all about the ship. For a couple of days she lay so, and then the black doldrum squalls appeared. One after another, blowing up now from one quarter and now from another, they passed over us, each bringing its brief breeze and torrent of rain.

With the exception of the big man and the foreigner, the hands were down in the sail locker that morning. The foreigner was scouring rust spots from the bulwarks. In the rigging a little way above him the big sailor was at work, with young Mostyn to help him.

In mid-forenoon a squall heavier than any we'd had yet came over the water. I could see the whitecaps at its forefoot and the solid wall of the rain while it was still far off. It was almost on us when the big man glanced up. He dropped to the deck, and, looking back up at young Mostyn, called, 'Ye'd best be comin' down, son, till yon squall's blown over.'

Young Mostyn looked down. The foreigner looked up. Their glances met. 'Why don't you stay in your own ships?' sneeringly asked young Mostyn. The big man laughed, and next instant the squall struck the ship and over she went till her lee rail lay level with the seething sea.

A scream rang high above the noise of wind and seething sea and hissing rain. A yell rose from the big sailor, and, hearing him, the hands came rushing from the sail locker. I flung a lifebuoy to the sea. The skipper sprang from the chart room to the poop deck.

'Who is it overboard?' the skipper asked me when in a few moments the boat was away.

'Your son, sir,' I replied.

Torrents of rain lashed down. Wind boomed. Searching for the hidden boat, Captain Mostyn from his poop gazed white-faced into the gloom.

The big sailor's voice came from the quarter-deck. 'Where's yon bloody furriner? W'y was n't 'e 'elpin' to get the boat away?'

In vain I looked up and down the deck for the foreigner. 'He's somewhere shuddering below,' I thought.

The rain thinned. While Captain Mostyn stood too horrified to move, I strode to the chart room and fetched the telescope.

The squall passed on; the sun shone bright upon the stilled blue sea. Beyond the distant boat I saw young Mostyn clinging to the buoy. 'What luck!' I thought, supposing that, since he could not have swum to it, I must have thrown the buoy right to him. Next moment, close to the buoy, I saw a man swimming — and then, with the swimmer between it and the buoy, I saw a sharp triangular fin!

The fin vanished. The shark had dived! And instantly the swimmer vanished too. And then in another moment I saw him again, and between his lips was something that flashed in the sun. 'By God, he knifed the shark!' I cried.

And now, on the other side of the buoy, I saw another fin, and at once saw the swimmer making fast toward it. That fin dived too, and the swimmer also dived again.

The boat was nigh the buoy now. Faintly there came to me the distant uproar of the mate's and rowers' voices.

'He got that shark too, sir,' I said to Captain Mostyn, for now I saw them hauling both swimmer and skipper's son into the boat. 'Your son's safe, sir,' said I.

Captain Mostyn took the telescope from me, looked through it, and murmured, 'Thank God!'

VI

They lifted the foreigner first from the boat, and very gently they passed him up over the ship's high side. And I saw that the bottom of the boat was red.

The little foreigner's face was deathly white, but his eyes were unafraid and shining. We bore him into the cabin and laid him there, on the deck; and, as the bottom of the boat had been, the deck grew red.

At sunset that evening we stopped the ship once more. The trade wind thrummed softly in the rigging and the sea was brightly blue when four sailors entered the cabin and came forth again bearing a stretcher.

Upon the silent quarter-deck young Mostyn stood beside his father.

'We therefore commit this body to

the deep,' read Captain Mostyn, and there his voice faltered. All hands gazed at him, all save his son, who gazed at the old Red Duster covering the canvas-sewn form that lay so still upon the stretcher.

'We therefore commit — this body — to the deep,' read Captain Mostyn again, and stopped for a space ere he went on with the words of the burial service for such as die at sea.

'According,' continued Captain Mostyn, 'according to the mighty working — whereby He — He is able — *to subdue all things unto Himself.*'

And then Captain Mostyn turned away and took his son's arm, and without a gesture, without another word, went falteringly through the cabin door and shut it after him; so that it was the mate who must raise a hand, must make to the stretcher bearers that final gesture at which we of the sea commit to the sea our dead.

I LIKE TUBERCULOSIS

BY RUTH REED

I

I LIKE tuberculosis. It is n't that I enjoy poor health, and it was not until I walked out of the sanitarium — an apparently arrested case — that I began to like it.

In July 1929, I began to cough, after getting wet to the skin in a glorious thundershower. Presently it seemed that my bathing suit and my dresses hung loosely on my body, and I went to the doctor. He examined my chest, weighed me, and found me wanting by twenty pounds. Still, he diagnosed my case as bronchitis, and gave me creosote. He thought I should rest, perhaps.

In September I felt well enough to start teaching; I had the first grade, and my small son and I went off to school together. I had an especially bright, cheery group. We had our own playground; through that golden September we had many of our classes out of doors. I have since been ever so glad that we did. My 'bronchitis' persisted, and, though I drank buttermilk and creamy eggnogs, I gained not a pound. Following the doctor's instructions, I rested: I lay down religiously from four to four-twenty each day — twenty minutes. I laughed at that rest later when I had to stay in bed twenty hours a day.

One morning I could n't get up. I felt no pain, but the thought of moving was unbearable. The next day I went to a chest specialist in a near-by city. He X-rayed me, gave me several tests, put me through a thorough examination. My temperature was 102.6; my pulse 125.

Quite calmly he told me that I had a moderately advanced case of tuberculosis. He said that it might mean from six months to six years — one could never tell — in a sanitarium away from my family. Away from my family! I think I smiled; I am sure I did not show the panic I felt. I knew stupidly little about tuberculosis, so my first question was: —

'How infectious is it? I have been coughing since July in the same house with my husband and my son. How will it affect them?'

'Your husband is not so liable to infection.'

That was all. And I knew what he meant because he did not look at me — he turned his head away.

I think the sun was shining. I walked down the busy street aware of no one, aware only that I must go somewhere alone and think. I passed a church, but the door was locked. I found a bookshop.

I had to wait several hours for my husband to come for me, and I realized that I could plan nothing until I talked with him. I bought *The Closed Garden*, by Julian Green, and went to the drawing-room of a hotel, to read and wait. The streets seemed strange to me; I felt as if I were disembodied, aware of the bustle and hurry, but apart. Perhaps it feels that way to be nearly dead or quite mad.

You will remember that *The Closed Garden* is the story of two tubercular sisters; one is slowly dying and the other is slowly becoming insane. I did not know what the story was when I bought it.

We were a sombre trio as we drove back home. The child felt our depression; we rode with his hand in mine.

Something had to be done at once. I was getting worse rapidly. We tried tearlessly to find the plan that would be best for all of us. After considering all the possibilities, we decided to accept my mother's offer to care for small Bill. She was in New York State, and neither of us would see him, but she would care for him as well and as tenderly as I. My husband found a pleasant place to live, and I applied for admittance to the sanitarium at Hopemont, West Virginia.

During that week my little boy was my solemn shadow. I hardly dared to look at him. Together we packed our precious books — his books we had read together, books my husband had read to me. We packed the toys — Raggedy Andy with his faithful smile. We packed our favorite lamp. All our household gods we packed until the altar was bare.

II

The night I went away it rained. The train was there — great, black, and dripping — to take me away. We did n't cry, because we did n't want small Bill to cry. We stood there unable to speak. As the train pulled out I saw from the back platform my two men — the father six feet tall, his shoulders drooped, holding the son's hand, and the son's shoulders drooped. I shall always see them there, black against the station lights, despair in every line of their bodies. It was a long time before I could go back into the train.

A week later we three, who had been so close together, were many miles apart, the father in southern West Virginia, I in northern West Virginia, and the son in central New York.

Tuberculosis is common, yet I had never thought much about it. There must be others like me. We bought the Christmas seals; we had driven by tuberculosis sanitariums thoughtlessly. We had driven by this one. I had not realized that here were five hundred people — five hundred families broken up. I realized it now.

What a ghoulish lot of females we were in that receiving ward! Ten of us. I looked at the pale figure in the next bed and wondered what on earth I should do if she had a hemorrhage.

She told me afterward that she wondered the same about me. We were ten bewildered beings in a new world, ten bathrobed figures of all ages, shapes, and sizes — miners' wives, farmers' wives, laborers' wives, and schoolteachers, pattering around on a cold porch.

I was exhausted with grief and despair; I slept.

The next day we were herded into the so-called 'booby wagon,' and taken to the offices for examination. We were awed by the white-coated efficiency. I suppose efficiency is common in hospitals, but I was not very familiar with them. A dear little woman doctor with a red nose examined me carefully, thoroughly.

'You have a very marked infection,' was all she would say to my questioning.

It was n't customary to tell much, and she did not have time to tell me all I wanted to know about tuberculosis, anyway.

After the examination we were sorted out; some went to the hospital wards, some to the open cottage porches. I went to a cottage porch. Ten beds from the locker room, the last bed — the only one in which one could turn and see nobody. Bless that white wall; it saved me many an outburst! You know you would feel like an outburst sometimes, living with nine sick women all day, all night — no escape.

First I started out to learn what I could about tuberculosis. I got Dr. Brown's book and papers from A. E. Wiggam and the Eugenics Record Office. Suddenly one day I realized that I could never again be an active, busy, or very useful person. I knew that I should never again swim, or play tennis, or dance. A whole world of interesting, happy activities was closed to me. I tried to say to myself that there were many other things to take their place, as of course there are, but it was a long time before I could think of life without them. I began to wonder what this year or more of sanitarium life was going to do to me. I should be a different person when I emerged. What sort of person should I be?

III

About this time something happened that changed the emphasis of my questionings. Would there be any life for me at all? Two beds down, there was a young girl who was getting well. One morning she had one hemorrhage after another. They took her to the hospital — she lived two days. Any minute the same thing might happen to me.

Death was all around me. Out there in the night we used to talk about it. Several patients declared that a hoot owl's call presaged it, or the crack of the cottage beams, or the flight of a bird over one. Every time a poor little owl hooted one woman cried, and once she fainted. All buildings settle. Much to her horror two sparrows, Paul and Virginia, nested on the beam over my bed. I could n't interfere with family life and have them frightened away; they flew over me many times a day. I enjoyed the hoot owl, the moanings of the tired old wood, the rustle of wings over my head. I am afraid I enjoyed a little the atmosphere of horror and suspense that accompanied these frequent omens.

But unquestionably death was there; unquestionably it might come to me. In the dark I smiled at it. I did not want to die, but death did not frighten me. Life had been good to me. I had seen our son through babyhood. I did not want to leave him, but my mother was good to him, would always be until he was old enough to live with his father. I did not want to leave my husband, but no one is indispensable. If I were to be useless, I preferred to die. I smiled at death in the dark, because life had been good to me.

Until death came, however, I must live on; or, if death passed me by, my whole life, torn as it was, must be reconstructed as soon as I was well.

I looked to see how the people around me were adjusting themselves to the cure. The occupants of those other nine beds were constantly changing. Some healed and went home; some went home because they lacked the courage to remain; some went to the hospital wards — to die. Though the individuals changed, personalities remained strangely the same.

The cure was difficult for the younger, unmarried ones. We others, approaching middle age, had had more of life and it throbbed less urgently through our veins. It was also more difficult for the old ones; they had lived normal lives too long to adjust themselves to a half-life.

There was always one conscientious cure-taker. I mean conscientious to the letter, to the exclusion of any expression of joy. She was one of those who led the prayer each night at 'lights out.' She did it stiffly, so that it always seemed to be sacrilege. She went home one day cured. That night we said our prayers silently, each one her own prayer.

There were always two older women who were shocked at our pajama-clad indifference. There was always one who insisted on being vulgar. There was always a gay, irresponsible one, always a sweet, good-natured one, always a chronic complainer, always a snob or two, always a busybody.

During that year I was too often critical of myself for getting so debilitated. I was impatient and bitter because life was going on without me. I missed my little boy unbearably. There was a continuous ache in my heart because my husband was far away. My former favorite time of day — four o'clock to dark — was a torment. But I grew better and became an apparently arrested case in spite of all that.

IV

Often during those months I used to think of the moment when, stepping off the train, I should see my son again. When Dr. Evans told me that I could go, I was suddenly impatient for that moment. The train could not travel fast enough. The long rest, the plain, nourishing food, the regular hours, had made me well and strong. I was eager to live again, eager to have my child in my arms.

He stood there on the platform; I braced myself for his rush to my arms. He stood perfectly still, wide-eyed, taller than I dreamed he could be. Sitting close to me at story time that night, he told me that he really was n't sure I was alive. It had been so long. He had dreaded that moment at the train for fear it would n't come true.

How good it was to have a room again, to ride through the country during that beautiful October! Things I had always taken for granted were now very precious. Although I must still take every precaution for months to come, I enjoyed life — simple, ordinary life — with a new zest.

Bill and I went back to West Virginia at holiday time; we were tremulously eager to meet his father. All the way Bill's eyes sparkled; we smiled — nearly laughed — each time we looked at each other. That was a happy Christmas.

It was then that tuberculosis became a screen between me and the world. It happens that I don't care for women's clubs and bridge parties. With tuberculosis I could afford to stay at home and read, to be there with two cups of cocoa and marshmallows when Bill came home from school. While the ladies were 'aiding,' I could lie luxuriously reading. When my husband came home to dinner he could slip into a dressing gown, and we could read or play Russian bank all evening instead of rushing here and there being good fellows.

V

Those months were too precious to last. Spring came and brought the roses; the roses brought their heavy pollen. I had an especially severe attack of hay fever. Presently I was back in another sanitarium — a moderately advanced case.

This time I am not bitter, not impatient, not rebellious. Suddenly I am serene. I have two years or more of cure ahead of me, if I get well at all, but I am not appalled. Within these walls I am secure from joy, — yes, — but from pain also. I miss my son, — yes, — but with a new wisdom I know that he does very well without me. I miss my husband, too, but we have had happy years together that many people never know. I am a burden, but I have not always been one; I shall not always be one. My life is full of errors of judgment; I have stopped reflecting on them. That is very nearly as simple as it sounds.

Days do not drag; many of them are busy and full. When my breakfast tray comes, hot and fragrant with coffee, I am ready. My lipstick has been applied. It is remarkable how much courage a brilliant geranium gives one.

Anything may happen to-day. Perhaps a lot of mail, perhaps a new book, a little surprise of some kind. My friends are good as well as clever, and know how to make the days easier.

My locker is full of good books; each of them means a day or two chased away. When reading has tired my eyes I rest them on the hills and trees beyond my window. They are lovely in any weather, but they are loveliest on misty afternoons or when it is clear at dusk.

Half-life lying here all day? Yes. But every life is burdened with sadness and frustration. My world is singularly serene, free forever from small irritations, because I have learned how very small they really are.

I like tuberculosis.

FAILINGS OF OUR GRADUATE SCHOOLS

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

I

FOR all practical purposes, the first graduate school in the United States was founded by Johns Hopkins and opened in Baltimore in 1876. It was speedily and widely imitated, sometimes in form, sometimes in name, occasionally in both. Sixty years have now passed. Graduate schools dot the land. It is time to take stock. I propose to ask, first, what was Mr. Gilman's conception of a graduate school; second, was it sound in his time; third, is it or is it not still sound; fourth, how do American graduate schools fare when measured by his standard to-day.

On the first of January, 1876, the governing principles of the new institution were announced. From this announcement I quote as follows: —

> The glory of the university should rest upon the character of the teachers and scholars here brought together and not upon their number, nor upon the buildings constructed for their use . . . the power of the university will depend upon the character of its resident staff of permanent professors. It is their researches in the library and the laboratory; their example as students and investigators and as champions of the truth . . . which will make the University an attraction to the best students, and serviceable to the intellectual growth of the land. . . . In selecting a staff of teachers the Trustees have determined to consider especially the devotion of the candidate to some particular line of study and the certainty of his eminence in that specialty; the power to pursue independent and original investigation. . . . The Trustees will not be governed by denominational or geographical considerations in the appointment of any teacher, but will endeavor to select the best person whose services they can secure in the position to be filled, irrespective of the place where he was born, or the college in which he was trained, or the religious body with which he has been enrolled.

I have selected the distinctive sentences in Mr. Gilman's announcement; they do no violence to the context, which I have not room to quote in full, but which can be found in a volume entitled *The Launching of a University*, published in 1906.

To Mr. Gilman's mind, a university was primarily a graduate school, and a graduate school was the congenial home of the ablest scholars and students that could be assembled. The Johns Hopkins 'was founded upon the idea of a university as distinct from a college.' Further, 'in the conduct of a university, secure the ablest men as professors, regardless of all other qualifications excepting those of personal merit and adaptation to the chairs that are to be filled. Give them freedom, give them auxiliaries, give them liberal support.' Finally, let me quote a line from Gilman's inaugural address: 'Universities easily fall into ruts. Almost every epoch requires a fresh start.'

Such was Gilman's conception of a

graduate school. Was the conception sound? If almost every epoch requires a fresh start, did Gilman hit the bull's-eye when he launched the Johns Hopkins? History is made very slowly; a half century is but a brief period. None the less, I venture to say that on this point the verdict is already reached and will never be disturbed. In 1876 there were, to be sure, learned men in the United States — Goodwin, Child, Hadley, Willard Gibbs, among others. But there was nothing remotely resembling an institution of learning. Such scholars and scientists as we then possessed led double lives — teaching boys at one time, pursuing their studies in their scant leisure. The graduate school at Baltimore shut out mere boys. The scholar's life was thus unified; Rowland, Remsen, Sylvester, Gildersleeve, and their associates taught and worked with mature students — as good as the country could at that time provide. The graduate school which thus took form was not only sound, but timely. Eager and able young men flocked to Baltimore. Within a startlingly brief period, an American university became and was throughout the world recognized as a seat of learning. And with characteristic American vigor the older and then the newer universities followed in Gilman's footsteps, utilizing largely Hopkins graduates. Scholarship and science became possible careers. A new world was opened to men and women who were highly endowed, intellectually and morally.

As long as funds sufficed, the Johns Hopkins lived up to Gilman's ideals. It was a society of scholars. His own charming personality was subordinated; his pride was in the men he had brought together; his one ambition, to enable *them* to achieve *their* purposes. And in the selection of men he asked few questions: Is there something worth while to be done? Are you the best person in the world obtainable to do it? So he laid hands upon Rowland at twenty-eight, and upon Sylvester at sixty-three; upon Americans, English, Germans; upon Jew and Gentile. I answer my second question — Was Gilman's conception sound? — in the affirmative.

I approach the third question: Is the conception upon which I have dwelt still sound or not? In the inaugural from which I have already quoted, Gilman said: 'As it is impossible for any university to encourage with equal freedom all branches of learning, a selection must be made and that selection must depend on the requirements and deficiencies of a given people in a given period. What is more important at one time or place may be less needed elsewhere and otherwise.' In these words Gilman expressly recognized the close relation between a living university and its social setting. But he was even then not unaware of the danger that lurks in adaptation. Hence he urged, 'Remote utility is quite as worthy as immediate advantage'; 'all sciences are worthy of promotion.' The university must therefore be prepared to change; but immediate advantage is a criterion that requires careful scrutiny. 'Be prepared to cultivate real learning in any field; select with all the wisdom and caution you can command.' Upon these formulæ the last half century has not improved. In so far as universities satisfy them, they are real universities; in so far as universities do not satisfy them, they are something else.

II

I come then to my fourth query: How do American graduate schools fare to-day, when measured by the standards which Gilman defined in 1876? No simple answer is possible. In practically every subject that Gilman undertook, or would gladly have undertaken, the Hopkins of his day has been outstripped; compare his library with the great university collections of books in a score of places to-day; compare the laboratories of Martin and Rowland and Remsen with the facilities to be found to-day both East and West. A few of his men have not been excelled as individuals; but his departments were meagre compared with the opportunities that exist to-day in university laboratories and libraries and in the research departments of several industries. In hastening this development, the early Hopkins was not the only influence at work: German influence was enormous and is still indispensable; France and England made contributions of great importance and must not be overlooked. What with all these stimulating factors, the development of American graduate schools has been phenomenal. A capable and earnest student now has access to opportunities that are in most subjects as good as any in the world, and far superior to the opportunities offered by the Hopkins of Gilman's day.

But there are other and less encouraging aspects. To a large extent — I cannot say how large — the graduate school is still collegiate. Dean Laing, who ought to know, holds that the progress made in the last fifty years 'is far from satisfactory'; that 'scores of masters are graduating each year without the slightest appreciation of higher culture'; that 'large numbers regard the degree as a gilt-edged teacher's certificate' — a point to which I shall in a moment recur. And the graduate school is a college in other respects; with its requisites and prerequisites and majors and minors, with its excessive machinery and organization, it is a place for boys and girls who need to be shepherded, not for men and women who make their own way and take at least reasonable risks.

To the second point which marks the decadence of the graduate school I have already alluded. I cannot now recall any passage in which Mr. Gilman named as one of the functions of the graduate school the training of teachers for colleges and high schools. He held that scholars should be primarily concerned with advancing the knowledge of their subjects and educating those who could do likewise. He would, I suspect, have argued that men like these usually make stimulating teachers; that if one has to choose in the graduate school between a good teacher and a good investigator, the post should be given to the investigator; for men and women who have attained their majority ought not to require to be skillfully taught. Helmholtz was reputed to be a poor teacher; what of it? Should he have been disqualified for his university professorship? I take the opposite view; it is the student's business to learn, as much so to-day as it was during the Middle Ages. If he possesses brains, industry, initiative, interest, he can in the laboratory of a so-called 'poor teacher,' such as Helmholtz, get whatever else he needs; if he lacks those qualities, neither the laboratory of a Helmholtz nor the university of which it is a part is the proper place for him.

In other words, it is not the business of Helmholtz to train persons of mediocre ability to become college or high-school teachers, or to help mediocre students to grind out steadily mounting masses of Ph. D. theses that are worse than valueless. It is his business to work and to keep an open door so that those determined to work and to learn may work and learn; and there his business ends. Such, as I read Gilman, was his conception also. It turned out in Baltimore, as it always will, that some great scientists were superb and stimulating teachers and personalities. Excellent, if it happens so. But it also sometimes turned out that some great scholars were not conspicuously interested in teaching; they left it to their students to learn. Very well. The students were, I hold, fortunate rather than unfortunate if they fell under the influence of both types — and perhaps other types as well.

Now in this matter I suspect that, at first insidiously, later deliberately, a serious change for the worse has taken place in America. The teachers' colleges, which have been operated with considerable business and political skill, have persuaded the general public that the art of teaching is something that can and must be deliberately acquired. Within limits, they are, I think, correct. Though they have generally inverted the relative importance of knowledge and technique, I concede that in the elementary and grammar schools they have accomplished some good. I am doubtful, however, whether in the secondary field the harm they do does not exceed the good they do. Beyond the secondary field, they have, as far as I can see, accomplished nothing at all. True enough, they have not tried very hard or very much; but they have somehow spread the notion that not only college teachers, but university teachers, have got to be good teachers, have even to be specially trained in method in order to be good teachers; that not even when students reach twenty or twenty-two can they forgo being skillfully taught. An altogether mischievous notion, in my opinion — bad for the student, for it extends the period of intellectual and moral immaturity; bad for the teacher, for it loads him with a responsibility which he should not bear, or furnishes him with an excuse for nonproductivity to which he is not entitled. This emphasis upon the teacher, this emphasis upon being taught, has converted our graduate schools more or less largely into super-normal schools. Though a few fortunate scholars have been able to escape by securing favored conditions, most university professors are heavily burdened by the task of training college graduates to be college and high-school teachers.

The assumption of this function has consequences, some of them disastrous. If, for instance, the graduate school is a kind of teacher-training establishment, it must be greatly enlarged — enlarged beyond the size that becomes an institution of learning. Perhaps the graduate schools could stand enlargement, as to some extent Continental universities do, if at the same time they left students and teachers free — the teachers free to teach as they please, the students free to work or not, as they please. But such indifference is quite un-American. The American is bound to be his brother's keeper, no matter how old his brother is. And just as he will not let his brother drink, if he can help it, — as he can't, — so he lays hold of an educational institution and takes the starch out of it by organizing it with a view to minimizing the peril which a poor or even an ordinary student may run if left largely to himself. He marshals the teaching staff under a dean; the dean invests considerable sums in colored cards, in filing cases, and in typists — with the result that when extravagant and often needless buildings, apparatus, equipment, and running expenses have been paid for, so little is left for the professors that to a large, though varying, extent they are compelled to make a living by doing odd jobs of every conceivable kind. And in certain fields, to get the jobs, they are at times forced to sell their very souls. Gilman's dictum that money be invested in men, not buildings, has been almost everywhere forgotten. Of course, there are sensible and upright professors — many of them — who ignore the whole absurd thing. But there must be hundreds of professors and thousands of students who obey the law — and, in obeying it, weaken their intellectual and moral fibre.

Perhaps the worst consequence of the indiscriminate enlargement of the graduate school is the effect of numbers upon quality. We have in America no cultural tradition; we possess few or no cultural groups. Anyone familiar with Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, or the German universities will in a moment realize the idea I am trying to convey. If the graduate school were small, if its level were high, it might be culturally homogeneous; as such it might make culture homogeneous; as such it might make culture respectable. But in the atmosphere created by pedagogues, working for degrees in order to get jobs, rather than because they love books and pictures and truth and music, the occasional lover of truth and beauty does not warm up, come out of his shell, and fraternize with others; he is chilled, he withdraws within himself and lives a lonely life.

How strangely the organization of the *graduate* school to-day contrasts with the *laissez faire* methods of *undergraduate* Johns Hopkins in my days there! I went to Baltimore in 1884, conditioned in Greek and mathematics and weak in Latin. I wanted to work in classics, despite these handicaps. Nobody suggested that I should do well to try history or English because I did not qualify in classics. I was permitted to do as I pleased; so, unable to read Xenophon and never having tried Homer, I entered a class that was reading Isocrates; shaky in all things Latin beyond a few books of Cæsar and an oration or two of Cicero, I entered a class in Livy and, shortly after, Minton Warren's class in Plautus and Terence. I was neither encouraged nor discouraged to do or not to do this; I was let alone. At that time the college course usually occupied three years; I obtained an A. B. and won a graduate scholarship in two. How did I do it? By the simple expedient of attending lectures in turn; I got the reading list suggested and in my leisure I read hard in subjects which I did not 'take' at all. A few years ago I told this story to President Goodnow, with the remark: 'No Hopkins undergraduate could do that to-day.' He replied: 'I can't believe that you did it in 1884.' But an examination of the records then and there convinced him that my story was correct.

The absurd requirement of the Ph. D. as a qualification for college teachers has therefore overcrowded the graduate schools; most of the human material thus forced into the graduate school does not belong there, as both Dean Woodbridge and President Lowell have said in recent reports. In order to manage the mass, the uncongenial type of organization which I have described has had to be devised, a type that does not much help the weaker student and inevitably injures the better students and the better teachers. It is all a consequence of burdening the graduate school with the training of teachers. Revert to Gilman's idea: there will be fewer students, better teachers, and certainly abler scholars and investigators. And primarily it is for the production of these that the university exists.

III

I may point out another aspect in which, I think, our higher institutions have changed for the worse. There was, from the start, an undergraduate department at the Johns Hopkins — unfortunately, as the consequences show. Why was it started? In Gilman's set speeches there is almost no reference to it. In these he always stressed the university — that is, the graduate school. I have indeed been told that Mr. Gilman actually discouraged schools, outside of Baltimore, that wished to prepare undergraduate students for the Johns Hopkins. There were two reasons for starting a modest undergraduate college in Baltimore. First, the American colleges were weak in science. They were training few boys fit to enter a high-grade graduate school on the scientific side. Shortly the University expected to start its medical school; but the medical school was bound to require of its students training in the pre-medical sciences. That was one consideration that made for the establishment of an undergraduate department. There was another: the gift of Mr. Hopkins was for its day munificent — but it was none the less inadequate. Where were other gifts to come from? The great foundations did not exist. Alumni were far in the future. Mr. Gilman's sole hope was the community. The undergraduate school was therefore designed to serve the city of Baltimore. But as long as the graduate school maintained its preëminence, the undergraduate department was inconspicuous. In my day it utterly lacked self-consciousness; there were no athletics, except lacrosse, no playing field; there were no undergraduate publications, fraternities, or activities. In consequence, the college absorbed both the seriousness and the freedom of the graduate school.

As matters now stand, the undergraduate department is the big element in the American university. It plays the tune; it makes the noise; it spends most of the money; it gets the headlines; its graduates are the alumni; it holds their interest and affections. The M.D.'s and Ph.D.'s are not, properly speaking, alumni; their ties as alumni bind them to the institutions where they were undergraduates. Such was not the case in Gilman's Johns Hopkins. Gilman was, I believe, right. So the University itself came to believe when, a few years ago, it announced the discontinuance of the first two years of college work. But that policy has since been, alas, discarded. In any event, while the graduate-school idea has spread and has gained in importance, nowhere does it dominate the situation as it did at Baltimore under Gilman.

In another respect retrogression has taken place. Gilman organized two faculties, — the philosophical faculty and the medical faculty, — both incomplete at that time, both still incomplete. He spoke hopefully and expectantly of law, engineering, architecture; yet he added, warningly: 'But in forming all these plans we must beware lest we are led away from our foundations; lest we make our schools technical instead of liberal, and impart a knowledge of methods rather than of principles. If we make this mistake, we may have an excellent polytechnic school, but not a university.'

Now quite plainly Gilman had an open mind; he was not trying to keep his university within the framework of existing institutions. But he was evidently fearful of what he called the polytechnic — the sort of institution in which students are trained to do things skillfully, without profound understanding of what lies beneath. What would he say to-day of the accretions which have vitiated the spirit of the university and undermined its structure — the graduate schools of business, journalism, library science, education, practical arts, and nondescript institutes in which faculties, mostly weak in scholarship, try to inculcate technique and methods which any educated person can readily acquire for himself, if they deserve to be acquired at all? What would he say of home-study, correspondence, and other courses, advertising their wares shamelessly and without academic standards at all? I cannot now discuss these schools and faculties in detail; none of them is within hailing distance of university standard. Worst of all, they are destroying the very concept of the university, apologizing for chaos by calling themselves 'public service institutions.' Monstrosities are defended, not because they pay, as is always the case, but because universities must be democratic. No need to worry about democracy; universities will be democratic if their professorships are filled and students are admitted upon the basis of intellectual capacity. Justice Holmes has spoken some vigorous words on this point: —

> I think we should all agree that the passion for equality has passed far beyond the political or even the social sphere. When the effervescence of democratic negation extends its workings beyond the abolition of external distinctions of rank to spiritual things — when the passion for equality is not content with founding social intercourse upon universal human sympathy, and a community of interests in which all may share, but attacks the lines of Nature which establish orders and degrees among the souls of men — they are not only wrong, but ignobly wrong. Modesty and reverence are no less virtues of freemen than the democratic feeling which will submit neither to arrogance nor to servility.

IV

I have said that I cannot in this connection discuss the various pseudo-professional schools that cling like barnacles to the university. But I shall make an exception of schools of business administration, because they threaten to be a malicious influence in American life; and of these I shall select for consideration the largest, richest, and most pretentious — the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

Intellectually and culturally we are not on a par with older nations, and we could not possibly be. Our universities ought therefore to be bending their energies toward drawing in to intellectual and cultural activities the most promising young brains of the nation. We are a business nation, a nation bent upon getting along, upon making money; and to the extent that universities answer this tendency and help it, they are, in my judgment, harmful, not helpful influences in the creation of an American culture and an American civilization.

Professor Frankfurter of Harvard has recently quoted a passage from John Maynard Keynes that goes to the root of the matter. 'It seems clearer every day,' writes Mr. Keynes, 'that the moral problem of our age is concerned with the Love of Money, with the habitual appeal to the Money Motive, with the social approbation of Money as the measure of constructive success.'

In these words a fundamental objection to university business schools, as they now are, is stated. They poison the atmosphere of the university. They lure immature young bachelors of arts into money-making when the universities ought to be doing precisely the reverse, and they do it under the pretense that business is 'the oldest of the arts and the youngest of the professions.' As a matter of fact it is neither — neither an old art nor a young art, neither an old profession nor a new one. It is neither an art nor a profession at all; it is an occupation, a vocation, which no one with a proper sense of meanings would designate otherwise. The loose use of terms is indeed one of the causes of the degradation of what should be institutions of learning.

Let me make myself quite clear. Universities — modern universities, I mean — cannot discharge their cultural and intellectual functions unless they mingle in the stream of current life. The problems of government and commerce and industry and trade are tied up inextricably with the cultural and intellectual life of the nation. A university that does not cultivate politics and economics is as remiss as a university that does not cultivate philosophy or literature; so I am not seeking to avoid the complex problems which modern technology has created. I am merely asking the university to find a proper attitude toward them.

I have said that I do not believe that under existing circumstances business is a profession; I do not believe that the leaders of American business have as a class a professional feeling toward their activities. What is a profession? I brush aside at once journalists, trained nurses, dancing masters, equestrians, and chiropodists, who speak of themselves as professional. One hears of professional baseball players and professional football players, but the word 'professional' has no proper significance in any such connection. There are paid football players and unpaid football players. There are paid baseball players and unpaid baseball players; but, whether paid or unpaid, they are not professional in the correct sense of the term. Professions are intellectual in character. They derive their professional character from the free, resourceful, and unhampered play of intelligence. The application of a technique which has already been worked out is routine, not professional work. To be sure, a profession is not entirely academic and theoretical; it is not only intellectual and learned, but practical, though its essential processes are intellectual, whatever the kind of technique which may be employed. Finally, a profession is a brotherhood, almost a caste. Professional activities are so definite, so absorbing, so rich in duties and responsibilities, that they tend to engage completely the time and interest of their votaries. Of course not all members of the accepted professions rise to the standards which I have set up; that is their personal failure. It is not the failure of law or medicine if a lawyer or physician is mercenary.

Viewed from any such standard as I have thus briefly outlined, business is not a profession. It is no fault of any particular business man that he is bound to measure his success primarily in terms of profit. If he measured them by any other standard and ignored profits, he would be in the hands of a receiver. To be sure, business discharges important social functions, but over all these social functions there looms constantly the need of gain. Under our present social system a business man is primarily responsible to his pocket or the pockets of his stockholders. He must profit or go under. Business is important to the running of society. It is a phenomenon worthy of the keenest intellectual analysis. The economist who ignores it is living not in a real world but in a cloister. But meanwhile the business man himself can view none of these factors impartially. He is bound to advertise attractively, effectively, seductively, though there are limits beyond which sensitive business men do not go. In all these respects the business man to-day differs from a philologian or a philosopher or an artist or a lawyer or a physician, as the university should conceive each of these. If, therefore, he needs training, it is training below the university level and should be got somewhere else.

I have another very serious criticism of our so-called university schools of business. The frankest of them is the Harvard School, the faculty of which actually contains a few scholars who have a disinterested concern for the phenomena of the history of business and for the science of economics. These do not determine or greatly affect the character of the school. I call attention to a significant word in the title of the Harvard School. It is called the Harvard Graduate School of Business *Administration*. Note the word 'administration.' It means the successful carrying out of a business enterprise, which is technical, not intellectual, in quality. If there were such a thing as a university school of business, it would not be preoccupied with the training of executives and with working out a technique by which young men may win quick promotion. It would be concerned, as I shall point out in a moment, with something that might have no effect whatsoever upon business success or business promotion. 'A law school does not undertake to teach success,' said Justice Holmes, and he is right. The Harvard Business School takes the opposite position, and it is wrong.

The official register of the Harvard Business School claims to offer to young men going into business the training needed for practice and earlier opportunities for executive responsibility. The words that keep constantly recurring are 'executives, general executives, executive work, management, advertising as an instrument to be used by executives in order to obtain financial success.' Sections dealing with social policies, with business history from a cultural or intellectual point of view, are brief. Now the executive is only one of the four or five elements that would be prominent in a university school of business if business were a profession. The laborer is as important as the executive. The consumer is as important as the laborer; more important than executive, laborer, or consumer is the all-enveloping statesmanlike problem of general business policy. A university might have an overwhelming interest in a statesmanlike economic policy which, while diminishing the profits of individual business concerns, might have prevented or tended to prevent the world-wide depression in which, to their surprise, the Harvard Business forecasters, like other business men, unexpectedly found themselves in 1929.

I can therefore sum up almost in a word my contention. It is the university's concern to face fearlessly problems of political organization and political theory, of social organization and social theory, of business organization and business theory; but it is no concern of the university to train in a technical sense either politicians or business men. The university will make its outstanding contribution to human thought and, in the long run, to human society if it assists men to comprehend. And this is precisely what university schools of business do not do.

There is at Harvard one of the greatest of living philosophers, Professor Whitehead. It is with infinite regret that one is obliged to utter a word in criticism of him; but in what, I suspect, was an amiable moment, Professor Whitehead made an address which has been incorporated in a volume published by the Dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. There are not lacking in this address indications that Professor Whitehead perceives the importance of a broad and disinterested study of business phenomena; but this broad and disinterested study will not lead to the immediate result in which business technicians are interested, and somehow Professor Whitehead could not lose sight of the technicians. We come, therefore, upon this startling sentence in which he differentiates between understanding, which I take to be the university's concern, and routine, which as such is no concern of the university at all except as a subject of investigation and criticism. Professor Whitehead says: 'Routine is more fundamental than understanding, that is, routine modified by minor flashes of short-range intelligence.' I call that a startling and significant sentence. The business mind is thus essentially the mind of the routineer, the darkness of which is from time to time illumined by striking a match, and Harvard University is obligated to such training. I should like to contrast Whitehead's deadly sentence with a sentence spoken by Wilhelm von Humboldt: 'The thing is not to let the scholars and universities go on in a drowsy and impotent routine. The thing is to raise the culture of the nation ever higher and higher by their means.'

Now it is not Professor Whitehead, apologizing for the teaching of routine, but it is Von Humboldt who gives us the cue to the correct attitude of the university toward the engulfing activities called business; and yet that Professor Whitehead rather than Von Humboldt describes the current trend of university business schools is abundantly illustrated not only by the catalogues in which the schools of business set forth their aims and their offerings, but by the specific tasks which they undertake while employing a university jargon. One wonders, for example, what the real scholars and scientists at Harvard think of 'scientific research in advertising and coöperative analysis of broadcasting.' Let me quote some of the questions employed in the 'research' for which Harvard has given a prize to the Association of National Advertisers.

> What effect does the summer time have on listening habits?
>
> How do the sexes vary in their preference?
>
> How long can a campaign be run before it begins to wear out?

To such a pass has the Harvard of Agassiz, Child, Peirce, Eliot, Haskins, Turner, and Richards come!

V

There is another point at which deterioration has taken place since Gilman's day. There was in 1876 no conflict between business and learning. I presume that even in that day occasionally a professor accepted a fee for expert services. But it was unthinkable that large numbers — large enough to cause considerable demoralization — should exploit their academic posts to their own pecuniary advantage. When consciousness of this insidious and degrading evil began to become acute, the Harvard Law School purified itself completely. It got rid of the tired lawyers and judges who had been lecturing on law in their odd moments. In a brief period the Harvard Law School became professional; the professors eschewed practice in order to teach and investigate; not without cause has the School risen to and maintained its present distinction. Some years later medical schools came under fire. Full-time teaching was introduced; professors on adequate salaries withdrew entirely from paid practice.

Commercialism is nowadays particularly rampant in departments of education, engineering, business, and economics, and of course in unreconstructed schools of law and medicine. The pay usually goes to an individual. But certain schools of education have in recent years organized 'field divisions' which are essentially businesses. The Field Division of Teachers College, Columbia University, some years since surveyed the school buildings of Baltimore, receiving therefor a fee of $25,000; since then the city has paid the college one fourth of one per cent — so the *Baltimore Sun* reports — on the cost of all school buildings constructed. The same Field Division is now surveying the Chicago schools — fee, $100,000. Now of course schools of education require 'clinical' material; students of administration should see for themselves how schools are administered. But, on the other hand, professors need quiet and repose in which to read and think. It is their main concern to educate themselves and their students; and this they cannot do by commuting between Baltimore and Chicago and New York. The only safe policy is to abolish fees. Then the field divisions will do only so much surveying as education requires. Business temptation will thus be once for all eliminated.

Similar abuses may be cited in connection with public utilities, installment buying, and many phases of engineering. In my opinion, there is one remedy: the reorganization of faculties on a full-time basis, with endowments large enough to pay salaries which will enable scholars to lead decent, self-respecting lives. American colleges and universities quite commonly rely far too largely on tuition fees; these they assume in advance. Their ability to do what is sound is thus subordinated to the necessity of doing what will pay. Teachers College, Columbia University, for example, reports that 'more than 85 per cent of the current expenses of running the college comes from student fees.' This state of things is perilously close to the 'proprietary' medical schools in which student fees represented the entire income and teaching was of the quality that might be expected under those circumstances.

The fact is that no institution should feel itself under the slightest obligation to undertake anything that it cannot really afford. It is idle to say that the universities cannot obtain the money. They obtain it now; but instead of investing it in brains, as Gilman urged, they sink it in overelaborate buildings, equipment, stadia, and so forth.

Meanwhile, the professorate is not free from blame. The faculties keep critical watch on presidents and trustees, as they should; but they have not yet established a code governing themselves, which would exorcise the spirit of commercialism that, in my judgment, is doing higher education in America as much harm as the occasional arbitrariness of a president or the occasional interference of a board of trustees — a code which should denounce racial and other discrimination and boldly proclaim that, in the interest of higher education, racial, sectional, and institutional factors should be totally eliminated, or, as Mr. Gilman declared, 'all other qualifications except merit' should be discarded.

Gilman was fortunate in having a clean slate. He had the whole world to choose from. It was currently believed in Baltimore that, while this policy was inevitable in forming the philosophical faculty, local medical men would form the medical faculty. Despite the wounded pride of the town and of local practitioners, which immediately injured the chances of the University in obtaining local support, Mr. Gilman stuck to his guns; he formed his medical faculty as he had formed his philosophical faculty, on the basis of merit alone. Welch and Halsted were called from New York; Osler and Kelly from Philadelphia; Abel from Michigan;

Mall from Chicago; Howell alone was a Baltimorean and a Hopkins Ph. D., but neither consideration weighed in choosing him, for he was beyond doubt the best person available. What Gilman did in beginning is just as necessary now. As long as graduate schools are recruited largely from 'our own men,' they tend to fall into ruts. Yet this is precisely what is happening everywhere. Inbreeding is common in the ancient English universities and in America. Only in Germany does the rule hold that a man must demonstrate his worth somewhere else; and the vigor of the German universities is in no small measure due to the constant infusion of new blood into the faculty and to the wandering of the student body.

One more point going to the very root of the matter: American universities are in the last resort governed by a board of laymen, who are in contact with the faculty only through the president — an arrangement which taxes both president and trustees beyond their strength. The faculty ought not to be bothered with the details of administration; but it should be enabled to speak to the trustees itself, not through the president, who may or may not present a given case understandingly and impartially. In addition, trustees should be in position to utilize outside experience. I suggest, as an experiment, government by a board consisting of laymen, scholars and scientists connected with other institutions, as well as members of the faculty. Thus trustees will hear every relevant point of view.

In closing, let me briefly summarize my conclusions: —

1. There has been a genuine and spectacular improvement in facilities and opportunities for graduate study since the first graduate school was founded in the United States.

2. On the other hand, no graduate school in the land, with all the increase in money, libraries, equipment, and staff, is a clear-cut exemplification of what a graduate school should be. The graduate school has succumbed to the college in respect to numbers and organization; it has suffered grievously from the influx of degree hunters, and from the creation, on a graduate basis, of merely technical schools — often hardly that; its scholarly standards have been lowered by inbreeding and by irrelevant considerations in making appointments — consideration of the college from which the possible candidates were graduated, of the section from which they come, of the race or religious sect to which they belong.

The evils which I have enumerated cannot be rapidly cured; certainly they cannot be cured everywhere at once. Unfortunately, the plant must be kept going, and students' fees supply a considerable part of the requisite funds. But at least universities could gradually be directed toward other and higher goals; and, as their funds grow, abuses that now bring income could be lopped off. The gradual process of discarding abuses and irrelevancies would in course of time completely change the quality and atmosphere of our universities, even if nothing else at all were done.

GANDHI INTERROGATED

An Interview

BY CORNELIA SORABJI

IN September 1931, Mr. Gandhi had arrived in England for the Round Table Conference, and I had obtained an interview with him in order to give him an opportunity of explaining himself to one who was honestly trying to understand him. He slept at the East End London Settlement in the slums, — a fact widely advertised in the press, — but his days were spent between St. James's Palace and a charming little flat in Park Place, St. James's. It was at the flat that I saw him. He had chosen an after-dinner hour, and I took with me an American friend who happened to be my guest at the moment.

Mr. Gandhi was dressed in his usual loin cloth with a Kashmir shawl thrown over his shoulders. He sat cross-legged on the hearth before a collapsible, Western-made spinning wheel. On a table beside him were fruits of various kinds, fresh and dried, and in a bowl of water reposed a set of false teeth. I had heard of a disciple who had insisted on giving him a set decorated on the palate with the Congress National Flag in colors, but I could not bring myself to look into the bowl and see whether these were the ones that lay among the dates and bunches of grapes beside him.

Mr. Gandhi kindly stood to receive us, remarking as he did so that it was not his custom to stand for visitors.

As everyone knows, he has a most genial and welcoming smile. In earlier life he had not learned that a hair on the head is worth two in the brush, nor had his nurse taken care, earlier still, to make him wear earcaps. But it is only in retrospect that one thinks of these things. His toothless smile made me feel that he really wanted to be friendly, and this was my dominant impression of the moment.

He went on spinning as we talked, breaking and mending his thread. It is almost a trick with him now, this spinning, like the trick of the public speaker who twists a watch chain or knots and unties a bit of string.

I began by reminding him that he was 'my learned friend' (he was educated for the bar, as I was), and suggested that during the interview we should treat one another as fellow professionals, speaking our minds without fear of offense given or taken.

He consented, but remarked, 'You know they have disbarred me. I am not "your learned friend" any longer.'

I said we would nevertheless pretend that he was, and added, 'I have been studying you since 1916, as if you were a brief.'

His face lit up and he said, 'Have you? What is your conclusion?'

'It is because I cannot come to a conclusion upon certain aspects of you that I am here to-night. I want to give you an opportunity of explaining yourself, if you will be so kind. I have studied you as Mahatma, Politician, Economist — three of the rôles in which you have presented yourself to the world. The Mahatma need not detain us. As you are aware, I know a good deal about Orthodox Hindus, and have met the genuine Hindu Holy Man. You are not *that*, are you? You are not a Saint, Mr. Gandhi. You and I are lawyers.'

He laughed, and a woman disciple sitting by uttered an exclamation of horror. 'Mr. Gandhi understands me,' I said. 'For one thing, no Hindu Mahatma, or Holy One, would use a spiritual appeal to attain a temporal end. That is what Mr. Gandhi has done. The term "Mahatma" has been used to attract Orthodox Hindus and swell his following in a programme of political self-government or dictatorship or complete independence. To the true Mahatma all things temporal, all these ends, are like *maya*, or illusion. He seeks neither home rule nor dictatorship. So we won't waste time on the Mahatma. I understand that. Let us turn to other things — to Gandhi as a Politician.'

Addressing him directly, I asked: 'What did you mean, Mr. Gandhi, when you said the other day that you wished and demanded "a partnership" with England, and in the same breath that you wished and demanded "complete independence"? What did you mean by "complete independence"?'

'I meant control of the army, of finance, of foreign relations — of everything.'

'The British, in fact, as your disciples put it, "kicked out,"' said I.

'Yes; everything in our own hands, complete freedom and independence.'

'Just so. Now what I want to know is this: When you said this, were you speaking as a lawyer or as a politician?'

'As neither,' he said. 'I was speaking as the Man-in-the-street.'

'But even the Man-in-the-street knows that partnership and complete independence of your partner in the business of the partnership are incompatible. The Man-in-the-street will tell you that partnership means sharing, not kicking the other fellow out.'

'But I have said that often,' replied Gandhi, 'and no one has objected. I said this very thing to the House of Commons the other day, and no one said a word. I was understood.'

'But *I* do not understand, and I should like you to explain. You must have some explanation.'

'When I use those words,' he replied, 'I know what I mean.'

'Then please, Mr. Gandhi, tell me what you mean. I want to understand. I did not come here to condemn you.'

'Well,' he said, 'suppose the English and Americans were partners. They would still be entirely independent, the one of the other.'

'But they are not partners. Do you mean allies, or members of the League of Nations?'

'No, I do not mean allies. I have nothing to do with the League of Nations. I use those words in a sense that I myself understand. I know what I mean.'

I said: 'Yes, Mr. Gandhi, that is just what you seem to do. You use words which have an accepted meaning, but you appear to use them in a sense all your own, with reservations which you do not disclose. Is n't this a kind of intellectual dishonesty—yes, and moral dishonesty as well?'

He shrugged without replying, so I went on to inquire how many disciples he had. 'You are always saying that you speak for "the dumb millions of India." Of course you and I know that this cannot be so. You speak for a certain number of English-educated

Indians who are most extraordinarily vocal themselves. What is your real following, Mr. Gandhi?'

'Three hundred and fifty millions.'

'Ah, do be serious. I want to know the number of your disciples, not the population of India.'

He repeated, 'Three hundred and fifty millions.'

'Deduct at least one individual from that total,' I said, indicating myself. 'Come, now, what is your following?'

'Three hundred and fifty millions, whether you like it or not.'

It seemed hopeless to pin him down, so I tried another tack. 'What is the membership of the Congress of which you are the accepted leader?'

'We have no list of members — all India.'

I tried again. 'How many people were imprisoned when you came to Delhi last year to negotiate with Lord Irwin?'

'The entire Congress.'

'Yes; I remember you said so at the time. How many people would you say were then in prison?'

'Lakhs and lakhs.' (Hundreds of thousands.)

'And why were they in prison? Did n't you invite them to qualify for prison by breaking the law? Yes, I heard you myself. They obeyed you, and committed acts of violence punishable under the Indian Penal Code — murder, assault, the wrecking of trains, arson, the burning of imported or mill-made cloth, which ruined the poor, smaller Indian merchants. How was it that the apostle of passive resistance had disciples who committed violence?'

'I deny that cloth was burned.'

'But it *was*, Mr. Gandhi. Your disciple here,' said I, indicating a wealthy cotton merchant and mill owner who sat beside me, — a mill owner who is commonly believed to have been excused from Gandhi's ban because, like the mill owners of Ahmedabad, near Gandhi's home, he is said to subsidize the Congress, — 'your disciple here knows that this is true.'

'Yes, Mahatmaji,' he said, 'cloth was burned in Bombay.'[1]

'Well, I never commanded violence. I repudiate all who committed violence.'

'You can't repudiate your followers and agents. "What you do through another you do yourself." You and I are familiar with that principle. You certainly commanded picketing. The cloth burners said they were picketing. What did you mean by picketing?'

'I meant for them to fall at the feet of persons using or selling foreign cloth or mill-made cloth, and say, "Please do not do this." That is not countenancing violence.'

'But surely you knew that that was not the way they would do it. And those who committed violence said that you paid them to do it. That was revealed when they were let out of prison in 1931 after the Irwin-Gandhi Pact. They complained that if the boycott could not be renewed they would starve, since they would lose both their wages from you and their gains from looting. You held a meeting to decide how many of these people you could continue to pay.'

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[1] Since this interview took place Mr. Gandhi has returned to India, where he announced the resumption of his civil disobedience campaign and was immediately placed under arrest. This has been followed by various disorders. The following significant dispatch from Bombay, dated January 12, 1932, appeared in the *New York Times:* 'A bonfire of foreign cloth burned to-night in Bombay as a symbol of the Indian Nationalist boycott campaign for the country's independence. For the first time since the resumption of the civil disobedience movement, volunteers of the Congress Party made a house-to-house collection of the cloth in the Mandvi area and set fire to it in front of a large crowd which shouted boycott slogans. The police dispersed the crowd and arrested five persons, but it was a considerable time before the fire died down. . . . Krishna Kant, a nine-year-old boy sentenced at Bombay to four years in the State Reformatory for standing outside a store which sells British goods and asking shoppers to buy only Indian articles, was told that if he disobeyed orders in the reformatory he would be whipped. "I am ready to die for Gandhi," the boy replied.' — EDITORS

'Yes, I paid them. But I repudiate those who committed acts of violence. They were hooligans.'

'Exactly. Many people have thought all along that your following was swelled by the hooligans who live on the edge of social unrest in all countries, but I did n't expect you to say the same thing. However, deduct the hooligans from the "lakhs and lakhs" — how many are left whom you would regard as your followers?'

'Thirty thousand.'

'Thank you, Mr. Gandhi. When I am asked in America, "What is the number of Mr. Gandhi's real discipleship?" I shall say, "Thirty thousand; he told me so himself."'

Reverting once more to the question of non-violence, I asked Mr. Gandhi to recall the case of Bhagat Singh, who in 1931 murdered two policemen, a Sikh and an Englishman, in cold blood. 'Do you remember saying, Mr. Gandhi, "Let there be thousands of Bhagat Singhs"?'

'Yes, I said that.'

'What did you mean?'

'I meant that I admired the self-sacrifice of a man who committed for his country a deed which he knew, if discovered, would cost him his life.'

'But that argument would apply to any murderer. And your disciples did not understand what you meant. Cawnpore in February and March, 1931, was the result.'

A woman disciple spoke up: 'The Congress did not stir up the Cawnpore riots. The British did that.'

But Gandhi said: 'You should not bring that up against me. I fasted, and God has forgiven me.'

At this moment I caught sight of Dr. Ambedkar, the leader of the Untouchables. 'What have you done for Dr. Ambedkar's community?' I asked.

'I have an outcaste girl at my *Ashram*. You will see her when you come to Allahabad.'

'What is that? The missionaries take hundreds of thousands of outcastes under their protection, clothe and educate them, and fit them to stand on their feet. Besides, you are an outcaste yourself now. What credit can be claimed by an outcaste for adopting an outcaste child?'

Horrified disciple: 'She calls you an outcaste!'

'Are you not one, Mr. Gandhi? You boast of eating with them. Any Orthodox Hindu will tell you that by that act alone you have lost whatever caste you once possessed.'

'Yes, I have eaten with them. They are my people.'

'You have told them, have you not, that you would admit them to caste temples and the use of caste wells? And they have joined your ranks, relying on your word. But you know that none but the priests and Brahmans of Orthodox Hinduism could so admit them, and the day they grant this privilege Orthodox Hinduism will be dead. And here let me ask you something that has puzzled me very much. You speak of your ward, the outcaste, and your championship of the outcaste is part of your most fruitful propaganda; yet you talk and write of your belief in caste.'

'When I say I believe in caste, I mean I believe in the original occupational divisions of caste.'

'We all believe in that. It is a matter of history. But, since the second century, caste has become something more than that. It is now no longer a trades guild, but a religious incident, the very basis of Hinduism — a watertight compartment into which a man is born, and out of which he cannot climb during his life. The Orthodox Hindu understands you to mean this last alone when you use the word.'

'Well, I use it in its occupational sense,' he repeated, 'when I say that I believe in caste.'

'Let us go back to my question about Dr. Ambedkar. What are you going to do for his community? Will you do for the Untouchables and the depressed classes the one thing which it is in your power to do? Are you prepared to secure to them in the new Indian Parliament the separate representation which they now have under the British Government?'

A woman disciple again intervened. 'Gandhiji,' she said, 'will discuss that with Dr. Ambedkar himself. He is here for that purpose.'

But Gandhi spoke up. 'They cannot get separate representation. In their own interests I deny them this.'

(Mr. Gandhi has since repeated his stand on this question even more emphatically than he stated it to me. 'I would commit suicide,' he has said, 'rather than give them separate representation.' He explained that to give them a separate voice would keep them Untouchables forever; that they would do better to trust the Hindus. As for the Untouchables themselves, Dr. Ambedkar doubtless spoke for them when he exclaimed, 'What! Trust the Hindus, who made us Untouchables!' It is generally believed that Gandhi's real reason for opposing a grant of separate representation to the Untouchables is that this community of seventy million people would, if politically organized, be a powerful minority and a dangerous one if it should join forces with the other minorities.)

The woman disciple was anxious for us to go, and I could say only one more word. I asked whether India could really be said to be fit for complete independence, having no indigenous army and no sufficient body of men trained for the affairs of government. 'What will be our end?' I inquired.

The answer that Mr. Gandhi gave was the same that he had often made before, publicly: 'Destruction, perhaps. But even if destruction is the end, I believe that it is better than what is offered us. A nation cannot attain freedom with the alien in the country.'

We rose to leave, and I was saluting him Indian fashion when he seized my hand and took it in his own. 'No, I will have your hand,' he said, and invited me to become his disciple. We parted laughingly, he threatening that he would yet convert me. He indicated clearly by his manner that he held no grudges in his heart for the candor which I had felt bound to use in questioning him.

From my interview with Mr. Gandhi I came away with the impression of a man exploited by others — by the extremists, by his immediate domestic entourage, and by his admirers outside India. From my talk with him, as well as from other evidence, I gather that he is undoubtedly vain. When an interviewer asked him, 'Are you glad that you came to London?' he replied: 'Yes. Before, I was a myth and a legend here. Now they know me.' But his vanity is not offensive; it is that of a child or of a person who is irresponsible. In my opinion he lacks the power to lead the Indian Congress in its present mood — the 'war-to-a-finish' section is too strong for him; yet he has not moral courage enough to extricate himself. It would be hard indeed for him to give up a position which he certainly enjoys.

Up to now he has succeeded because

of his shrewdness as a lawyer and his clear-sightedness in knowing what appeal to use to win over any section of the public whose support he needs. For the Orthodox Hindu he plays the rôle of Mahatma. For freedom lovers everywhere he is the 'Liberator' of the outcastes and the oppressed. He is the symbol of Peace for the Society of Friends, and of Prohibition for one section of America. But his shrewdness would have availed him little if he had not had behind him the best publicity board in the world — a board which has been unceasingly active while Great Britain just looked on and smiled and allowed misrepresentations to crystallize.

To his shrewdness he adds an effective effrontery, waving paradoxes in the face of a world hypnotized by his oratory. Let us glance at some of them. The Apostle of Liberty, he has coerced the most defenseless of Indians in regard to their occupation, their business dealings, even the intimacies of their wardrobe. The Apostle of Love, he has stirred up hatred and suspicion among the different sections of the Indian population. He preaches a return to the seventh century in matters of economics, while as a man of the world he knows that the end which he proclaims to be his object — the placing of India in her proper rank among free and progressive nations — can only be attained by modern equipment and modern methods.

He condemns Great Britain because education does not travel faster and farther, and he incites schoolboys to leave their studies and inflames them so that they burn down their schools. He teaches defiance of law and order, although he knows that it will not be many months before Indians themselves, and not the British, will be responsible for maintaining law and order in India. A business man himself, both by caste and by education, he stands in the position of a promoter who has tried to wreck a business concern just as it was about to change hands and come under the control of his client. 'Since May 1930,' wrote an editor in an Indian paper, 'India is poorer; has more unemployed on her streets; is lawless; excites less sympathy.'

These are the feathers in Mr. Gandhi's cap. It was to protect India from a repetition of his 1930 programme that the Government of India has been compelled to take strong measures.

No one can doubt that the general belief in Mr. Gandhi's great influence for good has helped him to achieve much that *is* good, but a government cannot afford to experiment with the soul of an individual, however great his personality, at the risk of endangering public safety. About that soul — the soul of the Great Soul (Mahatma) — one hesitates to speak. 'Is he sincere?' 'But surely he is sincere!' How often have I heard that affirmed! I can only answer: 'How can I know? How can anyone know but God?' Yet this much of my meditation upon this puzzling man as a great spiritual world leader and Messiah I will permit myself to articulate: Mr. Gandhi says by wireless and through his publicity board, he shouts from the housetops, what you and I would hardly dare whisper in our hearts even to God.

THE WOOD LILY

Long years the lily grew,
Sun-nurtured and earth-fed,
That to-day is full and red.

Its blind, ancestral cell
In woods of ancient time
First shaped its perfect prime.

And seed by filial seed
Through years and worlds descending
And tribes and wars unending,

The lily bloomed and sang
In a secret place apart,
With silence at its heart.

In glades of sunlight dappled
Where wind shook down the sky
It felt the wild bee's thigh.

Snows fell a thousand winters
And world-long fell the rain
That it might flower again.

So, child of time and earth,
Seed of a long descent,
By breath of green airs bent

That shine among the leaves,
Wine-flushed, apart, and still
The lily bloomed; until,

With heart surcharged and shaken
I wandered there to-day,
And plucked, and bore away

The straight, leaf-feathered stem,
The urn of sun-flushed red,
To give to her I wed.

For we, and our love's burden,
By sun and earth and time
To a less perfect prime

Were nurtured, and we grew
To cycles formed and wrought
Ere wars began, or thought.

Children of long descent,
From seed to filial seed
We bear an ageless need,

Desire that lives unuttered
Until the senses faint
Muffled with dark restraint,

Longing that cries more sharply
Through deeper loneliness
To those we most possess.

For though by links of ages,
Ascending through blind cells
And drinking at deep wells,

We come at last to union
Fed by long springs of time
And nourished to sweet prime,

We walk still subtly severed
And doomed to longing still
As by a mightier hill

Than e'er shed waters downward
From the great founts of snow
Toward separate seas to flow.

What is the last fruition
That all earth's heart desires,
And deathlessly aspires

By art or hope or sorrow
To fashion for our saving,
Bread of our final craving,

Water for deepest thirst?
O let the lily tell
That grew long years and well

In glades of sunlight dappled
Where wind shook down the sky,
Tasting the wild bee's thigh,

Bent by green airs, and nurtured
By wine of sun and rain
Ever to flower again;

The lily that bloomed and sang
In a secret place apart,
With silence at its heart.

THEODORE MORRISON

SALAAM, ARABI!

BY JAMES E. BAUM

I

THE purpose of that long and lonesome trek through the hot Sudan had been accomplished. The skins had been thoroughly salted and dried. The black-maned hide of the big lion killed a few days before (he measured forty-four inches in height at the shoulder) would be, of all the specimens, perhaps the most acceptable to the Field Museum of Chicago. But I had been in the bush alone too long. The conversation of white men — plain talk, small talk, any kind of talk with my own kind — was becoming a necessity.

I saw by the calendar pasted to the inner lid of my ammunition box that it might be possible to reach home by Christmas if, by a forced march across a wide stretch of unmapped country, I could arrive at the army post of Gallabat. From Gallabat a road, passable in the dry season for army supply cars, led to Gedaref, headquarters of the Eastern Arab Corps. If I could reach Gallabat, connect with an army lorry, and so get through to Gedaref and Khartoum, I should save a solid month of travel by camel; the men could bring on the camels alone from Gallabat.

But my government maps showed an immense blank space between the headwaters of the Rahad at the Abyssinian border, where we then were, and the post at Gallabat. I knew that only one or possibly two patrols of the Eastern Arab Corps had been through that blank space several years before, and the results of their journey were shown on the map only by indefinite notations. 'A small *khor* [watercourse] found here. Dry, December 1915'; and 'a wide, sandy *wadi* [river bed], north and south direction, found here. Probably dry except at height of rainy season. Possibly water could be found by digging.' There was no indication of permanent water in all that wide stretch of country, and water, of course, was the one big question. I called old Arabi and Haroun, and, with the limited Arabic I had picked up by that time and Haroun's even more limited English, asked Arabi if he had ever crossed that dry area in his travels.

'*Aywah, wahid*' ('Yes, one time'), said Arabi, and Haroun, after speaking further with the old man, added that Arabi claimed to have accompanied a detachment of the Eastern Arab Corps through that country four or five years before, and knew of a small village halfway across where the natives got water from a deep-dug well that never went dry. Arabi swore by an impressive array of Mohammedan saints that the village, consisting of five or six grass *tukuls*, was permanent and not merely a seasonal camping place of nomads. If I understood correctly and if the old man spoke the truth, we could cross that dry area without suffering severely for water — provided he could lead us straight to the village. Upon close questioning Arabi placed the village at three days' march from the Rahad River, '*iyam tellahtah*,' and pointed northeast with a skinny arm, thrusting out his chin to denote the long distance. I was anxious to save that month of camel travel over the route we had come; still, I did n't care to take too much liberty with thirst: the power of the equatorial sun to draw water from a man's tissues is something almost unbelievable to a Northerner. Sudan army regulations instruct officers to be sure of one and a half gallons of water a day for each man as an absolute minimum; and that rule is made for seasoned Sudanese troops.

I was thoroughly familiar with the widespread native vice of telling a white man what he wants to hear rather than facts which may be disappointing. So I cross-questioned old Arabi for an hour to satisfy myself that he really knew, first-hand, what he was talking about. In the end I came to the conclusion that the old codger had indeed been with that scouting patrol as he claimed and was not merely retailing rumor or native gossip. I was convinced that the little village was there, but I was by no means certain that Arabi could find it. However, the old fellow was positive that he could go straight to it, and appeared to be a little hurt that I should doubt his pathfinding ability. It was only common sense to be skeptical in such a serious matter, and it was only fair to the men to have their majority acceptance of the plan before deciding upon it. I ordered Haroun to call them together and ask what they thought about it.

'They say,' translated Haroun, 'that if Amarooti, our father, *says* he can find the village — then he *will* find it!' Such confidence in their 'father,' as they always called old Arabi, went a long way toward helping me make the decision. But Haroun added: 'All say this except Abdullahi, and he says, "No, no! We shall all be lost and die without water."' Abdullahi was a born alarmist. He and his frightened querulousness were an old story and carried no weight with me. I decided to chance it.

'*Aywah!*' I said, folding the useless map. '*Bukra safaría!*' ('All right! To-morrow we trek!')

II

The camels were given a big drink that night. They, at least, would be good for six days without water. Early in the morning we filled waterskins, *girbas*, canteens, and our few empty bottles at the river and set out. Everyone but Abdullahi was cheerful at the start. He, as usual, was filled with lugubrious prophecies of our destruction. Toward noon, as the sun became heavier on the shoulders, I saw that Abdullahi's pessimism was beginning to infect the other men. They showed signs of becoming sorry that they had been so willing to follow Arabi, and our progress became slower as their enthusiasm waned. In a lucky moment it occurred to me that our course lay in the direction of Mecca. Affecting surprise at the growing discouragement, I said to Haroun: —

'What seems to be wrong with you lads? You act downhearted. Have n't you noticed that our direction of march is straight toward Mecca? And don't you know — can it be possible that such good Mohammedans don't know — that no man ever died of thirst when traveling in the direction of Mecca?'

What a tall one that was! But what a difference it made! Haroun passed the good word around, and light-hearted chatter, laughter, and smiles broke out and our rate of progress substantially increased.

I had figured out that forced march pretty thoroughly before the start. We were carrying in our various containers enough water to last three full days. The camels had done little for weeks and their humps were high to lopping over. If Arabi could lead us straight to the village as he claimed to be able to do, all would be well. But suppose Arabi became confused and could n't find the village by evening of the third day? Under those circumstances I would order an immediate return to the river. We could n't miss the Rahad and we should be able to make it by marching two nights and one day, for there was more than a half moon. If forced to return, the suffering might be severe, but we ought to get through without casualties. Our real danger would lie in wasting precious hours of strength on a fruitless search for the village, and this I was determined not to do. If the old man missed it when he thought we should be there — then back to the river we would go as fast as the camels could travel. All this, of course, was planned on the supposition that no accident would happen to our load of water.

At the end of the first day we came to the limits of the area burned by a grass fire we had started while hunting. In that northeasterly direction it had been extinguished by heavy dews at night or by a change of wind. We entered a country of high and thick grass whose plumed tops were just level with my eyes as I sat my tall camel. Elephant trails wound through it in every direction and scattered thorn trees rose above, only the flat tops of the trees showing. Old Arabi plodded silently in the lead, his long staff in hand and his little hatchet hanging from a shoulder. It is impossible to push straight through such grass, and Arabi selected the trampled elephant road that seemed at the moment to lead most nearly in the right direction. Very soon, however, our course turned and twisted like a hurt snake, and when trails branched Arabi decided which to follow with great deliberation. The country was as level as a billiard table; not a hill or a piece of lower ground appeared on any side, and no distant mountain loomed upon the horizon. There was not the slightest trace of a landmark by which he might have checked our location — nothing but a sea of plumed and waving grass fifteen feet high, growing in an interminable open forest of acacia trees.

It had not occurred to me before that no landmark would be in sight, any more than I had expected to find the high grass unburned in this direction. The combination of the two — high grass and no landmarks — was an alarming surprise. I had been none too sure before that Arabi could find the village. I was now becoming increasingly sure that he could n't. Ariel gazelles — dainty, fleet little things — stood a moment when surprised in the branching trails, gazed with round, startled eyes, and bounded away like wind-blown thistledown. The heads and pole-like necks and sometimes the spotted backs of tall giraffes were outlined above the grass, to stand a moment and then disappear in awkward, lurching gallops. Giraffe and ariel are great rangers. It is not unusual to find them forty miles from water, but they do not need to drink every day by any means. We were much too far from water for lions, so we had no hesitancy in marching before daylight in the mornings and after dark in the evenings.

When trekking with camels on a known caravan route through a hot country, you usually march as much as possible at night — provided, of course, you are not in lion country. You do this not only to avoid the great heat from noon until four o'clock, but also to enable your camels to browse in daylight hours, when the men can watch them and prevent straying. But on this forced march through unknown country we did not dare to keep the trail longer than two hours after dark; Arabi needed daylight to hold his course. This made it necessary to cut down the rest period in the heat of the day.

III

We were resting in the scanty shade of an acacia tree about one o'clock in the afternoon of the second day. Haroun had built a small shelter of grass and brush for me, which helped some, but I sat beneath, stripped and panting in the terrific heat. Like Sydney Smith, I longed to take off my flesh and sit in my marrowbones. The men lay sleeping beneath another tree, but the camels browsed contentedly on thorny twigs.

Unlovely, stinking, ill-natured brutes are camels, but withal the finest pack animals in the world and the only ones capable of surviving in such a wilderness of thorn bush, sand, and relentless sun. You never come to feel the slightest affection for a camel. But after a hard trip through a difficult country, a country that would kill a beautiful horse in a week and a tough mule in two, you are astonished to find your camels thriving, actually putting on flesh on a diet of thorns in heat almost unbearable to a white man. You watch them curiously at their slow, unhurried pace, carrying their three hundred and fifty pounds, never stumbling, never shying, and never showing the slightest need for that precious commodity, water. And at the finish of the trip you feel like taking off your sun helmet every time you meet a camel.

In the heat of early afternoon no wild thing stirred. Even birds were silent in the thickest bush they could find. The world was slowly baking in a mammoth oven. When all living things except those remarkable camels were adroop with lassitude, a plain brown bird, slightly larger than a sparrow, flew to the tree above the sleeping men and chirped lustily, hopping back and forth along a low limb above their heads. I watched him with surprise, thinking idly, 'What a little idiot he is to stir about in such heat when he might, like sane birds, take refuge in some comparatively cool thicket!' In a moment, however, old Arabi awoke and saw the bird. He rose stiffly to his feet, shook one or two of the others hastily, speaking low in Arabic. The camp came to sudden life. Haroun hurried to me and explained that the bird was a honey guide, and if I would allow them to follow they would be sure to find a store of wild honey. Wild honey is nectar to the Sudanese. I nodded. Arabi reached for his little tomahawk and made clucking sounds in his throat in answer to the bird's insistent chirps.

I had heard much of the honey guide (scientific name, *Indicator indicator*) from men whose word, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion, but nevertheless I was skeptical. I hurried into helmet, shoes, and shorts. The bird flew a short distance and alighted in another tree, hopping along a limb and again chirping excitedly. We followed in a body, old Arabi clucking in his throat as he led the way. The moment we arrived beneath the tree the bird flew to another, in a low, dipping flight, and repeated his chirping and hopping performance upon a new limb. His chirps were incessant except during the short flights between trees, and his bustling importance was too insistent to be mistaken. In each tree he waited for us, hopping back and forth and chirping. Impatience was plain in every action.

We followed about two hundred yards at a fast walk and then it occurred to me to try a little test by purposely mistaking the route. I wondered if the bird would be intelligent enough to return and set us right. I motioned the men to follow me to a tree at right angles to the course we had been taking, and explained with a grin to Haroun that I did n't think the bird would come back for us. Haroun relayed the idea to the men, and old Arabi, who knew honey guides, smiled pityingly at my simplicity. But we all walked deliberately away from the bird to the other tree. No sooner had we started in the wrong direction than the bird circled around us and again came to a limb above our heads, chirping more excitedly than ever. He came much nearer to us than before, hopping and bouncing along the limb all in a flutter of excitement. It was as plain as the nose on a man's face that he was doing his best to make us understand that we were wrong. It was so apparent that we all broke into a laugh. From then on we followed our guide from tree to tree, walking perhaps a quarter of a mile.

The honey guide arrived at a dead acacia, alighted on one of its topmost branches, and now, for the first time, sat perfectly still and did n't utter a single chirp! Arabi had his old eyes on the bird, and as he saw it sit so still he muttered in Arabic, 'In that tree is the honey.'

We walked around the tree and saw a cloud of bees buzzing in and out of an opening not very high in the trunk. Mohammed Zane pulled a handful of grass, I touched a match to it, and with the smouldering torch Mohammed was boosted to a limb. He thrust the smoking grass in the hole and waited a few minutes, then pulled out the remnants of his torch and reached in and took out the dripping combs, one by one, and passed them down to us. Arabi selected a large, juicy comb and laid it on a low limb as a payment to the bird for its intelligent work. '*Baksheeshi!*' the old fellow said as he stuck the comb on a thorn.

IV

So far the little side expedition had been highly successful. But then we made a grave error. Instead of carrying our loot to eat in camp, we paused beneath the tree and began munching the excellent stuff. No one, not even Mohammed Zane, had been stung. But in a moment old Arabi, more versed in the lore of bees than the rest of us, detected an angry note in the steady buzzing of the smoke-drugged bees. He turned his head quickly, listening — then snatched his little hatchet from the ground and with a dripping comb in his other hand set out on a dead run straight away from that tree! The rest got the idea and followed.

All but Abdullahi. Slower of wit than the others, he lagged behind. I seized a handful of grass, touched a match to it, and waved it around my head as I walked hurriedly away. A cloud of bees buzzed around me, but I kept the torch waving, expecting every moment that some valiant bee would force his way through the smoke armor and drive his spear point home. But not a bee came through that ring of smoke. The men were now far ahead, running as if a herd of elephants were after them. Abdullahi was overtaken and severely stung. I found him in camp moaning; one black eye was shut and his lower lip hung down like a blacksmith's apron. Osman, grinning, was bathing Abdullahi's face with precious water from a canteen.

Running true to his usual form, Abdullahi thought his last hour had come. He called repeatedly on the Prophet, requesting him to drop whatever he was doing at the moment in the dim and distant Aidenn and rally to the rescue of his faithful follower. The poor ignoramus took on in this childish vein until old Arabi shut him up with a single sharp word growled in Arabic. I wish I knew what word he used. I could have employed it to advantage later and saved some good, healthy English cuss words.

I have often wondered since that ordeal of bees what our wise bird thought of us, absent-mindedly munching honey beneath that bee tree until the bees recovered from the smoke! Our brand of intelligence had been so inferior to his own. And I have often marveled at the real brain work that bird exhibited! If ever a dumb thing reasoned, he did that day. He had found the hive, but dared not enter the hole in the tree trunk; I should imagine that a bee sting to such a small creature would be like the bite of a cobra to a man. The bird had run across our camp, and at once his tiny brain, no larger than a shoe button, had figured a way to have his chestnuts pulled from the fire. He had straightway set about the promotion of his little scheme with all the zeal and confidence of a business man floating a new corporation. He may have known from past experience that a sizable dividend would be left upon a limb. Or he may have thought that, no matter how tight and grasping we proved to be, an amount of honey, fairly substantial to him, would surely be smeared about the tree by our human clumsiness.

The cleverness of the honey guide is a most remarkable thing when you come to think of it. No other species of bird that I have ever heard of has anything in his box of tricks to compare with this stunt of the honey guide's. And I judge from the many experiences of both white men and natives that almost every member of the honey-guide family makes a practice of this intelligent coöperation. The Sudanese depend upon him in their annual gathering of wild honey. And furthermore the natives, extremely shortsighted in almost every other way, never think of accepting the services of a honey guide without leaving a dividend for the small promoter of the enterprise. Whether they consider it merely bad luck to omit baksheesh for the bird guide, or whether they know from experience that the birds, after a few disappointments, refuse to do business, I don't know. Surely the honey guide is worth careful study by capable scientists. In my perhaps worthless opinion we have always been too ready to ascribe evidences of intelligence in the actions of animals and birds to instinct rather than to the power of reason. I wonder if we humans are not unconsciously a little jealous of our own reasoning powers. Or perhaps our groping notion of the soul is confused in our minds somehow with the power to reason, so we hesitate unduly to admit that an animal or a bird, to which we deny a soul, can reason.

V

We set out again, and late that afternoon passed beyond the range of giraffe and ariel. Now only the wide swaths in the grass made by elephants were seen; and the elephant trails in this area had been made by elephants on trek. The black giants had not loitered here to feed; the trails were straighter and showed plainly that the great pachyderms, like ourselves, had been pushing through in haste — a sign that water was a long way off.

In mid-morning of the third day one of the largest waterskins, one that held several gallons, was rubbed against a tree as the camel passed, and a sharp dead branch tore a hole. Before the camel could be caught, the waterskin was empty. This was a blow right between the eyes! It was the last water we had, except two small canteens. We were down to bed rock! It was now a ground-hog case. Arabi must find that village by evening or the most painful suffering was sure to follow, with perhaps a tragedy or two into the bargain.

I called a halt and questioned the old man. Arabi replied in his slow and quiet speech, Haroun translating eagerly: 'When the sun is there,' — pointing to the western horizon, — 'he says he will find the village.'

I was sorely tempted to order an immediate return to the Rahad River, with all the suffering it would entail, but Arabi seemed confident and I decided to take the added chance and give him his allotted time to perform his miracle, but not one hour longer! The moment I detected the slightest indecision in Arabi's actions, that moment would mark the beginning of a desperate race against thirst back to the river. Frankly, I did n't see how Arabi or any other human being could navigate the blind terrain we had been following, over twisting trails, without the semblance of a landmark — do it for three whole days and then arrive at the infinitesimally small spot he had been searching for. In my opinion such a thing would have taxed the ability of a homing pigeon; it simply was n't in the cards for a man to have such a miraculous sense of direction. However, sure as I was that we were now wasting precious and perhaps lifesaving hours, I was able to resurrect just enough confidence in Arabi — I suppose from the remembrance of his staunchness in past performances — to give the old man his promised time.

At the catastrophe to the water supply Abdullahi broke out in a torrent of lamentations, predicting an early and terrible demise for the lot of us, until I shut him up sharply. The men now glanced at old Arabi with looks that spoke of doubt, apprehension, and fearfulness. I knew exactly what they were thinking, for I was wondering the very same things myself: 'Has he ever really been to the village, or does he just want to appear important? How much of his appearance of confidence is pure bluff?'

Noon came, but we did n't dare to stop for the usual rest in the hottest part of the day. Abdullahi lagged, again and again, until I was forced to go back and show him plainly, by signs with the camel whip, just what would happen if he kept it up. He did better for a while, but in another hour he gave up completely and stumbled along after the caravan, moaning like a thirsty dog. I was forced to order a short halt several times to allow him to keep within sight of the rearmost camel. He had already ridden much more than his share on the heavily loaded pack camels, and I knew that his disgusting state was due more to fear than to actual physical exhaustion.

The other men plodded wearily forward, very thirsty and now almost hopeless of finding the village. They had been affected much more by the loss of the water than I had expected. The native's physical equipment is toughened to a remarkable degree to resist the particular kinds of hardships common in his country, but that excellent toughness is subject to the vicissitudes of his mental state. He lacks the ability to rise above mental depressions, and such a piece of hard luck as the accident to the waterskin literally takes all the stamina from his body; schooling of the mind is what he needs. Few natives can survive discouragement to the extent that a white man can.

Old Arabi was the exception to prove

the rule. His calm and confident bearing and his facial expression did not change during the entire last day. And the old fellow did not deign to answer the childish questions incessantly flung at him by the men: 'How far is it now?' 'Are you sure we can find the village in this high grass?' 'Are you sure the village is still there?' Arabi answered none of these. He was leg-weary and he refused to ride his share of the time, often allowing another man to take his turn. He too was terribly thirsty, but the old Arab had pride which the others lacked, and he let no man see his weariness.

The sun sank lower and the men now marched in irregular spurts, speeding up for short distances and flogging the camels forward, foolishly drawing upon their reserves when thoughts of water spurred them on or a glance at the westering sun put the fear of God into their thirsty souls. After each short spurt a period of lethargy followed — a state of mind and body dangerously near to complete discouragement and final surrender. The spurts were needlessly exhausting, and the slump that followed alarming. But I could not force them to hold a sane and steady pace; only Arabi marched with the slow steadiness of an old campaigner.

VI

The fiercely blazing sun gradually turned to a molten sphere as it sank lower. At last it touched the waving plumes of grass on the far-western horizon, and still we shuffled on. It was now sunset and I could see no indications of a village anywhere near — no straying camels, no hobbled donkeys, no sign of man or domestic animal. It was about time to turn about in our tracks and begin that dreaded race against thirst to the far Rahad. However, I would give Arabi his full measure of time, a half hour longer by the watch. I actually had my watch in hand to gauge the half hour when old Arabi came to a halt at a bend in the trail ahead. I saw his ancient body relax as he leaned his weight on the staff. He said nothing. The quick thought flashed over me, 'Now he is ready to admit that he is completely lost!' Haroun caught up with him and asked a question in a voice husky with thirst, but Arabi did not bother to answer. Haroun peered ahead and then sprang around to face us, shouting over and over, through dry and cracked lips, the one word, '*Moyah!*' ('Water!')

The men dropped lead ropes and stumbled forward in a shouting rabble, repeating the good word, '*Moyah! Moyah!*' Abdullahi, trailing in the rear, heard it and recovered miraculously, passing my camel on a healthy run; his exhaustion had been 90 per cent mental. Still yelling, the men rushed around the turn, all except old Arabi. He remained leaning on his staff until I rode up beside him and saw the conical grass roofs of six tukuls surrounding a small clearing. The huts could not have been seen from a hundred yards on either side in the high grass, and the clearing itself was no more than fifty yards in diameter. Old Arabi had hit the bull's-eye plumb centre! How he did it, following the twisting trails of elephants on a three-day march, without a single landmark and through blinding grass fifteen feet high, is a mystery that, as far as I am concerned, will never be explained. Arabi looked up at me with tired, clouded eyes, after the men had passed. His ancient, cracked, and sun-dried lips slowly and painfully registered a faint smile.

In a moment the men rushed back in a body, followed by a few scrawny villagers, the crowd carrying on as if each man had lost his mind. They gulped great quantities of muddy water from gourds, babbling with relief and joy. Old Arabi was surrounded, and the men set up a great shout in praise of his pathfinding genius. Extravagant songs in his honor were made up on the spur of the intoxicating moment. They pressed him close, offering brimming gourds, but old Arabi was basking in a blaze of glory. It was one of his few golden moments, and the tired old man blissfully made the most of it. His expression did not change. He accepted the vociferous adulation as a matter of course, as his due — as indeed it was.

But now the old fellow had an inspiration. He crowned the whole show nobly. The white head shook in refusal as he waved the water gourds aside with a gesture that was positively regal. He had not drunk since the accident to the waterskin, and I knew that every fibre of his being craved water. But he refused the proffered water with a motion of the arm as if he were royally uninterested; so might the great Julius himself have waved away the Roman crown. It was rank affectation, of course, a *beau geste* — a little boy who never grew up, showing off. But — my word! How dramatic it was! And how it impressed the caravan men and the scrawny villagers! I could n't help smiling with swollen lips, but I was careful not to let the old man see. He clung to that iron indifference to water as long as he could, — perhaps two minutes, — then seized a big gourd, drained it at a gulp, and called for another.

All danger from thirst was now past. It would be an easy march from here to the main caravan route, Gallabat, and so to Gedaref and Khartoum. That evening beneath a canopy of blazing tropic stars I called old Arabi from feasting with the men upon a lean goat I had purchased from the villagers. He approached my camp chair at a slow and aged pace. The strain of his responsibility had told upon him, and the long hours of the dry, forced march had stiffened his old and worn muscles. I could see that his ancient bones hurt him at every step. He bowed as low as his brittle bones would allow and stood leaning on his staff: '*Salaam, Effendi.*'

'*Alaik issalaam*' ('And to you also, peace'), I returned, and handed him enough baksheesh to last a year in native villages. I added softly and from the heart, '*Taiyib, Arabi — taiyib kêtir*' ('Good work, Arabi — very good work'), and slowly shook the brown and wrinkled hand.

HUMPTY DUMPTY'S RULE IN LAW

BY HARRY HIBSCHMAN

I

'WHEN I use a word,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less.'

But Alice objected, 'The question is whether you can make words mean so many different things.'

And Humpty Dumpty airily replied, 'The question is which is to be master, that's all.'

We are not living in Wonderland, as we have reason to know every time we come to grips with actualities; and yet in this very real world what Humpty Dumpty said is true — words mean what their masters say they mean. And the masters are the courts of last resort, the Supreme Court of the United States and the appellate courts of the various states. This statement a study of their decisions will speedily confirm; and it will at the same time show what a myth is that certainty of the law which laymen are assured exists.

To begin with the highest court in the land, it held many years ago that the expression 'high seas' includes the Great Lakes, though the question arose in connection with the interpretation of a statute written originally by a Congressman who later became a judge, and who as a judge had declared that the Great Lakes were not included. A dictionary in common use even now, in defining the words 'high seas,' uses the Great Lakes as an example of what the words do not cover; and to ordinary folks the dictionary definition for 'high seas' as the open ocean seems still to be good.

But would it occur to you that a fence is a building? A New York court said it was. And the highest court of Massachusetts has held a tent to be a building. A railroad car is a building in Nebraska, but not in Arkansas. A corncrib is also a building in Iowa, but not in Florida — perhaps because they raise corn in the former state and not in the latter. At any rate the Florida Supreme Court argued, 'We have been unable to find this word "corncrib" in Worcester's Dictionary; and it is not necessarily a building, a ship or a vessel. . . . "Crib" has various meanings, as the manger of a stable, a bin, a frame for a child's bed, a small habitation, and it is used in the latter sense by Shakespeare. Nowhere else do we find it used in the sense of a building.' That was in the year of the Lord 1882, and as a consequence of the court's conclusions a defendant who had been convicted of burglary went free.

On the other hand, a Texas court, in order to sustain a conviction of burglary, held that an office in one corner of a hardware store, made of pickets about four feet high, three inches apart, with a plank on top used as a shelf, was a building, though it is clear that it was nothing more or less than a corner fenced off within a building. By the same reasoning the part of a courtroom railed off from the public is a building.

A jackass is a horse. The Tennessee Supreme Court settled that many years ago. And, according to the Illinois Supreme Court, asses are cattle. So are goats under a ruling of the North Carolina Supreme Court. The latter court cited in support of its conclusions the well-known case of Laban and Jacob.

Snakes are 'implements, instruments, and tools of trade,' at least when Uncle Sam is collecting his revenues. For the same purpose a new metal called 'bouchan,' used in watches, is a jewel. In Georgia a minor who has a separate estate is an orphan. In Pennsylvania a bicycle is an animal, and in the Federal courts it is also a business vehicle.

II

Chinamen in California were formerly held to be Indians, which disqualified them as witnesses against white folks and made it possible for good white men to rob and assault them with impunity. A Chinese merchant sent to the penitentiary is no longer a merchant, but a laborer, so that the exclusion acts may be applied to him. For the same purpose a gambler is a laborer. According to a very recent decision, however, an air pilot is not a laborer.

In New York, under the sanitary code, candies are vegetables; and in Georgia a watermelon is both a fruit and a vegetable. Pipes, tobacco, cigars, and newspapers are not 'articles of comfort' for a poor husband, but mere luxuries. So says the Alabama Supreme Court, which might be expected to have a deeper sympathy for the downtrodden male. In Massachusetts a college education is not a necessary under present-day conditions, according to a decision rendered last year.

In Michigan a dentist is a mechanic. In Mississippi he is not a mechanic. And in North Carolina he is not a physician, within a statute allowing the sale of liquor on the certificate of a physician. Otherwise, says the court, 'toothache would be more welcome and more prevalent than snake bite.'

A gelding is not a horse. At least both the Montana and the Kansas Supreme Courts have held that, where an indictment charges a defendant with having stolen a gelding, his conviction cannot be sustained if the evidence merely shows that he stole a horse. And a charge of stealing a hog cannot be supported by testimony of the stealing of a dead hog. In other words, a dead hog is not a hog. We have the word of the Supreme Court of Virginia for that.

A question that often arises in connection with certain crimes is the meaning of the term 'daylight,' or 'daytime.' This is also an important matter in connection with the service of search warrants. In such a case decided in 1923, it was held by a Federal court that a search warrant providing for a search in daytime only was no justification for a search made at 5.15 P. M. on December 22. In another case decided in 1927, however, it was decided that thirty-eight minutes after sunset was 'daytime' in Georgia. The test applied was the so-called burglary test, which is whether there is sufficient light from the sun to recognize a man's features. Judge Sibley said in that case: 'Daytime does not in law or by common understanding begin at sunrise, and end at sunset, but includes dawn at one end and twilight at the other.'

But in 1929, in a case involving a search under a daytime warrant, Judge Norton, another Federal district judge, reached a conclusion directly contrary to that of Judge Sibley. Judge Norton said: '"Daytime" in this statute is used in its ordinary meaning at the present time. . . . What seems to me to be the correct rule is stated in Murray's Dictionary, where "day" is defined as "in ordinary usage including the lighter part of morning and evening twilight, but, when strictly used, limited to the time when the sun is above the horizon." This rule has great practical advantages. . . . Sunrise and sunset will make a much better working rule than the vague and shadowy boundaries adopted for humanitarian reasons in defining burglary.'

So there you are. Which is right? I confess that I do not know.

Is an airplane a 'self-propelled vehicle'? A Federal district court held it was and convicted a defendant of the crime of having transported a 'self-propelled vehicle,' which had been stolen, from one state to another, where the facts showed that he had flown a stolen plane across the state line. But the United States Supreme Court held only a few months ago that the district judge was mistaken — that an airplane is not 'a self-propelled vehicle.'

In Missouri a pistol so defective that it could not be discharged even if it were loaded is a firearm. In New York it is not.

Nowhere is it more evident that the prejudices and predilections of the courts determine the meaning of words than in the decisions interpreting Sunday laws, particularly with reference to baseball. Thus, the Supreme Court of Kansas has held that baseball is not a game under a statute forbidding 'games of any kind.' The Missouri Supreme Court has laid down a similar rule, saying that baseball is a sport. But the Nebraska Supreme Court has held baseball to be a game within a statute forbidding 'sporting' on Sunday. The New Mexico Supreme Court, on the contrary, has held that baseball is neither a sport nor labor. But it is labor in Virginia, at least when played by professional players, though no admission is charged. In Tennessee it is not the exercise of 'any common avocation of life'; and in Oklahoma it is a public sport and banned if played by professionals, but a private sport and not within the statute when played by amateurs.

III

Turning away from the criminal law for a moment, let us take a look at the exemption laws and the laws of estates. How would you define the words 'household effects'? In Vermont it was held some years ago that they did not include a piano. In Michigan there has been a similar holding; but in Missouri, Oklahoma, and Texas the term 'household effects' has been held to include a piano. In New York it has recently been held that 'household effects' included two automobiles, a riding horse, and a speedboat; and an earlier New York decision was to the effect that wines in a well-stocked cellar were 'household goods.' It may be interesting in this connection to note that the Iowa Supreme Court held in 1929 that a radio had 'no likeness or kindred relationship with a musical instrument.'

Another word that has puzzled the courts from time to time and led to conflicting rulings is the word 'accident.' According to a Pennsylvania court, the bite of a dog is an accident. So is being shot by an assailant or robber; and so was the shooting of a husband by his wife, when, following a quarrel, the husband approached the house, swearing and carrying an axe, and the wife took a pistol and killed him. The latter holding was made to enable the wife to recover on an insurance policy containing a provision that there could be no recovery by the beneficiary if the insured met his death at her hands other than by accident.

Suicide in a fit of delirium or insanity is an accident; but electrocution following a conviction of murder is not an accident according to a decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals handed down last June. However, death by lynching is an accident in the opinion of the Kentucky Supreme Court, whatever it may appear to the victim.

'Colored person' in Virginia means one having one fourth or more of Negro blood. In North Carolina, on the other hand, it means a person having Negro blood of any degree. In Oklahoma it is held to mean Negro so clearly that a white person charged with being colored can maintain an action for libel. But in Mississippi it has been held that the term 'colored races' includes all races except white. The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, on the other hand, held in 1910 that 'colored' referred only to persons of the Negro race, and that, regardless of the slight amount of Negro blood that might be in their veins, — the determining factors being 'physical touches, whether of shade, hair, or physiognomy,' — they were 'colored' if there was the least admixture of Negro blood.

The word 'collision' is another that has demanded a great deal of attention on the part of the courts, and their conclusions as to its application have been varied and conflicting as usual. The Michigan Supreme Court, for instance, held in 1920 that 'an object coming from above' might be considered as constituting a collision, the object in that case being the shovel of a steam shovel that fell upon a loading motor truck. The Texas Court of Civil Appeals, on the contrary, decided in a somewhat similar case that an object falling from above could not be considered as constituting a collision, the object being the upper floor of a garage that gave way and crushed a car standing on the floor below.

In New Jersey a recovery on an insurance policy on the ground of a collision was allowed where the car went through the guard rail of a bridge and was damaged by falling to the ground below. Where a car was backed into an open elevator shaft and fell to the floor below it was held to be a collision by the Pennsylvania Superior Court. But in Wisconsin it has been held that where a car ran off the road, and down an embankment into a river, the facts did not justify recovery as for a collision. In Missouri, on the other hand, recovery as for a collision was allowed under almost identical circumstances. Where, in order to avoid striking an approaching car, a driver turned out and his car left the road, fell down an embankment, struck a rock, and turned over, it was held in New York that the injury to his car was due to a 'collision,' the court saying, 'In simple words it is a striking together of two objects. The road is an object, likewise the earth. Whether vertical or horizontal makes no difference.' But the Washington Supreme Court held in 1924 that it was not a collision where a car skidded off the road and rolled and bounded down a mountain side, striking stumps and trees as it went. Again, on the contrary, the Alabama Supreme Court held that same year that where a car was left standing on a hill and started by the force of gravity, going over a cliff and hitting the ground a number of feet below, damages were recoverable as for a collision.

IV

There is one other troublesome word that needs to be noted — namely, the word 'drunkenness.' The Nebraska Supreme Court held that a man might be under the influence of liquor without being drunk, and gave as the test the one of whether or not he had lost control of his bodily and mental faculties. But the Iowa Supreme Court in a case involving the removal of a mayor on the ground of intoxication, after saying that intoxication and drunkenness meant the same, held, 'It means not necessarily that he is so drunk as to be unable to walk straight or show outward signs to a casual observer, but is satisfied if he is sufficiently under the influence of liquor so that he is not entirely himself.'

A Texas court more wisely said, 'A person may be intoxicated and not drunk. One drink will not ordinarily make a man drunk. Defendant had the appearance of a man who was drinking some but able to attend to his business.' But the same court had said previously with even a greater exhibition of wisdom, 'It is extremely difficult to draw the line on a "drunk." There are various stages, such as quarter drunk, half drunk, and dead drunk. There are the stages of being vivacious, foxy, tipsy, and on a "high lonesome," and it is as difficult to determine when a young lady gets to be an old maid as it is to tell when a man has taken enough alcoholic stimulant to pass the line between "jolly sober" and "gentlemanly drunk."'

And now, approaching the end, let us see what 'end' means according to an august appellate tribunal. Said the Virginia Supreme Court: 'It imports what will be when the Apocalyptic Angel, with one foot on the sea and the other upon the Earth, shall lift his hand to Heaven and swear, by Him that liveth forever and ever, that there shall be "Time no longer."'

It is well, however, to note that at least in one instance a high court was stumped by a problem of definition. It was the Supreme Court of Georgia, which in 1925 admitted and explained: —

'From the days of Socrates and Xantippe, men and women have known what is meant by nagging, although philology cannot define or legal chemistry resolve it into its elements. Humor and threats are idle. Soft words but increase its velocity and harsh ones its violence. Darkness has for it no terrors, and the long hours of the night draw no drapery of the couch around it. It takes the sparkle out of the wine of life and turns at night into ashes the fruits of the labor of the day. In the words of Solomon, "it is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman in the wide house."'

And further deponent sayeth not.

SPONGE FISHING

BY CHARLES A. RAWLINGS

I

We were bound out to the 'dark water' of the Mexico Bank in the little thirty-foot sponger *Anna*. We were after wool sponge, the golden fleece of the Gulf; and we were out for a two weeks' catch. Possibly the entire floor of the Gulf of Mexico is spawned with sponges. As deep as men have dared to go, they are there, the best ones in the deepest water. But the Greek diving fleet out of the Anclote River in Florida stays on the Banks. Fathoms are the reason. It is healthier working in water that shoals from twenty fathoms. There are two banks — the Mexico Bank, extending out from the west coast of the peninsula to the ten-fathom curve, from the Florida Keys to Cape San Blas, and the Middle Ground Bank in the open Gulf, one hundred and thirty miles offshore.

There were seven of us. Three were brothers, Fugalis by name. Steve-john, the youngest, was captain, twenty-four years old, a bronze perfection — Cellini's 'Perseus' in store pants. He is one of the fastest divers in the fleet. Peteos, with the look of a dignified Greek merchant, was second diver. Fundis was life-line man. He was dried by the sun. The Fugalis forefathers, as far back as the brothers knew, had been spongers. They came from Athens.

Demetri Josh Demetri, the tiller man, was a bull for strength. The sun had penetrated his hairy hide in spots as red as baked stone crab. Trendafalos was cook. In a straw sombrero and the seaman's garb of drawers that end just below the knee, he looked like a rice-field coolie. To call him 'Damn Chinee' — as his gentle enemy, Herakles the deck hand, often did — maddened him. The two quarreled harmlessly. Herakles was an old man. There was a wild spiritual look in his crazy eyes. He would have made a grand John the Baptist in a pageant. Disease had doomed him, and paresis was closing in on his mind. He would talk slowly to himself in a deep voice. These three came from the Greek islands.

On a hot, close morning we cast off and motored down the Anclote channel. Steve-john stood in the steering well, the big wooden tiller between his knees. The crew, in their shore clothes, sat stupidly along the rail. The *Anna* worked through the coastal islands and stuck her nose into the ground swell of the open Gulf. She rose on it and eased sweetly into the trough. The crew came to life. They peeled off their elastic arm bands and shirts. Straw hats sailed down the companionway. The cook appeared out of the cabin hatch with an empty keg and a sack of green peppers, and sat down on the deck to split them for pickling in brine. Everyone was happy. Old Herakles beamed and pointed to the keg.

'Gude! Gude!' he said. He waved his arm at the horizon. 'Gude!'

It was a day-and-night journey to the dark water. A light southerly breeze was fair for us and we hoisted the loose-footed mainsail. The *Anna* gavotted to the swing of the swell. She is a double-ender, a chunky little hussy with lines as ancient as Hellas. The paintwork of the sponge boats is still pagan. The *Anna's* underbody is ox-blood red. Her topsides are white. The knee-high rail is trimmed with brilliant orange and bright blue. Her houses are blue and her decks buff. At the docks in Anclote the fleet seems a set of gaudy Christmas toys. Once in the open sea the garishness disappears. The ultramarine of the houses and rails is the precise blue of the Gulf water in the sunlight.

Fundis, his bare back the color of new copper, sat on the diver's seat in the *Anna's* nose with one leg tucked under him. His arm embraced the tall curved stem piece, the neck of what had once been the horse-head figure of the sea coursers of the *Iliad.* Given a bank of rowers behind him instead of the heavy-duty motor, he might have been a lookout, eager for landfall on the towers of Ilium.

The kettle was on the stove filled with thick, sweet Turkish coffee. A pot of Spanish beans with its steam smelling of mace, cloves, and garlic sat beside it. Below decks we were stored like pirates after a raid. Victuals for the galley inventoried a thousand dollars. There were gallons of ripe olives as big as prunes, cases of spaghetti, a hundred and thirty watermelons in the sponge hold, seventy-five gallons of olive oil, choice cheeses, Turkish coffee, kegs of meat, braids of garlic. In calm weather we made sufficient aroma to fill the mainsail.

The crew hacked at watermelons with sheath knives and commanded Herakles to sing. He sang the Athenian 'Moon Song' in Greek and 'La Paloma' in seagoing Latin, the patois of the Mediterranean. There were times, with the swell just right, when the *Anna* kept time to the rolling metre of 'La Paloma.'

There was little room on deck. The small galley, the air pump, the houses over the cabin and engine room, took most of it. The canvas-covered air hose, coiled in a pile three feet high, had the whole starboard deck amidships. It was a living presence, that hose. It had to be treated with more respect than a man. It must never be stepped on or shoved, nor must anything be carried over it, lest it be dropped and the soft rubber bruised. It was the personification of life. It was venerated as deeply as the icon of the Virgin in the cabin. If it failed, a diver strangled.

The sun went down and the stars came out. Our south breeze held true. We sailed all night with Rhumdona, the polestar, two points off the starboard bow. At dawn we were in the dark water over sponge bottom.

II

Fundis conned from the bow, leaning far out to peer down into the depths. There was too much chop for him to see clearly, and he called for the leads. Trendafalos swung to port, Herakles to starboard. They soaped the lead bottoms every tenth cast.

'Bar-r-r-r-a!' sang Trendafalos, tipping back his head to roll the *r*'s. ('I have found the bar!') He held up the lead to show the white shell, speckled with mashed pink coral. It was fertile soil. Sponges were under our keel. The *Anna's* helm went up. Off came the mainsail and she idled in the swell while Steve-john was dressed in his diving armor.

The atmosphere on board quickened. Before, it had been indolent; everyone was equal. Now we had a barking captain, imperious as a knight. Fundis, Trendafalos, and Herakles were his submissive squires. They handed him his wool socks and cap. They held the rubber suit while he stepped into the legs. Each took a sleeve and greased the tight cuff with soap. Steve-john stuck out his feet and the great leather shoes with soles of half-inch cast iron were lashed in place. The shoulder piece of bronze went over his head and was screwed down to the suit. He sat straight upright on his canvas-upholstered seat, proud and disdainful. The whole process was ritual.

Herakles tended the helmet. The four circular windows were washed with a torn-off finger of a 'diver's hand' — a bright orange sponge growth roughly shaped like a wrist with long searching fingers. He dipped the bronze dome into the sea and filled it, then emptied it. The air motor began. The old man leaped to the rail and passed the helmet forward, outside the shrouds, in a long graceful swing. Steve-john smiled at last with a gleam of white teeth and waved me goodbye.

The headpiece descended. Fundis handed him the sponge hook, Trendafalos the netting sack. There was a moment's pause for a short 'Ave' breathed inside the helmet, and then Steve-john hurled himself over the rail. His arms swung out, his body made a half-turn and plunged into the sea. It was a curious gesture of complete abandon — a child throwing itself into the lap of its mother.

The heavily weighted body plunged down ten feet, then bobbed up again. A wave sloshed over the bronze dome. Steve-john pushed his head hard to the left against the air valve inside the headpiece. The air escaped and he slid slowly down the fathoms to find the bottom, forty-eight green, mysterious feet away. The limpid water had swallowed him, but you could guess within a yard of his position. Fundis showed him to me.

'There!' he pointed. His arm jumped ahead. 'Now there! He walks. No sponge yet.'

Off the bow a column of air bubbles burst in a round humped boil or slick. Ahead of it were luminous white columns rushing upward through the green void. They were ghostly — a drowned boat's crew in their sailcloth shrouds heaving up from the bottom to the sunlight on Ascension morning. Steve-john left them behind as he walked. The intermittent push of his head against the air valve was timed with his stride. It released the air in jets that soared to the surface. The forward progress of the rising shafts ceased abruptly, and they became a single column.

'Still now,' said Fundis. 'Sponge!'

We had begun. The breeze died away and the sun became a blasting fire. The Gulf was polished gun metal in the glare, soft green under the shadow of our rail. The cook had rigged a small awning over the cabin house.

Fundis on the bow seat sat in his birdlike fashion, one leg tucked under him, his back, all bones and burnished skin, hunched up at the sun. The life line, quarter-inch twisted silk and cotton, led from the deck to a dozen coils in his left hand, out through his right fingers and down to the diver. His fingers held it delicately, like a duchess holding a teacup. His hands were never still. In a coil — out three — then in again as the diver slacked or moved ahead. It went to his mouth when he rolled a cigarette, his tongue holding it against the inside of his teeth.

His vigilance was superhuman. For twelve or fourteen hours, with the Gulf sun flailing his dehydrated bones, he could keep his mind alert, his hawk-like eyes focused on the signs that told what was happening below.

Demetri Josh Demetri stood at the tiller. It was his task to keep the fifty fathoms of floating air hose and the diver always on the starboard hand. The diver wandered where he willed and the boat must follow him. Up helm, down helm, in clutch, out clutch. The sun beat Demetri unmercifully. He could not dry out or transform his skin into leather. He shook his fist at the sky.

III

Fundis's hand jumped twice as the line tugged it. 'Bo-o-o-she!' he called. ('A sack!')

The first sack was coming up. Steve-john hauled fifty feet of his life line to the bottom, made it fast to the sack, and Fundis brought it to the surface. The two deck hands swung it in over the rail and cascaded its unearthly contents into the scuppers. Herakles stooped and handed me a dripping head. It was featureless and had for skin a shiny black membrane, deeply pockmarked — the nob of some sub-sea slave whose blood was salt water.

'Wool sponge,' he announced. 'Like gold.'

In my hands he placed another 'thing' — hippopotamus liver cured to a dirty red by the smoke of no terrestrial fire. It was irregular in shape, a chunk. It smelled like a tidewater flat, heavily seasoned with garlic. It was the low-priced yellow sponge, easy to find. The divers gather enough to pay expenses, and then concentrate on the precious wools.

The sun mounted higher. The Gulf was breathless. A haze obscured the horizon. The *Anna* was awake at both ends — the bow where Fundis coiled and uncoiled his line, and the stern where Demetri swung the tiller. Amidships she was somnolent. Peteos sat on the cabin top under the awning with legs crossed tailor-fashion, drowsing. Trendafalos slowly scoured his pots with wood ashes, squatting beside the rail. Herakles was stretched out on deck in the shade of the cabin house, asleep. The motor droned smoothly. The sacks came up two or three times every hour. Then everyone woke up for a moment and, save for bow and stern, went back to drowsing again.

'E-e-e-e-sa!' Fundis cried. ('He comes up!')

Steve-john was coming up. The helmet broke water thirty feet off the starboard bow. He came in at the end of the life line like an exhausted fish, the dead swell washing over him. He weighed six hundred pounds and he plodded up the boarding ladder until his helmet could be twisted off. He shook his freed head like a wet terrier. He was soaked with sweat. Diving in subtropical waters is one of the hottest tasks imaginable. After the coldest norther the depths are still tepid, and the air hose, heated by the sun, sends the diver a desert blast. Dangling against Steve-john's chest, tied with the loose end of the life line, was an enormous stone crab. It was to be our lunch, baked on top of the stove.

He sloshed his shirt over the side and hung it out to dry. He came to the awning, balancing two cups of coffee, and told me of the bottom. It was all aglow with green diffused light. He could see a hundred feet horizontally. The surface was plainly visible in our present depth of nine fathoms. There were no bright colors such as the flowers ashore. Gray grasses were knee-high, sometimes breast-high. There were dark red growths and black. There was a constant movement, a swaying. Fish were everywhere, swimming about unafraid. He was conscious of the sun and used it, plough-hand fashion, to tell the time. He had come up within a few minutes of noon, the end of his long shift below.

Walking was no great effort. One lay forward on the water, using only the iron-plated toes and stepping with a much longer stride than is possible on land. Six and eight miles an hour are not uncommon. There are hills and valleys on the bottom, not deep, but often very steep. A long push on the air valve and the diver settles gently into a valley. A plateau may harbor a sponge. He increases his buoyancy and floats up to see, then sinks slowly back to the floor. There is much to see, and Steve-john has curiosity. He once watched a ring of porpoises fight three hours with a shark and kill it.

It was my task to catch enough fish for a course every night. It was easy, with grouper and blackfish plentiful; ten minutes with a two-hook drop line usually sufficed. The single responsibility was to guard against fouling the air hose or the life line. I made a cast from the port rail when Steve-john's slick seemed well off to starboard. The line had barely straightened when the burst of bubbles broke the surface directly under my feet. A terror-stricken haul at the fishline was too late. It was fast, very likely in the air hose. My yell brought Demetri from his tiller. He tugged in rapid jerks at the line and nodded his head.

'All right,' he reassured me.

He handed me the line again. From the dead heaviness I decided that I must have hooked a big grouper. But it proved to be a large wool sponge. Steve-john had seen my line, walked to it chuckling, held it between his knees, and tied on the sponge.

IV

The Banks are lonely waters. They belong to the sponger. Three days we worked slowly back and forth. There was always another sail far out on the horizon, but it never proved to be other than the squat mainsail of a sister diving boat. At nightfall we drew together, but only close enough to see one another's riding lights. Sometimes there were three or four in sight.

One afternoon off to the southward we sighted a homeward-bounder making knots. Steve-john climbed into the rigging and looked at her a long time. She was the deep-water *Poseidon* that had started out for the Middle Ground Bank a few days before us. She was hurrying home, probably, he prophesied, with an injured diver. The deep-water boats are unhappy ships. They frequently bring men up from twenty fathoms very sick with the bends. Since it has been learned that putting them back into the water again, while unconscious, is helpful, there have been few fatalities. But it means months in the hospital — and the sooner ashore, the better.

The joyous cry of 'Buoya! Buoya!' from the bow put the scudding *Poseidon* out of our minds. Peteos, on the bottom, had come on a fertile bar and was calling for a buoy to mark the spot. Fundis allowed himself only a series of hoarse croaks to show his pleasure, but the rest of the crew danced in glee. The buoy, a spar with our red and white flag whipping at its top, bobbed in the swell astern.

'It means good sponge,' Steve-john told me. 'Peteos is old diver.'

The first sack came up, all big fat wools. Fundis cheered down the life line with a series of otherwise meaningless jerks, and the answer came back.

'Look! Look!' shouted Fundis, holding his hand far out so that swift, excited tugs on the line from below could be seen.

'Gude Peteos! Gude boy!'

The air shafts in the water were moving almost straight ahead and rapidly. It was a long narrow bar. The sacks came up in quick succession. It promised to be a rich haul. Sometimes, Steve-john explained, it was possible to fill a hold in three days. We sat on the cabin top and watched the growing mound of black skulls. Fundis shouted a question in Greek. Steve-john shook his head.

'He want me to go down because I am fast. Lots of time. Peteos my brother. Why make him mad? He come up pretty soon.'

But twenty minutes later Fundis screamed and shook his fist at the northern horizon. Five sails were in sight, bearing directly for us. All were spongers.

'From St. Mark's water,' Steve-john announced. 'If they sail on, they see our buoy.'

Their course held true. Fundis pleaded. The sponges came up faster than Herakles could grade them. It was too good hunting to share with the undeserving. The first of the intruders changed her helm a point. She had sighted our marker and was heading for it. The crew joined Fundis and pleaded with the captain. The staccato Greek words sounded like hail on a tin roof.

Steve-john could resist no longer. He reached for his wool cap and Fundis brought the astounded Peteos in hand over hand. His black scowl glowered from the helmet window as he broke water. He came up the ladder as near running as possible. The torrent of his rage began to flow before the helmet was unloosed; as his dripping head was exposed, it burst forth in a flood. Fundis shouted and pointed. Peteos turned and saw the boats. His rage subsided and he came over the rail and hurried out of his suit.

The ritual of dressing Steve-john went on at its set pace. He would brook no hurrying, with its chance of fumbling slips, even though time worth gold was going. The first of the fleet, the *Athenia*, was at the buoy; the crew were getting their diver ready. He would search for a time, hoping that the bar had more than one lead, and, when he found it did not, would be on our line.

Steve-john plunged over and we moved ahead. The rest of the fleet — Peteos called their names, *Hios*, *Dolphin*, *St. Paul*, *Symi* — were bunched together. They closed in on the *Athenia*. We could see the divers on their seats. One after another they splashed into the water.

V

Off to the eastward a squall was making. It became another potential competitor. Steve-john was picking sponges like cotton. Attempts to grade them were forgotten. They buried the starboard deck as high as the rail, rounding up inboard to the top of the two houses. Everyone lent a hand, stealing a look at the boats falling away astern. The *Hios* was the first to realize that we were following a narrow trail. She came sliding down on us, her crew all clustered on her forward deck. They hailed us good-naturedly and eyed our loaded decks. Surprisingly enough, the answer from the *Anna* was not ill-tempered. On two cod fishermen or two snapper smacks, the air would have been blue.

The *Hios* carried on for a hundred yards, and her diver went over. It took him some time to get started, and he proved a snail compared to Steve-john. In ten minutes we were drawing alongside. Fundis sent the two long pulls, 'Watch for a diver,' down the life line, and our air hose floated over the other. The two air columns were twenty feet apart when Steve-john sighted his rival. He made straight for him and I turned to Peteos. He guessed my fear.

'No fight.' He shook his head. 'Never fight. All Greeks. Just talk!'

Now the two air columns blended together in one seething boil, and I pictured a slow-motion battle with the sponge hooks. They are wicked twenty-four-inch weapons with four talon-like prongs. In a moment they were apart and Steve-john went on. We left the *Hios* astern. The others pulled their men from the bottom and went a half mile ahead, but the bank dwindled off in another hundred yards. We had picked it clean. It was a rich haul while it lasted. We took as many sponges in three hours as we had taken before in three days.

The squall was a dark threat when Steve-john came up and we started back after our buoy. He explained what had happened on the bottom. He saw the *Hios's* man first and was upon him from behind without the other's knowledge. He was about to pull a sponge when Steve-john reached his hook in front of him and took it. Divers talk on the bottom by placing their lower helmet windows tight together and yelling. They embrace so that they do not sway apart. Steve-john embraced me.

'I say, "You stay behind! I go fast. You no foul my line." He just laugh and say, "All right!" I give him back sponge. Good fellas.'

The squall was upon us. Fundis's hawk eyes sighted our buoy in the first burst of the rain, and we picked it up in a rapidly making sea. Steve-john decided to anchor with the other boats. They were snugging down for the night where we had left them three miles astern. We had all we could lug to make it. The Gulf is a placid pond upon most occasions, but even in midsummer it can snarl. The seas make up with terrorizing rapidity, short and steep and often confused. The way of the *Anna* was beautiful to see. She was on top of everything, buoyant, responsive, with never a jerk or a pound. Those old Greeks who drew her lines, centuries ago, knew how to lay down a hull.

We made our mooring between the *Hios* and the *Athenia*. Their vivid coloring stood out stark against the slate sea and angry horizon. Astern of us the western sky was clear and luminous with a rich sunset. A short shaft of rainbow stood in the east. Trendafalos, his oilskins streaming, braced himself against the rail and stirred the 'pelafee,' our supper of lentils and onions and rice. He lifted the lid cautiously from the lee side and the wind tore fragments of odor loose from the pot and whisked them aft under our noses. It was a good cook, Demetri yelled, who could make a pelafee with enough smell to live in a squall. In return for our praise, Trendafalos squatted in the scuppers and cleaned grouper fish and fried them in deep oil.

The rain stopped suddenly, but the wind howled on out of the clearing sky. We spread our supper in the customary place on the tiny lazaret hatch cover, three inches off the deck. Our tablecloth was a scrap of black canvas tarpaulin. Piled sponges gave us a shelter as we crouched. The wind whistled over our heads, unfelt. Seas swept by alongside, rearing their heads high above the rail in the twilight, licking their teeth. Peteos sat tightly wedged in the stern. I faced him across the board. At times he looked up at me as the *Anna's* bow mounted a crested sea. Then I looked up at him as her bow went down and she lifted her tail like a hunter going over a fence. The others, jammed in cheek by jowl, sat in the scuppers.

We were snug and it was a jolly meal. One held a grouper fish by the tail and ate it between dips into the pelafee pot. The pot slid back and forth on the tipping hatch with impartial regularity.

Steve-john had been meditating. He tossed a fish backbone over the rail and asked me: 'Where did everything — all things' — he made an encompassing gesture — 'begin?'

He asked it solemnly and kept his eyes glued to my face as he interpreted to the rest. They all watched me. It was a test. I had proved my stomach. Here was something else. Where did all things begin? Genesis? The Flood? Suddenly it was very clear.

'Athens,' I said.

They nodded, one to the other. My wisdom was great.

VI

'Sleep! Sleep!' Peteos insisted, pointing at the sponges. 'Hard work tomorrow!'

We spread our blankets on the deck. My place was hard up in the starboard bow, where I could stick my head under the diver's seat and keep rain from my face. There was but one way to keep from rolling about, and that was to wedge tightly against the rail. When the *Anna* rolled down, the hissing water was inches from my ear. All night we heaved to the swell. The mast swung in regular beat to point the stars low on the horizon. I awoke to see Herakles standing with his arm in the shrouds, staring up at the scintillating sky. The late-risen moon shone on his bearded face.

The slimy work of cleaning our big catch began at daybreak. Trendafalos and Herakles sat on the low cleaning stools and scraped with knives at the dead sponges. The black membrane had died in the night. It sloughed away and blended with the bottom mud and thousands of small crustaceous creatures that must have been baby shrimp to make a slippery ooze over the deck. The sponges, white and clean after the scraping, were tossed to Demetri, who graded them by size and shape between swings of the tiller. The work of diving went on as usual. The boat resolved itself into three castes: the divers — aristocrats; the bow and stern — dependable middle-class workmen; Herakles and the cook — old men ordered and cuffed about. Theirs is the labor, filthy and hard, in no manner connected with life and death.

Over everything lay the smell. It carried to windward and to leeward. It was not unpleasant. It was heavy with ammonia and that bottom smell, 'stinking sweet and rotten, unforgettable, unforgotten.' Father Neptune had neglected to clean his stables. There was something about it that made everyone hungry. A cigarette never tasted better than it did that morning.

By noon we were festooned with cleaned sponges strung on fathom-long strings. They draped over the rigging and over a long pole lashed to the mast ten feet above the deck and running aft to a gallows. We basked in their shade, and their moisture cast off an invigorating coolness. The similarity to heads was still striking. They were blond heads this time. The *Anna* seemed a head-hunting chief's abode, strangely afloat and dipping.

That afternoon, while we were passing the dried strings forward for stowing in the hold, old Herakles quietly went mad. The thin threads that moored his mind suddenly gave way. His eyes lost their focus and his legs the ability to hold him up from the rolling deck. He sprawled before the cabin companionway, gibbering in Greek. No one paid him the slightest attention until the task was done. Then Steve-john knelt beside him and talked to him in his native tongue. Harsh at first, the young captain's words finally became soft and full of pity. He rose, shaking his head, and ordered the old man carried below. He was lowered into the cabin like a sack of meal, and moaned on his bunk.

'Maybe just lazy,' Steve-john said, 'but I think Herakles is bad off. To-morrow we shall see.'

He looked very much disturbed. A man with his mind gone is a serious matter two hundred miles from home in a crowded thirty-foot hull. But that was not what was worrying the captain.

'Eight hundred dollars he has cost me in doctors' bills. I shall never see that again. The sponge hold is but half filled. We lose two days to go in. Maybe I get drunk and lose more days before we can come back. I will stay on sponge bottom and let him die. You can pray for burial?' he asked me.

I shook my head.

'I will sew him in old bags, then, and put diver's shoes to make him sink, and we will not pray.'

'But yes!' said Demetri. 'If you should meet him diving sometime!'

'I would not care,' insisted Steve-john. 'I would push him away with the hook.'

That was a lie. Steve-john sat up all the night smoking in the stern and tending the old man, who slept and then woke and cried at intervals until dawn.

Steve-john went over as soon as he could see and stayed down until noon. His catch was small and he moved slowly over the bottom. Fundis shook his head and pointed.

'No good,' he said. 'Stop and think. Not look for sponge.'

One by one the crew crept to the hatchway and looked at the wan Herakles.

'Bad — bad,' they said to one another, and shook their heads slowly.

The old man failed to react to anything until he spied the pinched face of Trendafalos peeking over the hatch. He reared up on his elbows. 'Damn Chinee!' he screamed. 'Damn Chinee!' He hurled a chunk of bread at the startled cook.

Steve-john waited until the sun told him it was noon, and then came up. He went directly to the cabin and squatted beside the old man. He came on deck after a moment with the compass in his hand and put it in its chocks before the steering well.

'Home,' he said.

The tiller went up. We swung on the course, south, a half east. The breeze, from the west, was fair. The mainsail went up the mast and Demetri caught the sheet and made it fast. In a moment the *Anna* was bowling along with a nice beam roll and a gurgle under her forefoot.

The motion roused old Herakles. He swung his arms and sang 'La Paloma': 'The day — that I left my bride for — the rolling sea.'

He sang bravely and in fine rhythm.

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN

BY OWEN TWEEDY

I

Conversation is the knottiest problem of long travel in the empty spaces with a solitary companion. 'Shop' — the next meal or the running of the car — is a rare stand-by, although it too can become highly controversial; but woe betide the pair of lonely trekkers who, after a disaster, — and in the wilds disasters *are* disasters when you are only two, — have not the knack of digging out topics which under no circumstances can produce controversy.

We were bumping through the middle of Sinai Desert and had just, after two sweating hours of jacking and digging and pushing and swearing, extricated ourselves and our long-suffering lorry caravan from a bog of loose sand, where my inexperience had landed us. I was the guilty party, so it was up to me to produce the safe topic. I was extremely unsuccessful.

'Tell me,' I began hopefully; 'if you were a free man, what country would you like to live in most?'

My companion was nursing a finger badly burned on the exhaust — and a grievance.

'Not Sinai, anyhow.'

I laughed gayly — but somewhat nervously.

'Good gracious, no! But seriously; where would you like to live?'

'Do you mean live alone, or with one person,' — a nasty dig, that, — 'or just live?'

'Oh, just live.'

He thought for five minutes.

'England or Canada.'

'Why?'

'Because I like good roads and my own language and my own food.'

'Yes.' I let the vowel hang long on my tongue before I reached the sibilant *s*. 'Perhaps you're right; but I think I'd be bored that way. If I were free, I'd like to live in Ireland or Palestine.'

'Good Lord, why?'

'Oh, I don't know. I'm happy there.'

He looked at me quizzically.

'Umph,' he said. 'The real reason is that you're a sloppy sentimentalist. You live on romance and all that. That's why you're always dreaming and don't look where you are going. Now I bet that when you crashed us into that sand you were thinking of Jerusalem the Golden or the Lakes of Killarney or . . .'

I feverishly switched the subject to a discussion as to whether the evening eggs should be scrambled or fried, and peace descended on the desert. But he had been quite right. I had been dreaming; and I had been dreaming of Jerusalem. Next evening, when we did reach the Holy City, I wrote in my diary: —

> It is lovely to be back. 'I was glad
> when they said unto me,
> Let us go into the house of the Lord.
> Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
> O Jerusalem.'

Romance and solid materialism are surprisingly amenable bedfellows on a long Near Eastern trek; but at times they wisely agree to differ. So, while my friend tested hill climbing and gear ratios and petrol consumption in the Mountains of Moab, I trailed the highways and byways of Palestine in search of life and romance; and, as my friend was a materialist, I made my diary my confidant.

II

My first morning in Jerusalem I had sallied forth early and my way took me through the Damascus Gate, across the Via Dolorosa, and on down toward the Haram es Sherif, or, as it is perhaps better known in Jewry and Christendom, the Temple Area. And my luck was in. Going my road, I met an old friend, a distinguished member of the Supreme Moslem Council, and we greeted each other warmly and at great length. And so to the diary: —

'He had a free morning and I *must* see the tomb of the Mauvlani Mohammed Ali el Hindi. It was new since my last visit, and he stressed its importance for Jerusalem and, indeed, for all Islam. For the burial of this distinguished Indian politician in the Haram had made Jerusalem the Arlington of the Moslem world, and henceforth it would be vested with tradition throughout all Arabdom, as being the mausoleum of the great men in Islam. "Politically this aspect of the case has its merits. Jerusalem, anyhow, is not a Jewish mausoleum." My friend gave me a sly smile, and in another minute we were through the gloomy archway and out on to the great paved platform of the Haram.

'The day had warmed into spring and there were sunshine and clear sky. I wish you could see it all. The whiteness of the pavement beneath the dark green of the cypresses; the graceful flights of wide easy steps, and above them the blue-tiled cupola of the Dome of the Rock, standing out like the crown of some long-forgotten Shah of Persia, against the greens and grays of the Mount of Olives. It was lovely. And there were crowds everywhere. For in the month of Ramadan, the *fellahin* (peasants), when they are fasting, — and during Ramadan no morsel of food, no drop of water, may pass the "true believer's" lips between sunrise and sunset, — come to the Holy Precincts for repose and to be convenient for the routine of the daily prayers. There were rows and rows of them sitting half-drowsed, some on the grass, some on the pavements. And every now and then one of them would rise to his feet and go over to the ablution basins, where he would purify himself — feet, hands, face, and teeth; and then he would return to his place and stand and prostrate himself in prayer toward Mecca, alone, and absolutely indifferent to all around him, and by them as completely ignored. Islam is impressive in its individualism — no priests, no service, only worship.

'My friend seemed to read my thoughts and spoke with bitterness of the iconoclasm of Mustapha Kemal in Turkey. "Every man has religion in his soul," he said slowly. "Not that every man is religious in observance. The observance is but an outward sign of an inward instinct. But the instinct is there in all of us, whatever we believe — an instinct that there is a God and a kind God; and to try to stifle it or any other such instinct by legislation is silly. It were better for the man who has not the knowledge in his soul that there is a God that he had never been born, be he Moslem, Jew, or Christian."

'Then we came to Mohammed Ali el Hindi's tomb. He died in London when he was attending the Indian

Round Table Conference as Moslem delegate, and the invitation that he should be buried here was accepted only ten days before his body reached Jerusalem. In those ten days, Moslem enthusiasm worked wonders. The tomb — it is really a tiny chapel — was a disused room of a Zawia (pilgrims' hostel) built along the arched cloister of the Haram. They cleaned it and repaneled and repaved it in marble; a new entrance was opened into the cloisters; a superb new door, brass-bound and copper-bossed, was made and fitted; and two new windows, glazed in green and red and of perfect Arabesque tracery, were opened in what had been a blank wall. Meanwhile priceless carpets and hanging lamps were dug out of the Mosque's treasure stores, and the best stone carvers and artists in Palestine worked as they had never worked before, to make and adorn the inscription to the dead and the pilasters of the doorway. The results are beautiful — gold lettering on a turquoise-blue foundation, and at every corner the medallion of Burak, the mythical horse which bore Mohammed in one bound from Medina to Jerusalem.

'The whole thing is a miracle of achievement; but my friend was studiously modest. "He was a great man and we are proud to have him here. It was only our duty to give him a last resting place worthy of his name in Islam."

'And so we fell to talking of Jerusalem, and he quoted the Koran. "No man may see Paradise before he dies; but let him come to Jerusalem and he will have a foretaste of its beauty." It was a Friday, and as we talked we made our way to a corner of the Precincts overlooking the Wailing Wall. Forty feet below me, I could see heaped up — that is the *mot juste* — against the huge monoliths hewn and placed by Solomon's workmen a dense crowd of Jews. But among them I noticed none of the new post-war immigrant class. All conspicuously belonged to the picturesque pre-war type, the men with beaver-trimmed, wide-brimmed hats and side ringlets, the women with gay handkerchiefs on their heads and wearing stiff and bunchy skirts. They were Oriental to look at, and their endless lament over the destruction of the Temple had an Oriental lilt and measure. Solo and unison and all in a wailing minor; and as they sang they caressed and kissed the huge stones and washed them with their tears. And their tears were real.

'My friend watched them dispassionately. "They too, poor things, love Jerusalem, just as we love it; and they too have religion in their hearts; and Jerusalem is the centre of their religion, as it is of ours. But" — and his voice became metallic — "there are other Jews, the new Jews, who would make it the political capital of their state. Never!" And he turned sharply on his heel.

'He next brought me to the El Aksa Mosque. It is as large as St. Paul's, but we found it almost empty, save at the farther end near the Praying Niche, pointing to Mecca. There a single row of peasants, Arabs in Arab dress, were making their prayers — up and down, up and down. I could see the clean soles of their bare feet; they looked like strikers in a piano. And the whisper of their prayers came to me as from a great distance, like a tiny echo among the rocks. It was terribly impressive, that unorganized, unconducted worship; somehow far more impressive than drilled fervor can ever be. And while I took stock of the place, — the vaulted dome with its mellow design of yellows and greens, the reds and pinks of the acres of carpet against the golds and blues of the walls, the endless vista of tiny colored hanging lamps, — he told me of Mohammed Ali's funeral.

'"We were six thousand in here that day and there were ten thousand more outside. There was nowhere an inch of room; we could only bow in the prayers, to kneel was impossible. Thus do we bury our great men in Jerusalem."

'It was nearing noon, and on our way out we passed a crowd of peasants entering for the midday prayer. They all looked at me and at my foreign clothes and hat; and I heard one mutter under his breath, "*Ya Jahudi*" ("O Jew"). I did feel an intruder.

III

'The next day, Saturday, I visited the Holy Sepulchre. My visit was beautifully timed. The Church and the Holy Sites were being purified and censed in preparation for the Sunday services; when I entered, Latin monks were singing in glorious unison a grand Gregorian chant in Calvary. They finished; and in the half-light I saw them come clattering down the narrow stairs in their sandals, each with a lighted candle in one hand, the other holding up the skirt of his heavy brown habit. Once on the main level of the church, they formed up round the "Place of the washing of the body of Our Lord," a great slab of alabaster which glistened, amber color, by the light of their flickering candles. They knelt in a wide circle on the stone pavement, reading from their missals by the light of their candles; and in the deep gloom of the place their pale bearded faces showed up like lanterns hung against a dark sky. One priest intoned; there were bursts of full-throated unison; the slab was censed from every side in the form of the Cross, and the scent of the incense came to me in great suffocating waves. Then a long "Amen" and a pause for meditation; and the procession re-formed and moved into the Rotunda.

'The afternoon sun sent slanting rays through the narrow windows high up in the galleried walls, and against their grayness the alabaster Tomb stood out like a great catafalque. The monks halted on the threshold. There was more censing, and another ringing Gregorian chant, which rose and fell as the echoes carried it up and up and round and round the galleries and alcoves above us. I stood watching from the steps of the Catholicon above them; and from this height I could just see past the door and into the Tomb itself. A Greek priest (the Tomb belongs to the Orthodox Church) stood motionless against the wall, and kneeling in front of the slab which covers the place of the Burial were two countrywomen from Bethlehem, wearing the high starched coifs and the short red coats and thick black skirts which have been peculiar to Bethlehem since Crusader days. They bowed low over the marble stone and kissed it; and then, rising quietly, backed awkwardly out of the Presence. I thought of my friend of the day before. "They too love Jerusalem."

'Meanwhile a procession of Greek priests, wearing the tall black brimless hats and the long black cassocks of their Church, had entered the Catholicon behind me. They too were preparing for the Sunday, and in the deep shadow of the great gilded wood-carved reredos, which hides the High Altar, there was more heavy censing, more minor-keyed chanting. It seemed intensely mediæval and it was mediæval; where I stood, I was back in the Middle Ages. For by my feet was a curious monument, jutting out from the middle of the marble pavement like an egg cup. It marks the centre of the world and carries back to the days when the world, then the centre of the Universe, was a flat plate, revolving round Jerusalem, which was the centre of all things known.

'The Greeks in their turn passed on to Calvary, where they too would hold services on the morrow; so I betook myself to the vaulted Ambulatory, and had just felt my way past the "Place of the Scourging" — the darkness of the high, narrow passage is almost dangerous — when I heard sounds of more singing. It seemed to come from under the ground. I stumbled on, and the voices became suddenly loud and clear. I was standing at the top of the stairway leading down to Saint Helena's Chapel, where the True Cross was found, and, looking down, I saw climbing to meet me a procession of the Armenian Church. One by one the priests filed past me, quaint, sturdy little men, — as are all Armenians, — each wearing the odd black candle-extinguisher hood which is the uniform of their calling, and each carrying a guttering candle in his hand. And I felt for all the world — and I am not being flippant — that I was watching a procession of the "little people" clambering out of their fairy mine. They too were bound for Calvary, and I followed them toward the door of the church.

'On my way out, I stopped for a moment to greet an old friend of mine, the Moslem custodian of the Sepulchre. The post has been in his family for centuries; but it is a sad reflection on Christendom in Jerusalem that only a Moslem can be trusted to keep the peace among the jealousies — indeed, to stop the fighting of the sects whose duty it is to worship Him who came to bring peace and good will upon earth.'

IV

Sunday afternoon found me in Bethlehem to revisit the Church of the Nativity; and once more I was happy in my guide. He was a native of the village and loved the church. Of course he had the failings of the professional guide — a weakness for titled names whose owners he had, or had not, escorted round the church; but after he had heard me loose a flood of very fluent Arabic oaths at an itinerant vendor of olivewood horrors, he dropped the titles and we got on famously. Indeed, he is one of the few guides I have ever respected. I have never liked any.

'For a time I was distrustful,' reads my diary. 'He was so glib and so plausible. But in the end a certain flair for the dramatic completely won me. And, once I had been won, I listened with all my ears. Not that it was at all an effort. He was soon so interesting that I could n't help listening. How the Empress Helena had had a dream guiding her to the Place of the Birth; how she had followed the instructions of the dream; how they had led her to an incredibly old inn, which was almost in ruins; how beneath the remains of the living rooms she had discovered in almost perfect repair a long range of low, stone-vaulted stables; and how in one of them — in the precise position in which the dream had told her to expect it — she had found the wooden manger.'

(Incidentally the manger was subsequently 'transferred' to Italy and is now in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.)

'The Empress had straightway pulled down the main building of the old inn and had built her church over the vaulted stable. "The church, indeed," commented my Cicero, "must be one of the oldest, if not the oldest in Christendom." Little remains of her building to-day; and but for an odd chance all would have been destroyed. During one invasion, the church was spared only because its Moslem invaders, just as a torch was being applied to consign it to flames, spotted betimes in one of the frescoes on the walls the figures of the three Magi. By some freak of fortune, the artist, instead of painting his subjects as heroic figures in the Greek style, had remembered that they were "Wise Men from the East" and had had the taste and the knowledge to depict them in semi-Arab, semi-Persian dress. As a result, the Moslem iconoclasts mistook them for heroes of Islam and refrained from destruction.

'But the fortunes of the church have been terribly checkered. In Crusader times, the flower of Christian knighthood stabled their war horses in the nave; and later, under the Arabs, the place was let out as quarters for camels which had not been sold in the market outside. "In those days Christian worship must have been almost a secondary function in the building; but let us hope," went on Cicero piously, "that a common persecution at any rate bred harmony. Would that harmony existed to-day among the various churches which worship here! What goes on is a scandal, and has been so for years. Stand-up fights on the altar steps and even in the Grotto itself. An Armenian procession crosses a carpet which belongs to the Latins; a corner of a Greek matting overlaps a tiny section of pavement in the Armenian zone; a Latin floor sweeper sends some of his Latin dust flying over the boundary flagstone between Latin and Greek territory. And, six times out of ten, the outcome is fracas and even fisticuffs."

'We had advanced through the nave and had climbed the high steps leading up to the platform before the High Altar. "Do you see this strip of pavement?" He pointed to a well-worn length of floor just below where we stood. "That was the beat of the Turkish soldier-sentry; for here, as in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there had to be a Moslem guard to keep the peace among the Christians. Now you British are in the place of the Turks. But, although you are Christians, in the eyes of the Christian priesthood who worship here you are no better than the Turks, and that strip is forever defiled. Come any morning and you will find a British policeman here with his broom; and, watching to see that he does not clean beyond his strict limits, and that after he has cleaned no jot of defiling dust falls from his pan to pollute the neighboring floor, will be a Latin and a Greek and an Armenian priest."

'We passed on to the head of the twisting stairway leading down to the Grotto of the Birth; and my guide pointed out two faded tapestries on the wall. "There is a terrible quarrel on just now. One of those hangings belongs to the Greeks, the other to the Latins. Two months ago a passer-by inadvertently disturbed them, and two of the nails by which they were fastened to the wall fell to the ground. These were carefully picked up; but the problem was: Who should replace them? The Greeks would not allow the Latins to do it, and vice versa; and eventually, to end the deadlock, the British Governor in Jerusalem came and hammered them in himself. That made things far worse. The Latins were furious, because, they claimed, he had replaced them wrongly, making a fraction of the Greek tapestry impinge on their section of the wall. And now the Vatican has taken the matter up with your Foreign Office. These Judæan hills are too high for Europeans; the altitude breeds hysteria."

'The Grotto itself is full of distressing evidence of Christian discord and rivalry. From the roof hang myriads of lamps; some belong to the Greeks, some to the Latins, some to the Armenians; and there have been wild fights when one church lit a lamp belonging to a rival sect. The domed recess over the Place of the Birth is still charred and smoke-stained. That damage dates from Christmas Eve in 1870, when the Latins and the Greeks came to blows and between them set the place on fire. Below the dome on the floor level is a brass and silver star nailed to the ground. It was the spark that kindled the Crimean War. The Greeks own the site and they placed the star there as a memorial. The Latins protested that this was an infraction of the status quo, and when the Greeks refused to remove the offending plaque they surreptitiously took it away. There was a terrible flare-up. The Russians supported the Greek Church, and Napoleon III and the French took up the cudgels for the Latins.

'"The story is still told of the final rupture," said my guide. "The Turks made an eleventh-hour attempt to patch up the quarrel through the mediation of the Vali of Jerusalem, and he invited both the French and the Russian minister to state their case before him here, where we are standing now. They came. Neither would yield an inch. High words were exchanged, and eventually the Russian departed up that stairway into the Greek Convent, and the Frenchman up the other into the Latin Church. It was the breaking off of relations, and the result was two years of misery in the Crimea." I listened spellbound. On our way out, we stood again on the altar platform looking into the west down the nave. "I've often wondered about your share in the Crimea," remarked my friend. "It was so odd that a quarrel which originated here should have involved you on the side of the Latins from whom you had revolted under Henry VIII. Perhaps it was the roof. It is of English oak which was sent here by another English king, one of Henry's ancestors. Still, that does not explain much. The nave of the church and its roof belong to the Greeks, who were being backed by your enemies, the Russians. Religion and politics in Palestine are very complicated."'

V

My next ploy carried me back to B.C. 700. 'And the rest of the acts of Hezekiah, and all his might, and how he made a pool, and a conduit, and brought water into the city, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Judah?' A chance meeting with one of the powers that be led to an invitation which amounted to a privilege. Thus it was that I of the twentieth century walked the whole length of the conduit which Hezekiah had made. I said 'walked.' I should have said 'waded'; for it was an expedition through water up to my knees, flowing as it has always flowed for twenty-seven centuries. But before I plunged I fortified myself from my Bible, which, in Palestine, is my constant companion, just as my diary is my confidant.

Hezekiah was threatened by Sennacherib, the Assyrian, and the foreign invader was at the gates of Jerusalem. But the Jewish king was no mean strategist. Large invading armies must have assured water supplies. And he 'stopped all the fountains, and the brook that ran through the midst of the land, saying, Why should the kings of Assyria come, and find much water?' The pool Hezekiah made is the Pool of Siloam; the fountain he tapped is now known as the Virgin's Well. And now for my diary: —

'X met me at the Zion Gate and together we stumbled and slithered down the steep slopes of Ophel. His dress rather alarmed me. He was in shorts and sand shoes. I was wearing a smart suiting and town boots — but not for long. Once arrived at the Virgin's Well, I was summarily bustled behind a convenient wall and told to hurry up. Off went my trousers and my socks; I pulled my very genteel woolen pants as high as I could up my fat thighs; then I hastily hid my nakedness and most of my abbreviated pants under my raincoat, put on my lovely boots once more, and, feeling rather like a comic mid-winter bather, picked my way gingerly over the rough path to the entrance of the Well. And there, for five ridiculous minutes, I had to stand on show in front of a troop of giggling tourists, while two small Arab girls drew the household water from the depths below. I felt a perfect figure of fun. At last they were done; and both of us lighted our candles and in we plunged. My first step was on to a narrow slippery plank, spanning three yards of pool. "Take care," said X over his shoulder. "It's six foot deep." I took great care and survived; and we swung sharp left and were in the conduit.

'It was pitch-dark, barely as wide as the span of my shoulders, and only in places high enough for headroom. My beautiful boots squelched indignantly in two foot of oozing mud; swishing water lapped my uneasy calves; and I felt all manner of things. I was again in the Catacombs; and then suddenly the rush of the water and the spissy light (my candle, incidentally, went out after twenty yards, but that did not matter, as I was behind) carried me back to the Cork Exhibition and 1902, when for a fee of sixpence I had a thrilling ten minutes negotiating the "Mysterious Canal" in a spinning and bumping tub through oily subterranean waters. But this was far better. The water rushed and sang as we swung on in step, and there were a sigh and a hiss, as of the sea lapping the entrance of a cave.

'Once I was acclimatized, I surrendered myself to pure romance, and stepped back twenty-seven centuries. I could see clear-cut on the walls, and all obliquely inclined away from me, the pickmarks of Hezekiah's hewers of stone; and I became one with them in spirit, as, cramped and suffocating, they swung and recovered in a desperate race against time to get the conduit through before Sennacherib arrived. They and I were working toward the twin party which had started simultaneously from the Pool of Siloam to meet us; and as I trudged and splashed my way I almost shared the excitement of the Jewish engineers of twenty centuries ago. They had reckoned the total distance and knew how far each party progressed daily; but they were no better than burrowing moles, for they had no compass to ensure the subterranean meeting of the two parties. And all the time Hezekiah was fussing like a madman. "Hasten, hasten! The Assyrians are at Galilee, at Nablus, at Ram Allah!"

'Suddenly I was twisting and turning with the tunnel. The two parties were very close. They could hear each other's picks. But where? Where? I passed a cul-de-sac where they had cast and drawn a blank, — labor in vain and a cruel waste of valuable time, — and then, all at once, X and his candle disappeared round a sharp right-angled corner. This was no false line. We had met the Siloam party. And there on the walls were their pick marks; for they leaned obliquely *toward* me. I all but shook X warmly by the hand to congratulate Hezekiah. We halted a minute or two to take breath, for it had been hard work; and there, above our heads, was a gaping hole where the Jewish inscription had been, to tell the story of their labors and triumph. To-day the tablet is somewhere — goodness knows where — in Constantinople; for the Turks "removed" it in the service of science and it lies unheeded and unintelligible in some corner of a Stambul museum — or rubbish heap. But the triumph had been achieved; the conduit was pierced, and the Assyrian army was waterless in the arid Judæan hills. So Sennacherib "returned with shame of face to his own land."

'We stumbled on, and gradually the levels became easier — and the mud deeper. Almost imperceptibly X's candle seemed to lose brightness; a pin prick of white light appeared far ahead; in two minutes we were bathed in the sunlight of Siloam's Pool. Two furious Arab matrons greeted us shrilly. They were washing the household linen and we had churned the water into a muddy coffee. But I know my East by now. It is less the soft word than the ready quip that turneth away wrath. I pulled up my raincoat. "Your washing is not all that has been muddied. Look at my calves." They screamed with laughter.'

VI

A few days later we were climbing our last stretch of Palestinian road from the submarine depression of the Lake of Galilee up to the mountain road which was to take us to Syria. And there we met Abdel Kader, the soldier of fortune. It was from him I learned that Palestine is still what the Low Countries were in Alva's days and Bohemia when Wallenstein was on his campaigns — the happy hunting ground of the carefree cynical professional warrior.

'Just above Tiberias,' reads the diary, 'we took a huge Arab aboard. He looked like a Turkish Bashi-Bazouk and talked nineteen to the dozen; and soon he was telling us the story of his life with great gusto. He had been a Turkish soldier for a time and had fought on Gallipoli and in Palestine. "I joined [what he really meant was 'deserted to'] the British army in 1916. The Turkish army was no good to us Arabs. The Turks were ready to hang us as spies on the slightest provocation; they gave us no food and no pay; and you British had lots of guns and shot infernally straight. So it seemed to me I was doomed anyway — the gallows, starvation, or, at best, a nasty wound. It was nervous work joining you, but I went over just before dawn. Your sentry made a bad shot, and I was in your trenches with my hands up before he had time to reload.

'"The British army was fine. We went to a lovely prisoners' camp in Egypt — lots of food, two blankets each, and, of course, no work. And then one day, to our disgust, a young English officer came and asked us to go and fight for the Arabs against the Turks in the Hejaz. We did n't want to go at all, but the officer was so polite that we could n't say no at once. So we asked him, 'Will there be bully beef and blankets?' He said, 'Of course; and new uniforms and a gun each and pay.' So we decided to go. And it was fine in Mecca, too — lots of British money and food and no war, and, of course, no work.

'"And it was better still after the Armistice. We were all sent to King Feisal in Damascus — more new uniforms, grand food, British pay again, and, of course, no work. I'd have stayed there forever.

'"But the French came and spoiled everything. They turned Feisal out, and back we had to go to Mecca. But this time it was rotten. There was no British money, and so we got no pay. And, worse than that, Ibn Saud started a war against us. He was sure to win, and I did n't want to get killed, so I went away pretty quick and joined the

Emir Abdulla in Transjordan. It was better than Mecca, but not much; however, although the pay was wretched, there was no Ibn Saud. We could always manage to make a bit of cash on the sly, too, by selling our rifles to the Jews in Palestine; and I hung on in Amman until a month ago.

'"And now I'm not going to be a soldier any more — until the next war. I'm going to be married in Damascus. A friend of mine has fixed it all up. She's thirty, which is a bit old; but she wants a husband and has a fair dowry and I'm not particular. So this is my wedding journey and your car is my bridal carriage." He laughed until the tears ran down his face.

'He was going to enter Syria across the "Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob"; and when he demanded to be put down I asked him if he was sure that his passport was in order. "Passport?" he said. "What do I want with a passport? What do I care about frontiers? I am an Arab and the son of an Arab. Syria and Palestine and Transjordan belong to the Arabs."'

DRIVER ANTS

BY HARRY C. NEELY

DARKNESS came on suddenly, as it always does in the tropics, and the forests were alive with millions of night things which sing and fly and crawl and sting. I left the house, gun in hand, at about eight o'clock and took the path to my tree, in which I had built a platform where I expected to spend the night. The natives had reported that a herd of bush cows were in the habit of passing there every night. I hoped to get at least one, for the moon was full and I could see almost as well as in broad daylight.

I stood still in the path, listening, and remained thus for a full minute or more. So intent was my mind upon the bush cows which might appear at any moment that I had no thought for anything else until I suddenly became aware that something was wrong. In fact, I was now painfully conscious of it, for the whole surface of my body was covered with crawling things which stung me unmercifully. I had been standing squarely upon the line of march of an army of driver ants!

These creatures eat only living things, and they were doubtless delighted to find a banquet so near at hand. In the brief space of one minute the column had advanced up my trouser legs and had reached my head. What was I to do? In double-quick time I climbed up into the tree, tore off my clothing, and began scraping my body with my hands to remove the thousands of little pin-prickers that were making me frantic. When I had finished and the last one had been routed, I had a moment to reflect upon how ridiculous I looked — a missionary sitting up in a tree completely naked, picking off little things like a monkey in the zoo. I was reminded, too, of the time the drivers ate our own pet monkey because there was no tree in which he could take refuge.

Now driver ants are interesting little pests. Much has been written about them. I have often stopped to study a dark, snakelike line about an inch wide — restless millions of little ants all going the same way. So eager are they to arrive at their destination that they are impolite enough to walk on one another. They make me think of people in a panic at a fire when a courteous bow and '*après vous*' are exchanged for 'over you' with the bow omitted. I confess that my enthusiasm has sometimes led me to step too close to the line. Then I have been warned, by one of the scouts which ran up my leg and gave me a series of sharp nips, that I must retreat at once. So I have a profound respect for every one of these little fellows.

They are well-disciplined soldiers, possessing what would seem to be a high degree of intelligence. They march in perfect formation along a line which never exceeds an inch or an inch and a half in width. When they receive the order to break ranks, they scatter over every inch of territory in the neighborhood and devour every living thing in their path. When the order issues to reassemble, they come together like tributaries flowing into a main stream, and go upon their mysterious way. There are large scouts outside the line to keep the common soldiers in order and watch out for enemies. They run back and forth along the column giving each ant a hug, a handshake, a clout on the ear, or a punch on the jaw — I never have been able to determine which. If you disturb the line, these scouts will stick their heads up at you and show fight, at the same time making a slight hissing noise that sounds like exhaling breath. They appear to be either saying their prayers or feeling out for possible dangers.

The drivers live in the ground, but when they move from place to place they travel for a certain distance underground and then ascend to the surface, proceeding several hundred yards before descending again. One may see a black line of them on the path to-day and go back two days or even a week later and find the same line marching in the same direction, like a river fed by springs whose waters never run dry. Where do they come from, and where are they going?

The queen driver lives in a house made of ant cement which is about the size of one's two fists. She is a huge, ungainly creature as large around as one's forefinger and an inch and a half in length. When the colony moves, she is carried aloft by the workers. On such occasions the scouts that form the royal bodyguard assemble in large numbers and scatter farther than usual from the line of march to protect the queen upon whom the future of their race depends. The African natives believe that a man who can capture a queen driver will enjoy good fortune and soon become rich and prosperous.

The drivers are so called because they drive away or devour all insects and small animals. Even the large animals, however, have learned to fear these restless armies of ants. Elephants, for example, are more afraid of drivers than of any other living thing in the forests. A leopard or a bush cow will give an elephant the right of way, but drivers will hold him up for ransom. If the ants get in his trunk, an elephant will go mad with rage and pain, for he is powerless to shake them off.

Our former house in the Cameroon, where we lived for four years, was built on poles set in the ground. The walls were made of bark and the roof was thatched. This rude dwelling sheltered not only ourselves but myriads of cockroaches and scorpions. One evening, however, we were happy to have all the vermin destroyed as if by magic. We were sitting around the table reading when we noticed that the walls and roof had become alive with cockroaches and scorpions. They were on the run just as if they had been frightened. In their flight they made rustling noises like the patter of rain upon the thatch. What could it mean? We were soon enlightened. We felt pricking pains about our shoe tops. The drivers had arrived! They took complete possession of the house. We were forced out and had to spend the night with neighbors.

In the morning, eager to learn what had happened, we found that the ants had departed, but the wings of cockroaches and the remains of scorpions were scattered all over the floor to tell a tale of wholesale slaughter. The drivers had done their job thoroughly. It was a long time before we were again bothered by scorpions and roaches. Because they are such perfect exterminators of other insects, some people I have known have actually tried to coax the drivers into their houses.

They are afraid of fire and water. At one time we were camping in a native hut. The babies had been put to bed and my wife and I were having our supper served out under the African moon. Suddenly one of our native boys came running to us shouting that driver ants were surrounding the hut where the babies were sleeping. We summoned all our forces and made a barrage of fire around the place. The ants retreated in a hurry, and we were left to go to bed in perfect security.

On another occasion we were at the station and were awakened in the middle of the night by our guest, who seemed to be stamping about in his room. He had been attacked by drivers. I quickly filled four tins with water and set each bedpost in one of them. Our guest was then able to go back to sleep, even while the floor and walls were swarming with the murderous ants that could not cross the moat to get at their victim.

One day I was sitting under an old roof watching a column of drivers as they marched across the ceiling. In one spot they clustered together, clinging to one another's bodies, until they hung suspended like a bunch of grapes. A shower of rain came up, and to my astonishment the cluster moved off out of the drip and re-formed under the roof in a dry spot.

The natives have told us about women who have been tied and placed in the path of driver ants, to be left there until all the flesh was eaten from their bones. Horrifying as such tales are, we could not realize the full degree of terror which drivers inspire in helpless creatures until we had a very narrow escape from them ourselves. One evening we had put the babies to bed and had gone out for a short visit at a neighbor's house. We had been away hardly half an hour when we returned to discover that the drivers had come through the floor. One of the babies was black with them and was writhing in an agony of pain. We did the first thing we could think of; we filled a basin with water, put in some carbolic acid, and dipped the baby in it. The drivers let go, and the baby soon recovered, none the worse for the experience. But even now I shudder when I think that we might have delayed our return just a little longer — and been too late.

DRUMS IN THE DISTANCE

BY KATHARINE BALL RIPLEY

I

THEY say that when you hear drums beating far off at first you find yourself only faintly disturbed, but if you must listen, and listen long enough, you will get up and march.

It was so with my mother.

Brother Giddy wrote to tell Father that he had been elected third lieutenant in the company his class had formed at the college. Father read the letter to us all at the dinner table. You could see he was very proud, and though his illness was then far advanced, and it was an effort for him to talk and often made him go off into a fit of coughing, he managed to speak loud enough for all of us to hear.

Giddy said a great deal about hoping to have the opportunity to fight for the honor of South Carolina, and a great deal more about how proud he was to be the son of a signer of the Articles. Father was almost at the end of the letter before he read, 'And if it shall please you, sir,' — I remember Giddy's very words, — 'could you let me have some money to entertain my fellow students who have so generously elected me to this honor, and to buy for my brother Joe a pair of breeches that he may not borrow those of my new uniform?'

We girls giggled and even black Frances started to grin. Mother had been listening with her eyes far away, but she fastened them now on Frances as though some sixth sense told her the girl might stop waving the peacock tail at the flies. Frances's face straightened as quickly as a flag drops when the wind fails.

'Mr. Trent,' Mother turned to Father, 'have you sent Gideon the money?'

Father was coughing. 'I sent him fifty dollars,' he said, choking.

Mother said, 'Mr. Trent, is n't that a great deal for you to give the boy for a frolic? You had better have bought him a colt that he could use when he comes home in the summer.'

Father was still coughing. 'Bett,' he whispered, 'as a woman you would n't appreciate a man's obligations. Giddy is almost grown.'

Mother never argued with Father. Her lips closed tight together and she said not another word.

I remember thinking that she and Father must have forgotten all about Joe's breeches. No one but me seemed to have wondered if they would be for a uniform, too. But Joe was so young. I came between Giddy and him.

Father at this time was a very sick man. In December he had been our county's delegate to the convention at Charleston, where he had put his hand to the Articles of Secession. He had come home with not only a great patriotism for his state and a great ire against all Yankees, but a very bad cough deep in his chest of which he was never to be rid again.

No matter how Mother doctored him, the cough hung on until, by the time spring came, she would n't even trust Dilly to boil the goose fat for his throat, but stood over the kettle herself.

'Lyle,' she said to me between shut teeth, 'the pity is that he did n't stay home on his own plantation where there's plenty to please and occupy any man without his wasting himself on the state's business!'

The spoon clashed against the side of the iron kettle. 'Your brother Joe still at the college! The fields ready for the spring ploughing — and Gideon drilling in brass buttons! The Lord knows what nonsense next!'

Old Dilly shook her head and made a noise like 'Tck — tck' with pursed-up lips. But Mother gave her a look. My mother wanted no sympathy from a slave woman — nor any answer, either, unless she asked her a direct question.

II

Mother must have known for a long time, but I did n't know till that very April day that Father was dying.

He lay propped up on pillows as he had lain almost since the day Giddy's letter came. Mother sat beside him. My three little sisters and I stood close together just beyond the door.

We had been waiting so through the whole afternoon, when all at once, far down in our lower field, we heard the train whistle blow.

The train never blew as it crossed our field unless somebody was getting on or off at the plantation. We were expecting no one. It was Sunday, too, and the train did n't run on Sundays. But the whistle blew and blew again and again, louder and nearer.

Father tried to raise his head and Mother looked at him with frightened eyes. 'Bett, do you hear that? What is it?'

I heard it, too. Between the whistles came the faint sound of shouting and hurrahing.

Then I remembered. Some of the men and boys in the town had fired up the engine that morning and ridden it down to the county seat, where there was a telegraph machine, to get the news from Charleston.

Mother's hand closed over Father's. 'Lyle!' She spoke with a little catch in her breath. 'Go tell Cooly to run see what 't is.'

Frances was halfway up the stairs. She came running to meet me. 'Mam,' she panted, 'down in Charl'son they kilt a thousand people. They done shot up the fort full of Yankees.'

We were almost in the doorway. They had all heard. Father held his wasted hands over his chest, his eyes on Mother's face.

'Oh,' Mother said. 'Oh — then they've done it! Mr. Trent, did you hear her? It must mean they attacked Fort Sumter. Will it mean more fighting?'

But Father was coughing again.

Our father died that night. My little sisters and the Negro women fell to crying. Mother locked herself in her room. And old Dilly had to come to me with the keys so that the dips might be given out to light him.

III

There was n't time to send to the college for Giddy and Joe to come home for the funeral. But it could n't have been more than a day or so afterward that Mother wrote to them to come home anyway.

We were at sixes and sevens on the plantation, Mother and we four girls with no white man but the ignorant overseer.

When the train whistle blew, most of the colored folk as well as the family gathered on the porch to greet the boys. But when Uncle Cooly stopped the carriage only Giddy stepped out. I don't know why, but it surprised me to see him still in uniform. The darkies nudged one another. But I don't think Mother even noticed.

'And where's Joe?' she said.

'Joe's enlisted, Mother — the day war was declared. And, unlike me, he could n't get a furlough. He tried.'

Mother caught her lower lip between her teeth. Mother never spoke hastily. After a second she said, 'With his father barely cold in his grave, has your brother already forgotten the respect and duty he owes to his mother?'

She motioned Giddy to follow her and walked straight to the parlor door. We never used the parlor unless company came, but the key stayed in the lock that it might be ready whenever the occasion arose. We children, when we were smaller, used to slip in and rock in the rocking-chairs. We liked to feel our bare toes sink into the carpet. For we were not rich folk for all Father owned a hundred slaves, and the carpet in the parlor was the only carpet in our house.

Mother shut the door behind her and Giddy. I stood in the dark hall with Frances close by me. She made an excuse to hold a candle. We could hear Giddy's voice loud and protesting, but not my mother's.

'Mother!' Giddy shouted. 'Mother, are you asking me to resign and come home? Are you asking me to do a thing like that?'

A pause.

'If I do,' his voice was lower, but it trembled, 'if I do I'll be disgraced forever. Everyone's going. You don't know what you're asking. I can't do it.'

Time passed.

Giddy's voice again — a boy's voice, not a man's. 'Only a few weeks, Mother? Only till the crops are off? How long do you think it's going to take us to whip the Yankees? Don't you see there won't be any war by the time the crops are off? I'm not going to be disgraced all the rest of my life.' He was a little steadier now. 'I am going. If not with your permission, then without it — as Joe went.'

And then at last I heard my mother. She did n't speak loudly, but her words cut clearly through the paneling of the door. 'My son, your father is in Heaven. Your brother Joe has run away from his responsibility. But you are the oldest son. Even though you feel no duty to me or to your sisters, you have a duty you cannot shirk to the hundred black souls who are dependent on you for their living. You will have to stay and take off the crops. There is no man of the family now but you, and these Negroes must be fed.'

Boots shuffled on the carpet. All at once I heard a sob. It was not like a boy's, but torn and rasping, as a man's sobs are torn from him.

I caught Frances's shoulder. 'Light me to my room,' I said. 'And be quick about it.'

She climbed the stairs slowly, looking back over her shoulder. As she turned back the bedclothes she glanced up at me sideways. A grin spread over her face. 'I reckon Mist' Giddy 'll stay if he ma say so.'

My hand stung as it smacked across her black face. It is the only time I remember ever striking a Negro.

She was right, of course.

Day after day Giddy rode about the fields on Father's old horse, Silver Dollar. When you saw him from a distance, talking to the overseer or directing a gang of hands, except that he was so much younger and straighter it was almost like having Father back.

The plantation, like a little world of its own, revolved evenly. Mother was seeing to the weaving. She had seven women at work. 'Lyle, if it's true that it is going to be hard to get store cloth for the next few months, at least no man or woman or child on this plantation will suffer for lack of clothes.' Of all the things we put up in the house, — preserves, candles, and soap, — Mother had the women make double quantity.

But no one spoke of the war outright in Mother's or in Giddy's presence. Even after Manassas, the little girls and I only whispered to one another of the glorious victory and how the cowardly Yankee shopkeepers had run almost back to Boston for fear of our Southern heroes.

No one dared speak of our brother Joe, either. Mother told us one day he was in training camp at Aiken. But afterward her lips closed tight together in a way they had come to have a habit of doing.

IV

And then late one afternoon the train blew again in our field. It wheezed to a stop as though someone were coming to the plantation. But no one got off. The engineer, Mike O'Neill, hailed Giddy, who was riding near. 'They tell me, Gid,' he called, 'that your young Joe is about to perish of the measles down there at Aiken.'

That was all. The train puffed on.

Next morning at sunup Giddy and Mother and I stood in the field waiting for it to come by on its way south.

There had never been any measles on our plantation. In a sparsely settled country such as ours we could keep our Negroes isolated from disease. Each of us knew, though none of us put it into words, that measles may go hard with country boys.

Giddy said to Mother, 'I'll bring him home to-morrow, mam. You meet us with the carriage. If he's better, I'll get Mike to blow just once. If he is n't so well, Mike can blow again — that'll be twice. And if he's' — Giddy looked away from us and finished quickly — 'he'll have to blow three times, and you'll know to bring the wagon.'

Mother pulled her cloak tighter about her. 'Tell your brother I'm having red cherry pies baked for him to-morrow.'

V

From early afternoon the carriage stood hitched in the yard, and the wagon at one side of it. The horses and the mule switched their tails at the flies. Old Uncle Cooly sat on the carriage steps with the lines in his hand and told my little sisters long sleepy stories about rabbits and foxes and the chipmunks that live under the big stones in the pasture.

Mother was in the kitchen helping Dilly with the pies most of the morning. Now she came out on the porch in her black silk dress and her enameled brooch. She and I sat together and waited. It was strange to see Mother with her hands idle.

It was n't long before we heard the train whistle. Mother jumped to her feet. Her hand caught at the porch rail. We waited breathless. But there was no further sound save the buzzing of the plantation.

Uncle Cooly whipped up the team. We clung to the sides of the carriage. Mother was laughing, calling directions to him, and trying to keep her balance, all at the same time, as we trotted across the rutted field and the heavy carriage careened from side to side.

The train had stopped. But, curiously enough, no one was getting off. Mike waved to us from the cab. He dropped a piece of paper that fluttered in the wind.

Uncle Cooly scrambled down, picked up the paper, and handed it to Mother.

'It says Giddy's not bringing Joe

home till to-morrow, Lyle.' She turned the paper over and over in her hands. Suddenly she looked much older. 'That's all it says, Lyle.' But after a minute she threw back her head. 'You're all strong children, Lyle. Joe's had hardly a sick day in his life. He'll be all right.'

That night Mother sat up all night with a woman in the quarters who had a baby born. She rested in the morning and I did n't see her until nearly train time.

'Come, Lyle,' she said, 'let's see if Joe's pies are all right.'

We were standing by the open cupboard door when the whistle blew. There was no time even to look at each other before it blew again.

Mother gripped my arm. 'Lyle, Joe's worse!'

We were standing so together when it shrieked again.

I don't know what I thought or felt. I looked at Mother with her hand cupped over her mouth the way my little sisters cupped theirs when they tried not to cry.

After a moment she said, 'Lyle, tell Dan — tell Dan to follow us with the wagon.'

VI

It was pouring rain when we buried him that night. The lanterns flickered about the grave. The gravediggers struck rock. They chipped and tugged at it with their picks and shovels. The rain beat on the wooden box that held the coffin. The little girls cried softly into their handkerchiefs. But the Negroes moaned aloud and screamed out above the sound of the rain.

Giddy stood by Mother, tall and straight, with his mouth set. He and Joe had always paired off together. Mother's shoulders and her mouth were as straight as his. After all, she was only seventeen years older than he.

VII

Giddy came to me in the hall at sunup next morning. He was in his shirt sleeves with his coat and a bundle in his arms. There was something different about him. I stared a second before I saw what it was. He was wearing his uniform breeches.

'Lyle, she told me standing there by the grave, "Son, your father helped to start this war — and it killed him. It's killed Joe." She did n't look at me, Lyle; she looked straight at the grave; but she said, "I reckon that now it's started the Trents will have to see it through."'

'Giddy, she wants you to go, too?'

'Uh-huh.'

'But, Giddy,' my words seemed to tumble out, tripping each other, 'what about the crops? Who'll see that the niggers get enough to eat?'

'Look out the window,' he said.

Mother was out in the stable yard. She had on a riding skirt and a man's coat, and she was climbing up on Father's horse, Silver Dollar. There was only one thing like Mother. She had a bag tied round her waist and her knitting needles in her hand.

'Is she going to boss the farm? Oh, Giddy, is n't she even going to mourn Joe in the house awhile first?'

'Lyle,' Giddy said, 'some day you'll grow up, too. Good-bye, Lyle.' He kissed my cheek. 'It's time for the train. I'll have 'em licked and be home by Christmas.'

I turned to the window again so he should n't see me cry. Mother had ridden out into the field, where a gang of Negroes were at work. Silver Dollar stood quiet in the row and Mother's hands were busy knitting a gray sock.

All at once I saw her start, saw her head jerk back.

Then I heard a long-drawn sound. Giddy's train was whistling.

A ROYAL WEEK-END

BY IAN COLVIN

I

THE last change of government in England might well appear to foreign eyes miraculous, since even to Englishmen it seemed no less. In the month of August, which is the national vacation, in the week-end when everybody is away from town, the Socialist administration fell and another of a character entirely different took its place. In England the government is supposed to stand upon the support of the House of Commons and to fall when that support is withdrawn; but Parliament was not sitting when the change occurred. The Legislature, then, had nothing to do with it. The imposing figure of Democracy, to which everything is referred nowadays, was asleep and snoring when her child was withdrawn from her side and another put in its place. Parliament had risen at the end of July with one government in office; it reassembled in September to find another on the Treasury Bench. It had not even been consulted, nor did it seem in the least to resent the neglect.

If we are to understand this phenomenon, we must consider what led up to as well as what surrounded it. The late lamented Socialist government came into office in the spring of 1929 less by the strength of Socialism than by the weakness of what Socialists call the *bourgeoisie*. There was between Liberals and Conservatives a feud of Guelf and Ghibelline; since a certain famous Carlton Club meeting, at which the Liberal leader had been deposed from the leadership of the war and post-war coalition, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Baldwin had not been upon speaking terms, and, if there was a master motive in the Welshman's politics, it was to pay out the Tory Party for the trick it had served him. It was in pursuit of this feud that Mr. Lloyd George put the Socialists in office. They were in fact a minority government, since the Labor Party numbered less than 300 of a total House of 615; but Mr. Lloyd George commanded the services of 58 Liberals, and so could boast that he stood on the centre of the seesaw. He put and maintained the Socialists in office. The 260 Conservatives could not hope to defeat the government without the assistance of the Liberals, and were not likely to get that assistance as long as Mr. Lloyd George was Liberal leader.

Sir William Flinders Petrie, in the course of his studies of dead and buried civilizations, discovered that 'the government moves from autocracy to democracy until the democracy eats up everything and a stronger power starts the cycle over again.' The Socialist government between June 1929 and August 1931 seemed to be fulfilling its part of this natural law with complete precision; it was 'eating up everything,' with the enthusiastic approval of Mr. Lloyd George, who whetted its appetite whenever it showed signs of flagging. He had, himself, a plan of raising loans of at least £200,000,000 sterling to be used for making new roads and all manner of other public works, and he told the Socialists not to be afraid of those 'frozen penguins,' the Bankers of the City of London, who, when he was Prime Minister, had received him in the 'flapping silence' of disapproval, who always opposed expenditure, and who were always wrong. The Socialists were by no means loath to take this advice; but they had plans of their own for spending money. At the elections they had appealed for support to a solid army of more than a million unemployed, and in office they set to work to repay this electoral debt. In 1928–29 the state contribution to the Unemployment Insurance Fund was £12,077,651; by 1930–31 it had risen to £26,671,700, and by a series of Acts of Parliament the borrowing powers in aid of the Fund were raised to a total of £70,000,000 sterling. Miss Margaret Bondfield, the Socialist spinster who presided over the Ministry of Labor, introduced two bills designed to make it as easy to live out of employment as in it, and the number of the unemployed grew in close and alarming correspondence, until by July 1930 it had reached the total of 2,011,467.

The upward course of expenditure on what are called 'Social Services' — such as Unemployment Insurance, Health Insurance, Old Age and Widows' Pensions, Free Education, Maternity Benefits, and so forth — had not begun, it is fair to say, with the Socialists. Mr. Lloyd George himself long before had commenced the auction for votes, the Conservatives had continued it; but the Socialists, having less to lose, were able to outbid both parties, and the expenditure under this head, which had been in 1900 in the neighborhood of £30,000,000, had reached by 1929 the enormous figure of £403,000,000, a burden which not even the richest of countries could support.

II

It was with such a crew, and so overloaded, that the Ship of State met the blizzard of the world depression which set in at the end of 1930 and continued with growing intensity through the spring and summer of 1931. The only member of the government who tried to bring his comrades to a sense of their danger was the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Philip Snowden, a Yorkshireman by birth, a Civil Service clerk by training, in theory a Socialist, was by temperament a Radical of the old school. A little old man of frail and ramshackle body, — injured, according to tradition, in a bicycle accident, — hobbling upon two sticks, with a face like a death's head, a rasping voice, a curling lip, and a withering power of sarcasm, this formidable politician dominated his colleagues by keenness of mind and force of character; but he did not belong to the hierarchy of the great trade unions and was thus not really of the 'Labor Movement.' In Russia he would be called one of the 'Intelligentsia of the Proletariat.'

On February 11, 1930, Comrade Snowden took his courage in both hands and publicly warned his party of the mess into which they were getting themselves and the country. 'I say,' he said, 'with all the seriousness I can command, that the national position is grave; that drastic and disagreeable measures will have to be taken if the Budget equilibrium is to be maintained and industrial recovery is to be made'; and he went on to warn Parliament, with an admonitory finger that pointed as much at Mr. Lloyd George as at his own people, that 'schemes involving heavy expenditure, however desirable, will have to wait until prosperity returns.' 'If,' he continued, 'I may put it so plainly as this — an increase of taxation . . . would be the last straw.'

The first Budget of 1930 contrived a dubious balance by such expedients as taking twenty millions from the Dollar Exchange Fund and anticipating part of the income tax; but as the year went on all the receipts were seen to be heavily under the estimates, and the prospect of a great deficit yawned before the eyes of Parliament. The day before the House rose, in the debate of July 30, one of the richest men in the country and at the same time one of the most respected members of the Conservative Party, Colonel Gretton, uttered a warning more grave than the Chancellor's. It was not, he hoped, too late; the country could be saved. Democracy had always been extravagant, and the fault lay with politicians who did not dare to take the necessary steps to prevent ruin. Mr. Neville Chamberlain took the same line, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer agreed with them. The position was 'very serious.' 'I shall,' Mr. Snowden said, 'make every effort to balance next year's Budget, although it may involve rather disagreeable consequences to certain classes and to certain people; but the necessity of doing this is so important and so urgent that so far as I am concerned it will have to be undertaken.'

If the House of Commons had known all that the government knew at that time, it would have been even more disturbed. At the beginning of the year a committee on National Expenditure had been set up with Sir George Ernest May as chairman. The report was not ready when the House rose, but, as Mr. Snowden sardonically remarked, would make cheerful reading for Members during their holidays. Enough to say that it fully disclosed a position which sloped steeply down to disaster.

The government by that time was financing itself by loans which could no longer be obtained in the country; it was supporting sterling by similar expedients. The £50,000,000 of credit recently granted to the Bank of England approached exhaustion, and foreign bankers refused to go further. There was no way but to cut down expenditure. Here the May Committee had set forth a programme for the government to follow; but the more Socialist Ministers looked at it, the less they liked it. To cut down the army and the navy was something they did not mind doing and had done before; but to touch the salaries of their most ardent supporters — the school-teachers, the lower ranks of the Civil Service, the Post Office workers — and to reduce the 'benefits' of the unemployed, these were expedients which they found it hard to stomach. Yet it had to be done; a committee of five Ministers was appointed to draw up the scheme, their report was laid before the Cabinet on August 19, and after debating far into the night that body accepted the 'cuts' as its working policy.

III

These plans, of course, were kept from the public, but there were several powers which the government thought wise to acquaint with their decision. As the economies would be politically unpopular, it was thought well to secure the coöperation both of the Liberals and of the Conservatives. Mr. Lloyd George, indeed, was in the hands of the surgeons, which simplified things, for his deputy, Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jewish financier of the City, was ready to take up the negotiations; Mr. Baldwin was at Aix-les-Bains, but Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir

Samuel Hoare were on the spot. To reconcile these three to the programme it was necessary to show that the cuts were at least as thorough as the increase in taxation proposed was drastic. The Bank of England had also to be consulted, since the government could not get along without another loan, and to get more money it was necessary to show some prospect of repayment. There also only drastic economies would secure the desired approval.

But there were two other bodies of a very different order to be consulted. One was the consultative committee of the Labor Party, the caucus which jealously scrutinized every act of the Socialist Ministers, and the other was a body outside Parliament altogether, but a body which was none the less paymaster and controller of the Socialist Party — that is to say, the General Council of the Trade Union Congress. That Council represented a federation of the great trades unions of the country, and (in 1929) represented over two million subscribing members of the Labor Party. Of the miners alone, about eighty members of Parliament were either paid from their funds or returned by their vote. They controlled the Socialist Party in the House of Commons, and nothing could be done without their approval.

If we take the events of Thursday, August 20, in their chronological order, we get some idea of the nature of the crisis. At ten o'clock members of the government met the leaders of the Conservatives and the Liberals; at eleven o'clock the five members of the Cabinet Economy Committee met the Consultative Committee of the Parliamentary Labor Party; at three o'clock the Economy Committee had a joint sitting with the General Council of the Trade Union Congress and the National Executive of the Labor Party, and at half past eight the Cabinet met to consider the results of these various conferences. The Cabinet sat for an hour; then the Economy Committee received a deputation of the Trade Union Council, which had been sitting in judgment on their proposals, and finally the Cabinet sat again until a quarter past eleven.

On Friday, August 21, these complicated negotiations were still being pursued. The Cabinet sat from half past nine until a quarter past one at Downing Street, while the General Council of the Trade Union Congress was sitting at Transport House. After lunch the Cabinet resumed and sat for four and a half hours. At five o'clock the Prime Minister and Mr. Snowden received Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Sir Samuel Hoare. Shortly afterward two Liberals, Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Donald Maclean, joined them. The Cabinet resumed its sitting a little later and adjourned until the following day.

Now it is extremely unusual for a Cabinet Council to meet on a Saturday. Such a thing had not happened for years. The reason why it happened on this particular Saturday was that the complications had reached a deadlock. The General Council of the Trade Union Congress would by no means agree to the 'cuts' proposed by the Economy Committee of the Cabinet. In particular, they refused their consent to the reduction of 10 per cent in unemployment benefit. Faced with this decision, the Cabinet divided into two unequal parts. The Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, and the Secretary of State for the Dominions stood by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; all the others accepted the orders of the Trade Union Congress. The government then was split; there seemed to be nothing for it but the resignation of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

It was by no means an ordinary political crisis, since there was no ordinary way out. The usual course would have been for the King to send for the leader of the next strongest party in the House of Commons, but of the three parties the Labor Party was still the strongest, and there was no doubt that the Labor Party stood substantially with the Ministers who refused to follow Mr. MacDonald and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Of these, Mr. Arthur Henderson, Foreign Secretary and manager of the party, was the natural leader; but if Mr. Henderson formed a government he could hardly expect to live without the support either of the Liberals or of the Conservatives. If, on the other hand, the King were to send for Mr. Baldwin, the leader of the Conservative Party could hardly look for the support either of the Liberals or of the Socialists. Mr. Lloyd George was known to be against any such combination, and the two parties were sharply divided on the immediate financial remedy which the Conservatives proposed — a fiscal tariff. Thus, whichever of these courses might be taken, the result promised nothing but uncertainty, a continuation of the crisis, and a general election. In normal circumstances a general election would have been the way out; but the circumstances were not normal, for the Bank of England reported that without an immediate measure of financial economy and political reassurance it would not answer for the consequences.[1]

IV

Here, then, was the situation on that fateful Saturday, August 22: the Bank of England could secure no further credit for the government without a measure of economy; the Conservative and Liberal Parties refused to support the governments unless that measure of economy was taken; if it were taken, the Prime Minister would lose the support of the majority of his Cabinet and practically the whole of his party; and, finally, no party was in a position to offer an alternative government without a general election.

Such was the hopeless dawn of Sunday, August 23, when the King arrived at Buckingham Palace. It is not the custom for the King to be in London in the month of August; as a matter of fact he had gone to Balmoral for the grouse shooting on the twenty-first, intending to remain there for the remainder of the shooting season. In the ordinary way, a Prime Minister in difficulties would have gone to the King; in this case the King came to the Prime Minister.

Here it seems appropriate to say something of the place of the Crown in the British Constitution. If we were to follow the old lawyers, we should say that the King is all-powerful; if we were to follow some of the moderns, we should say he has no power at all. In form, and according to ancient theory, the King of England is the sole magistrate of the nation. He has the chief place in Parliament and the sole executive power. He is head of the army and the navy; he declares war; the Empire is his possession — he could give it away; he summons, assembles, prorogues, and dissolves Parliament; the Judges are his deputies who sit in his Courts and administer his law; he is head of Church and State; yet all these formal prerogatives have dwindled into mere ceremonies. When we touch them, as Dicey says, we are in the midst of unrealities or fictions. The King has deputed his various powers to his Ministers and Judges; Parliament has secured the power of the purse, which in the end governs all. While every act of the State is done in the name of the Crown, the real executive is the Cabinet.

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[1] It should be remembered that Great Britain was at that time anxiously striving to maintain the gold standard, which later it was forced to abandon. — AUTHOR

And yet, though every act of the Sovereign is deputed, no King or Queen of England would ever agree to the proposition of Thiers that the Crown reigns, but does not govern. George III was always taking the bit between his teeth; we have only to read Queen Victoria's letters to see how that great lady insisted on playing her royal part in every activity of government. The Queen, indeed, took sides. She was so strong-minded and yet so much a woman that she sometimes let her partiality run to the point of conflict. Melbourne, her first Prime Minister, tactfully suggested that she should never let the Opposition come 'smack' against the Crown, and she stopped just short of this upon several occasions. Thus in the political crisis of 1880 she wrote to Lord Beaconsfield that 'she should not take any notice of Mr. Gladstone who had done so much mischief. It is most essential that *that* should be known.' The Prince of Wales, taking the same line as Melbourne had taken close on forty years before, advised: 'Far better that she should take the initiative [of sending for Gladstone] than that it should be forced upon her,' and in the end he carried his point. The Prince of Wales himself, both before and after he became King, had a main hand in English foreign policy, not so much by virtue of his royal prerogative, but because he was more expert in these matters than any of his Ministers.[2]

The working of a government does not follow the theory of a constitution, especially when that constitution is for the most part unwritten. The precise degree to which an English King intervenes in the affairs of state is undefined and remains a question of his character, his interests, and his intimacy with his Ministers. He is normally informed of everything of importance that goes forward; it is part of his profession to understand the character of his Ministers and the feeling of his people; he will never fly in the face of his government, but he will frequently suggest, advise, and influence his Ministers, and there are some situations, as in the resignation of a government or the dissolution of a Parliament, in which, in the absence of any other impartial authority, he naturally becomes arbiter.

King George V is not like his father, *l'oncle de l'Europe;* on the contrary, he could not be induced, even by the exhortations of his doctors, to leave his beloved England for the Riviera. He is most at home in the stubbles, the covert, and the grouse moor, more typically an Englishman than his father, and, as the national demonstration of anxiety during his illness went to show, no less beloved. As much as any king that ever reigned over England, he has the trust and confidence of his people.

V

Such, then, was the situation and such the man. The King had traveled from his castle in the North overnight and arrived at eight o'clock on Sunday morning. Two hours later the Prime Minister waited upon His Majesty at Buckingham Palace and remained with him for over an hour. What happened at that momentous interview a future generation may gather from the memoirs of some court official or politician. In the meantime we must be content to go upon the facts and the probabilities of the case as far as they are known. When he went to the Palace, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was at the end of his tether, a tired, even a beaten man. Dreamer by nature, in genius a rhetorician, experienced and astute in the political game, Mr. MacDonald has no great reserves of either mental strength or physical solidity to draw upon. He is of those natures which consume themselves, typically Celtic, temperamental, easily elated, easily depressed. For days and weeks he had been beating with ineffectual wings the ever-narrowing range of political possibilities. There was now no way out; he was bankrupt both in finance and of support; most of his Ministers were in sharp disagreement with the only policy which a government could follow and live; his party also had fallen away from him; there was nothing for it but resignation. And that, according to rumor and probability, is what actually did happen. Mr. MacDonald tendered his resignation to the King as his contribution to the unsolved, and to him insoluble, crisis.

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[2] See H. E. Wortham's admirable study, *Edward VII, Man and King*, recently published. See also A. V. Dicey, *Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution.* — AUTHOR

The King, however, had his contribution to make, a contribution of manhood and of courage. We may imagine him putting his hand on the shoulder of his depressed Celtic Minister and saying: 'Come now, my dear fellow, pull yourself together! Be a man! You cannot possibly leave your country in this mess; there must be some way out.' And then, it is believed, the King did suggest what was indeed the only way out — the formation of a government of all parties to meet the national emergency. And here was a work in which the King really could help, both by his position and by his experience. He was the one man in the kingdom who had the necessary authority; he was the one man in the kingdom who could be called impartial; he had, besides, the friendship of the leaders of all the parties; he was, in fact, the ideal mediator.[3]

Whatever these private conversations may have been, they speedily took constitutional form. 'On the Prime Minister's advice' the King sent for Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Sir Herbert Samuel, 'because His Majesty wishes to hear what the position of their respective parties is.' Mr. MacDonald left the Palace at eleven-thirty, Sir Herbert Samuel saw the King at twelve-thirty; Mr. Baldwin, who had just returned from Aix-les-Bains, went to the Palace at three o'clock.

Here again the conversations are shrouded in reticence. 'Open covenants openly arrived at' is not a maxim that finds any place in the British Constitution. We may suppose, however, that there was some little difficulty with Sir Herbert Samuel, since he was only acting as leader of the Liberal Party during the illness of Mr. Lloyd George — and Mr. Lloyd George might have been expected rather to side with the Socialists who had deserted the Prime Minister than with the policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. However, it is still the prerogative of the King to command a subject, and when that command takes the flattering form of a portfolio it is not easy, even if it is possible, to refuse. As for Mr. Baldwin, he could speak with confidence; the Conservatives were ready to do anything to save the country.

With the party chiefs brought into accord, the principle of the new combination was settled; the details might safely be left till afterward. The thing was done, and with the great decision behind him the Prime Minister returned to his Cabinet. What happened at that Cabinet meeting of the Sunday evening must have been even more interesting, even more dramatic, than what had happened at the Palace that Sunday morning. His colleagues, let us remember, had seen the Prime Minister go to the King with the evident, and no doubt declared, intention of resigning. If Mr. MacDonald did resign, the expectation was that Mr. Arthur Henderson, the ringleader of the rebels, the real head, because the organizer, of the Labor Party, the chief who never thought beyond his caucus, with whom the Trade Union Council was something much more than the country, would certainly be asked to take the Prime Minister's place. He would, of course, form a new administration out of the dissident Ministers of the old; there might be no money in the Treasury, but there were still the banks, which would not dare to foreclose on the country.[4] There were, besides, the super-taxpayers. What although Mr. Snowden had said the limits of taxation had been reached? There were still rich men in the country; there were, besides, the banks, with their great deposits — a world to loot! And of course there was the electorate, to which they could make resounding appeal. They would have the unemployed with them, and the trade unions; they would have the school-teachers and the civil servants — everybody who stood to suffer by the economies which they had refused to endorse; they could pose as a large-hearted, generous party which had refused to make these harsh cuts in the pitiful stipends of the poor — a most promising electoral situation.

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[3] The *Times* of August 25 discreetly suggests the course of these conversations: 'For this immense boon, be it said, the public has no one to thank more sincerely than the King himself. . . . He was able to bring the leaders together, as no one else could have done so well, and by delaying the Prime Minister's resignation he did much to substitute a constructive effort for the tired man's impulse of despair.' — AUTHOR

Such, no doubt, were the expectations of most of his colleagues when Mr. MacDonald returned to the Palace. Only Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a sequel to *The Apple Cart*, could do full justice to the scene of their disillusion. The Prime Minister was not going to go, after all, and their services would not be required — that is to say, except those of the three colleagues who had been willing to agree on the economy policy, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Snowden, and Lord Sankey, the Lord Chancellor. Such was the Cabinet meeting of Sunday night which closed the most crowded week-end in English political history.

The Socialist Cabinet resigned on Monday, August 24, in the afternoon; on the Wednesday following, the King held a Council in the morning at which the Prime Minister and most of the members of the new government were present. Mr. Baldwin was made Lord President of the Council; Lord Sankey kissed hands as Lord Chancellor, Sir Herbert Samuel took the oath as Home Secretary; the new government, in fact, was sworn in and took the seals of office, after the late government had delivered up the seals and taken leave of His Majesty. And that same evening a tired but happy monarch, attended by his gentlemen, left the Palace for the North. The King arrived at Balmoral on the twenty-seventh of August and was out shooting grouse on Micras Moor on the twenty-eighth. The birds, we are told, were 'plentiful, strong, and healthy.'

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[4] Mr. Henderson declared later in the House of Commons that if the government had not taken its measures of economy it could still have relied on the forbearance of International Finance! — AUTHOR

HITLER AND HITLERISM

II. Germany under the Nazis

BY NICHOLAS FAIRWEATHER

I

In my first article (published in the March *Atlantic*) I set forth in some detail the dominant ideas which shape the political philosophy of Adolf Hitler. I pointed out that almost everything this remarkable man believes stems from his conception of the Germans as a 'chosen people.' From this source spring his rabid nationalism, his violent opposition to Socialism and Communism, his undisguised hatred of the Jews; even his distrust of democratic government and parliamentary institutions is based upon his tribal sense of leadership. I now wish to turn to an examination of Hitler's methods, — methods by which he has built up the National-Socialist Party into a formidable organization commanding the fanatical loyalty of eight million people, — and to foreshadow, from his own statements, some of the things he would like to accomplish if the Nazis, or Fascists, as his followers are commonly termed, should succeed in gaining control of the German Government.

During the first years of Hitler's political activity he spent some time studying economic matters, principally under the tutelage of Gottfried Feder, a present member of the Reichstag who figures as the economic expert of the party. The ground plan of his economic thinking seems to be something like this: Capital is always the result of labor, and is dependent upon the same human factors as labor itself. Capital relies upon the freedom and power of the state, but must not be allowed to dominate the state. Though capital is the property of individuals, its use also affects the welfare of the state; it must therefore be directed to promote the national well-being. In short, Hitler believes that economic boundaries should coincide with political boundaries; hence he denounces 'the economic bourse capital controlled by the Jews,' which, he says, is manipulated to work the overthrow of national states.

Prophecies of the chaos and paralysis that would be brought about by adopting this policy of economic isolation are as fantastic, Hitler thinks, as the solemn opinion of the Bavarian medical profession, in the early days of the railroads, that passengers would become dizzy and sick. For National-Socialists, he asserts, there is

> but one doctrine — People and Fatherland. What we have to fight for is to ensure the existence and increase of our race and our people, the support of our children and the maintenance of the purity of their blood, the freedom and independence of the Fatherland; so that our people may be able to carry out the mission assigned them by the Creator of the universe. Every thought and

> every idea, every teaching and all learning, must serve this purpose. From this point of view everything is to be tested, and, according to its suitability, either applied or rejected.

From this it will be seen that the Nazis base their economic ideals upon a conception of commerce and trade which is already outmoded. They are still thinking in terms of free and unlimited competition, and have not even begun to see that economic rivalry between nations must give way to international coöperation, with an organization of the whole world for the benefit of all its inhabitants. Liberals of every stripe have perceived this, and have realized that national selfishness is not an ideal — it is a way of destruction; but the Fascists, whether German or Italian, are not Liberals.

Hitler objects particularly to the complications of modern industrial life. He wants to get back to simpler and more personal conditions. His mind, like Gandhi's, turns longingly to times that are dead; both have committed themselves to an outgrown form of social organization, identifying the virtues of an older order with its exterior features. Gandhi asks his people to spin because he cherishes the human values which he associates with the period when each family made its own cloth. Hitler fears international capital for much the same reason. He does not see that 'national economics' is a thing of the past; that, instead of trying to restore a more primitive social system in order to revive the virtues which he associates with it, a modern statesman should seek to adapt to the needs of mankind the economic integration of the world which is now in process and is bound to go on. He does not realize that the existence of international capital is no longer an issue; that the important problem is to determine who is to control it, and how.

II

When Hitler discusses the national collapse of Germany at the close of the war, he gives us a very clear insight into the way his mind works. The cause of the collapse, he says, was not the defeat of the army, but the demoralization behind the lines. He affirms over and over again that it was a great mistake, in the pre-war years, for Germany to renounce the winning of more land in Europe and to aim, instead, at the economic conquest of the world. This led to limitless industrialization, with a consequent weakening of the peasantry and overgrowth of the proletariat in large cities; eventually the sharp contrasts between rich and poor engendered dissatisfaction and bitterness, and the people were divided into political classes. In proportion as 'big business' became mistress of the state, money became the god to be served. The Kaiser gradually let the nobility of gold get the upper hand over the nobility of the sword, and the combative virtues of the race declined.

German education before the war was bad, for it put emphasis upon learning rather than upon power to act; instead of training character, it bred lack of will, fear of responsibility, and half-heartedness. The press, which ought to have been controlled in the interest of the state, took advantage of these popular defects. Now there are three classes of readers, says Hitler: those who believe all they read; those who believe nothing they read; those who reason, test, and think. The great majority of people belong in the first classification, and the pre-war press taught them pacificism and internationalism, thus weakening the will of the people to defend to the death their racial heritage. Force only is effective, and the press must be supervised by the state and kept out of the hands of strangers and enemies of the people. The present generation, Hitler adds approvingly, is less squeamish about using force than its fathers were: 'A 30-centimetre grenade hisses louder than a thousand Jewish newspaper vipers.'

He berates the authorities in pre-war Germany for neglecting to take adequate measures against syphilis and tuberculosis, which, by their increase, threatened the strength of the nation. He discusses at length the degenerative effects of wrong sexual life and the prostitution of love to social or financial considerations. He declares that a foul theatre and an insane art, such as cubism, are indications of a Bolshevist state of mind. He notes that most of these degenerative influences are concentrated in the cities, which lack individuality and artistic treasures, and have no magnificent buildings to serve as foci of city life, as did the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. In refusing to grapple with these social evils, the pre-war state failed in its first duty, — that of maintaining the health and soundness of the race, — and to this end Hitler offers a concrete programme of his own: —

1. Earlier marriage must be made possible by providing new housing facilities and such financial help as may be needed.
2. Education must train the body as well as the mind.
3. Medical treatment must be made available to all classes; hopeless incurables must be remorselessly sterilized.
4. Public morals must be taken in hand and all entertainments, placards, and advertisements made clean.
5. City life must be broken up by inducing slum dwellers to return to the land.

All the social ills of the last twenty-five years, says Hitler, have been brought about by the people's lack of a positive philosophy of life. The masses will not cling to religion unless they have a definite dogma to believe in. The upsetting of religious faith is therefore not in the public interest. For the politician, the value of any religion is comparative; he should espouse the prevailing cult unless he can devise a better substitute. This is to say that religion is a tool in the politician's bag of tricks (a view, be it noted, which has also been ascribed to Mussolini). But religion must not be dragged into politics for temporal ends; that is always thoroughly bad. This last principle is quite in accord with American political thought, though in Hitler's mind it has a very special reference to the German Centre Party.

The decay of religion, the lapse in morals, the neglect of public health — these things played their part in the nation's collapse, repeats Hitler, but they were not the prime cause. The fundamental cause, the cause of all other causes, he asserts, growing more eloquent as he swings into his favorite theme, was Germany's failure to recognize the race problem. The Aryans are the great founders of civilizations, and their cultures have lasted only so long as they kept their blood pure and enforced their supremacy.

> The mixing of blood, the pollution of race . . . has been the sole reason why old civilizations have died out. Humanity does not go down in defeat because of lost wars, but because of the loss of that power of resistance which is innate in a pure blood stream. Everything that happens in world history is only the working out of the struggle for existence among the races.

The significant thing about the Aryan, says Hitler, is his idealism, his willingness to sacrifice himself for the common good. The Jew has no such idealism. His civilization is borrowed from other people, and even when he appears to be loyal to it he acts from herd instinct and remains loyal only so long as a common danger threatens the herd. Beyond that, nothing moves him but his own individual struggle for existence. He is ready, like the hungry wolf, to attack his neighbor, for he is governed by the crudest and most naked egoism. This, the very kernel of Hitler's doctrine, he amplifies at great length, dealing always in generalities and keeping pretty wide of concrete fact — perhaps because it is difficult to lay hold of facts to support his hypothesis, perhaps because the gospel of race is to him a religious tenet requiring no factual proof.

Jews, he says, have no country; they are not even nomads, but always parasites; and he outlines the procedure by which they insinuate themselves into the national institutions set up by other peoples. Labor unions and Marxism are both Jewish contrivances, and parliamentary government is the field of the Jews' operations. First comes democracy, then the dictatorship of the proletariat. The last and most decisive cause of Germany's collapse, then, was her failure to recognize the race problem, and especially the Jewish danger.

III

Hitler organized the National-Socialist German Laborers Party as a great popular movement in order to regenerate in the rank and file of the citizenry a determined will to self-preservation. Without such a will he saw that arms were useless. In 1918 the great majority of the German people were infected with Marxism, pacificism, and internationalism; so in 1919, when he set about forming his party, he determined first of all to win over the sympathies of the disaffected masses. The tactics by which he proposed to do this may best be shown by outlining the plan of campaign which Hitler drew up for the movement: —

1. No social sacrifice is too great in winning over the masses. Employers must concede wage increases if need be. Economic sacrifice must be made for the goal.

2. The national education of the masses can be brought about only through a social uplift which will enable them to share in the cultural treasure of the nation, and so in its ideals.

3. To build up in the people a strong sense of their race and their nationality it is necessary to employ fanatical, narrow, one-sided propaganda concentrated on the feelings of the masses. Dispassionate and judicial considerations are not for the masses.

4. The opponents of this nationalization programme must be destroyed. The masses know no halfway measures. The international poisoners of the soul must be done away with if the soul of the people is to be won.

5. The thing of fundamental significance is to maintain the purity of the race. Here is the key to world history.

6. This programme does not conflict with organization by occupations or the maintenance of proper occupational interests. The masses must rise to a higher level, social and cultural, and must break away from their internationally and unpatriotically minded leadership.

7. The goal of a political reform movement can never be attained by trying to persuade or influence the powers that be; the reform group must win power for itself. 'Success is the only earthly criterion of right or wrong in such a movement.'

8. The movement is against parliamentary government. It does not believe in control by majority vote. The leader only is elected. He appoints the next man below him, who appoints

the next, and so on. Each leader has complete authority and complete responsibility. The movement aims to extend this system to the state. If it takes part in Parliament, it is only to destroy it.

9. The movement refuses to take any stand on matters outside its political sphere or not vital to it. It is not a religious reformation but a political reorganization that it seeks. Both religious communions (Catholic and Lutheran) are valuable bases, but those parties that use religion for their political advantage are to be opposed. The movement does not look toward the establishment of any particular form of government, whether monarchical or republican, but toward the creation of that fundamental social organism without which no government can endure — namely, a Germanic (that is, Teutonic, not merely German) state.

10. The inner organization of the movement is not a question of principle but of practicality; it must be so managed that the prestige and entire control of the leader and the Central Office are fully preserved. The magical glamour of a Mecca or a Rome is vital to such a movement. This is the explanation of the costly headquarters established in Munich ('The Brown House').

11. 'The future of the movement depends upon the intolerance — yea, the fanaticism — with which its followers maintain it to be the only right one.' Union with similar movements is dangerous. It must go its way alone, developing like the germ, all from its own inner power.

12. Its followers must be trained to love fighting with the enemy, and to rejoice in Jewish hate and slander; then is the movement unconquerable.

13. Reverence for great personalities, for genius, must be preserved. There must be no worship of the masses. The movement 'must never forget that in personal worth lies the value of everything human, that every idea, every achievement, is the result of the creative power of a human being.'

Such a popular uprising as that of the National-Socialist Party, says Hitler, ought to be motivated by a definite philosophy if it is to wage successful war against the democratic-bourgeois-Marxist teachings which are leading to destruction. He takes it upon himself, therefore, to expound the philosophy of the Nazi state.

The state is not an end in itself; it is only a means to an end. That end is to protect, preserve, and promote the German race. The state is the vessel and the race the contents. If non-Germans are absorbed, they merely lower the German racial level. Foreigners can be taught to speak German, but they cannot be made Germans. The only useful Germanization is that of land. The Reich, then, ought to comprise all Germans. It should assemble in one nation those strains which are richest in native racial elements, and should slowly and surely bring the best stocks to a dominating position. The state must control marriage, must prevent reproduction of the unfit, must see that good parents are not kept from breeding by poverty, and must concentrate on the well-being of the healthy, racially-pure child.

Having got its healthy, racially-pure child, the state must take care of his education, seeing to it, first, that he develops a healthy body; then training him for character, will, and decision; and, last, providing him with learning. The education of the people should be cultural rather than technical. A textbook of world history must be prepared in which the race question is given proper treatment as the dominating influence in world affairs. Youth must be aroused to national pride and enthusiasm by emphasizing the achievements of the really great Germans. Army training should come as the crown and cap of education, and, upon the completion of his service, a youth should be issued a certificate of citizenship and of fitness for marriage. Manual labor should be better paid than 'white collar' work, and equally honored. Each citizen should do what he best can for the common good, and have pay enough to enter comfortably into the cultural life of his people. By careful breeding and careful education it should thus be possible to rear a sound, determined, nationally enthusiastic race equipped to win the Aryan fight against the Jew.

In such a state there would be three classes of inhabitants: (1) citizens, (2) nationals who are not citizens, and (3) persons who are nationals of other states. All children born within the state would be nationals, but not necessarily citizens.

> Men of pure German blood, having finished the full course of training, shall, upon completion of their military service, receive certificates of citizenship. German girls shall become citizens at marriage, sometimes otherwise. Persons not of German blood, and Germans who are unhealthy or otherwise objectionable, remain mere nationals.

The state must also search out and develop for the common good those individuals who possess special ability, since personality, not majorities, must rule. The principle of the new Constitution should be 'every leader to have authority over those below him, and responsibility to those above.' Parliaments would continue to exist as advisory councils, but all decisions would rest with the presiding officer; nothing should ever be determined by vote.

It is not necessary to go further into Hitler's theoretical outline of what the Nazi state ought to be. His programme comprises twenty-five points, and was intended, he says, to give the ordinary man a rough picture of what the National-Socialist Party wants to accomplish. Naturally enough, Hitler expresses keen admiration for Mussolini and Italian Fascism, and notes with approval Lloyd George's great qualities as a demagogue.

IV

In the early days of his movement Hitler concentrated his first efforts upon making the German people appreciate the evils of the Versailles Treaty. He had many spirited contests with the Social Democrats, who opposed the rise of his party and persistently endeavored to stop it by trying to break up his meetings, or by ignoring them and keeping their own followers away. These disturbances gave Hitler the idea of creating his famous 'Storm Division,' a brown-uniformed corps which, though originally devised merely to maintain order at his meetings, has been a prominent feature of all Hitlerite demonstrations since 1922. The purposes of this organization he has explained in cautious terms. Since it is not a secret society, a uniform is desirable. Its members are trained in athletic sports to a high degree of physical and moral efficiency, but Hitler states emphatically that it is an 'unmilitary organization.'

Just how 'unmilitary' the Storm Division is may best be seen by glancing at some of the evidence. It is now divided into two units — the 'S. A.,' locally organized for service in its own area, and the 'S. S.,' a flying corps of seasoned veterans who may be called to duty anywhere. On November 3, 1931, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, the daily journal of the movement, carried the following advertisement: —

> The S. S. of Munich needs in the shortest possible time 400 haversacks, 400 marquees, 400 camp kettles, and in addition cloak straps, camp-kettle straps, boots, black leather leggings, brown shirts, belts with buckles, shoulder straps. What party associate or friend of the movement can help the S. S. to these articles of equipment, if possible without cost, or at very low prices? Single articles will gladly be called for. Advice requested by letter to Schutz-Staffel Munich, Brienner Street 45.

Again in the same paper, the next day, appeared over Hitler's signature as Supreme Commander of the Storm Division an address delivered to the 'S. A. Comrades' on the tenth anniversary of the founding of the corps: —

> In a decade of self-sacrifice and fanatical struggle, of unwearied and tenacious toil and devotion, there has grown out of a little group of all-daring fighters an Army of the Swastika which to-day has already passed the second hundred thousand.

Such evidence is characteristic of the 'unmilitary' Army of the Brown Shirts.

As Hitler's followers increased and were organized in formations, he saw that he needed a flag to serve as a banner for his marching men and a symbol for the movement. After giving much thought to the matter he decided upon a black swastika set in a white circle upon a red background. Red was chosen to represent the social side of the movement, white for the German national side; the swastika stands as a symbol for the Aryan race. The color combination, it is interesting to note, is that of the flag of the German Empire.

The final objective of the National-Socialist Party, Hitler makes clear, is to set up an organic people's state which will concentrate all of its energies upon promoting the interests of the Germans as a race apart. To this end Germany must work unceasingly for the acquisition of more land in Europe. This is one of Hitler's favorite theses, and he returns to it at every opportunity. Before the war, he says, Germany was not a world power, and never will be a world power until she acquires more territory. The expansion of the race demands it. The Reich will be secure only 'when for centuries to every child of the German race it has been possible to give his own piece of land. Never forget that the holiest right in this world is the right to earth that a man desires to cultivate himself, and the holiest sacrifice the blood that a man pours out for his own soil.'

But where is Germany to find the new territory she needs? From Russia, asserts Hitler. For centuries the German race pushed irresistibly to the south and west; now it must turn its gaze to the east. The fringe of small border states which now stand between Germany and Russia must not be allowed to block her path; in the affairs of a great people there is no place for altruism. When the present Jewish régime in Russia crumbles, and Hitler thinks it inevitable that it will, Russia will be in a state of collapse. Then will come Germany's opportunity, and she will win new ground through 'the might of a victorious sword.'

Of course France will never stand idly by and see Germany strengthen herself at Russia's expense, so France must be crushed first. France, says Hitler, will never be happy until Germany is destroyed; there is no defense against her, therefore, except to attack her. France is the mortal enemy, who must be broken before Germany can expand elsewhere. All this is to be accomplished, presumably, — indeed, Hitler says as much, — through the help of alliances with England and Italy. That such a programme of conquest would again arouse the world against Germany, Hitler fails to see; or, if the possibility occurs to him, he waves it aside, drunk with his doctrine of the survival of the fittest, and his faith that the fittest of all are the Germans. Confidently, then, he faces the world as he sees it — 'this world of eternal struggle where, in every part of it, one being feeds upon another and the death of the weaker is the life of the stronger.'

V

And now, in the light of all this, what of the present situation? What about the recent talk of a coalition between the Nazis and one of the other political parties in Germany? What if it is true, as some people think, that Hitler is now striving to make himself tolerable to the French; to reassure everybody that he will proceed legally; to come to terms with the Centre Party? Do not these three compromises fall flatly afoul of all his cherished principles? Certainly they do — of all but one. With Hitler, what is expedient is right, and any alliance is possible for a limited aim (even with the Devil, says Gregor Strasser) — but only for the moment and for the partial goal to be attained. Hitler has himself said, 'The strong man is at his strongest alone'; coalitions are dangerous, and any coöperation with others must be temporary, for some special purpose.

If, then, Hitler has concluded that he can probably not come to power alone within the next few months, he may quite conceivably reason that a share of power is better than none at all, since it may serve as the entering wedge to its sole possession later. In that event, what ally would be least objectionable and most serviceable for him? The Social Democratic Party must be ruled out, for its policies are fundamentally opposed to Hitler's and no common ground could be found for a working arrangement. But the Centre — the Roman Catholic party in Germany — is a businesslike organization: it will work with anyone for a limited objective so long as there is a prospect of carrying on orderly government and preventing a revolution. Why, then, should Hitler not seek the Centre, and the Centre not strike up a bargain with him? After all, if Hitler cannot be kept from power, the Centrists may think it better to share responsibility with him and exercise some check upon his wildest tendencies, just as Germany preferred to have the English remain on the Rhine with the French. The Church's ban on the Nazis may perhaps not prove irrevocable.

Such an alliance, if it should be brought about, would not necessarily mean that Hitler, in coming to power legally by coalition, had given up the hope of sole control; or that he would not, if once in office and confronted with an adverse majority, attempt a dictatorship upon the principles he has laid down. All depends upon what he would then think possible.

Nor does his gesture toward France mean a change of heart. It means a recognition of fact. As Hitler said in his open letter to Chancellor Brüning, the Versailles Treaty is a fact and must be dealt with as such. The French are now predominant in Europe, and in negotiation with them one must take cognizance of realities. But when the time comes, when power at last returns to a Hitlerized Germany, then France must be crushed so that Germany may begin her conquest of land to the east.

Thus, with Hitler, no aim changes, even though all aims may have to bend to the necessities of the moment. The philosopher sets the ultimate goal; the practical politician judges what is possible at any given instant and strives for that. And, among the Nazis, Hitler exercises both functions.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

On Groaning at Puns

My family and friends all groan when I make a pun. Probably yours do. Why? I like puns. Probably you do. Possibly most people like puns, at least in moderation. But it is the fashion now to brand them as 'the lowest form of wit' and to groan whenever one is made. If the people who groan created even infrequently examples of higher forms of wit, I should n't, perhaps, complain. But they don't. They groan at puns who never made an epigram.

Fortunately I have a friend who defies his family and heartens me to defy mine. One day he appeared in black-and-white sport shoes. I had on white-and-tan ones, which caused us to remark that his shoes were Holsteins and mine Guernseys.

'I wonder,' said I, 'what would be the result if we left them in the same closet?'

'Milking shoehorns,' he replied.

Our combined families groaned.

I suppose it is possible that I am wrong, but I still think this is amusing. Which kind of pun it belongs to, though, I am not so certain. There are, of course, two kinds of puns — good puns and bad puns. Both are funny. Sometimes the latter are funnier — if the man who makes them knows they are bad. An unconsciously bad pun, like any other unconscious failure in the art world, is more to be pitied than scorned. Let it die on the silence, with no groans.

In the good old days of my favorite author, Artemus Ward, the pun was in high favor. So, to be sure, you reply, were mansard roofs, but I don't see any necessary connection, nor shall I be lured into any remarks about attic wit. Artemus said you'd know his house in Brooklyn because it had a cupola and a mortgage on it. He also said that the pretty girls of Utah mostly married Young. Probably nobody now remembers his once-famous panorama, which he exhibited with appropriate and descriptive remarks in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and London. Especially in London was it — like the grave of Shakespeare — a success. Artemus in London used an umbrella to point out the objects of interest in his pictures. (In Boston I think he used a fish pole.) When the curtain disclosed 'the great desert at night,' he said, 'Indians occupy yonder mountains. Little Injuns may be seen in the distance trundling their war-hoops.' Our naïve predecessors, on both sides of the Atlantic, did not groan. The simple creatures laughed. I must confess that I still do. I even smile a little when Artemus declares that 'the Mormon's religion is singular and his wives are plural.' As for his telegram to the California theatrical manager, judge honestly for yourself. Hearing that Artemus was planning a visit to the coast, the manager wired him: —

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE FOR FORTY
NIGHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO?

The reply was immediate.

BRANDY AND WATER. A. WARD

Perhaps you say that is n't a pun. At any rate, it is a reply of spirit.

Artemus, to be sure, did not rely exclusively or even chiefly on the pun for his humor. He used it sparingly, waiting till he had a very good or a very bad one. He could take his pun or leave it alone (which was more than he could do with some other things).

There is some justification for groaning at the punster who has no powers of resistance. Apparently he came into the modern world with the nineteenth century, so maybe he was a phenomenon of the machine age. Since all our other troubles are blamed on machinery, why not the incorrigible punster? This theory has to ignore the atrocious puns in Shakespeare, but it's a poor theory which can't ignore what does n't fit it. At any rate, the eighteenth-century wits derived largely from those of the Restoration, and favored the epigram. They punned, but with logical pointedness, and only when their sense of style was satisfied. When Samuel Foote was asked, on his return from Ireland, if he'd been to Cork, he replied, 'No, but I saw many drawings of it.' (This has done duty on the stage ever since.) The great Dr. Johnson was not above punning, but he too managed to point his puns sharply. With the nineteenth century, however, punning became a habit, not an art, and men became hypnotized by similarity of syllables. The recorded witticisms of Theodore Hook, and his impromptu poems, are choked with puns that have neither the merit of style nor the humor of inevitable ingenuity. One of his nearer approaches to wit, if not to critical discernment, was his impromptu on the publication of 'Prometheus Unbound.'

Shelley styles his poem *Prometheus Unbound,*
And 't is like to remain so while time circles round;
For surely an age would be spent in the finding
A reader so weak as to pay for the binding.

Hook contributed to *John Bull,* and perpetuated many of those farces which poured out upon the stage in the barren years of the early nineteenth century. Hood, of course, seized upon the pun as a humorous device in his poetry. The minor theatres, restrained by monopoly from presenting the 'legitimate' drama, took refuge in what we should now call reviews, and the pun flourished to an incredible extent. The authors tried to give two meanings to words which did n't have one! The contagion spread across the Atlantic, and, like a germ in a new culture, grew even more virulent. One of the most successful burlesques ever produced in America was John Brougham's *Pocahontas,* acted first in 1855 and hundreds of times thereafter. It served a useful purpose, too, for it made ridiculous the romantic dramas about the noble red man, then prospering with *Metamora,* Edwin Forrest's prize play, as their leader. But if you will take the trouble to read *Pocahontas* you will find it almost unbelievable doggerel in which the puns explode sometimes two or three to the line. Captain John Smith has been to visit Powhatan, and reports: —

I visited his majesty's abode,
A pleasant savage, plump and pigeon-toed,
Like Metamora both in face and feature —
I never met-a-more-amusing creature.

And so it goes. Yet our ancestors did not groan. Here, and in England, they endured — nay, they enjoyed — a barrage of mechanical puns from stage and platform and press till the nineteenth century was well past its meridian. Tom Taylor in England, Oliver Wendell Holmes here, not only escaped public wrath, but waxed in purse and reputation. Even the great Gilbert, in his early days, was guilty.

But those days are happily past. The drama found something more important to do than punning, and humor once more took on the edge of style. In the nineties the epigram was rediscovered, and raged furiously (or shall we say Wildely). The pun ceased to be a weapon of humor either on the stage or on the printed page, and at some undefined date the custom of groaning arose when a belated Victorian made a play on words. As one who is sometimes consulted regarding subjects for 'research' in the pursuit of a Ph. D. degree, I recommend a thesis on the rise and fall of the pun, with special reference to the first groans. It might contain much of social history, and not a little humor. But, alas! I suppose the latter fact quite debars it from consideration. Humor in a Ph. D. thesis would be as out of place as a coonskin coat in Timbuctoo or a bond salesman on my doorstep.

To-day, in America, neither the pun nor the epigram is the mark of wit, but the wise-crack. A wise-crack is an epigram boiled eight minutes. That is why it often hurts when it hits. But there are belated punsters, pure amateurs who do not have to make a living or a reputation by twisting words, and hence employ their harmless gift as happy artists, when the mood and the occasion justify it. Groan at them as you will, they are not to be discouraged, and find solace in each other's appreciation, or even in their own silent satisfaction at a pun well turned.

The other day, with such a one, I traveled on the Harlem railroad. The train presently paused at the station of Wassaic, where a woman stood on the platform holding a bunch of roses. My companion, turning to me with the gleam of creation in his eye, exclaimed, 'Wassaic with flowers!'

I did not groan. But of course you are privileged to, if that's the way you feel.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THIRTEEN, THE SACRED NUMBER

THE number thirteen was at one time regarded with dislike and with fear that came little short of abhorrence. One of my earliest recollections is that of being invited by my grandmother to sit down for a few minutes with a dinner party of mature persons, I being then of the age of seven years and hitherto rigidly excluded from all such festivities; the reason was simply that the fourteenth guest had failed to arrive, and on no account must thirteen persons sit down to a table. Had I not been available, my grandmother would have flouted all social differences and asked the butler or the maid to sit down with the guests, rather than face the awful consequences that might have flowed from there being thirteen in the party.

On inquiry I found that thirteen was an unlucky number, to be avoided in all such connections as days of the month, room numbers in hotels, lottery tickets, and so forth. There was, however, one curious exception: there was no bad luck about accepting one extra of any kind of commodity habitually sold by the dozen, and my grandmother always demanded what she called a 'baker's dozen' — though I should have thought it rather a baker's client's dozen — of buns, muffins, collar studs, and blue pills, and also occasionally, I think, of eggs. I never could make out what became of the curse on these occasions, but neither she nor anybody else of my acquaintance ever refused the additional bun.

It is curious to one brought up in this antique and rather charming superstition to find that thirteen is now fast becoming a Sacred Number. For in North America thirteen is actually being made the mystic basis of the real religion of the age. It is the key number of everything that falls under the head of Education. The educationists worship it; it is the Number of their Golden Calf; they never do anything except in thirteens and multiples of thirteen.

Every university course is in thirteen — or twenty-six, or thirty-nine — lectures. Every university textbook is in thirteen, or x times thirteen, chapters. Any subject that cannot be taught in multiples of thirteen is incontinently cast out of the curriculum; it is not knowledge; it cannot be taught at all. I have a friend who has written a book, a very good book, a textbook, on Differential Calculus. When he had written eleven chapters he found that he had said everything that he wanted to say about calculus, so he stopped. He wanted to send his textbook out into the academic world with eleven chapters and no more. But his publishers knew better. They insisted that he must add two more chapters, even if he had nothing further to say about calculus whatever. So he added two chapters on the Police Power in the United States Constitution; and his book is now regarded as the best thing of its kind in existence, and is used by one hundred and seventy-eight colleges.

This startling rehabilitation of the number thirteen has thus far taken place only in the United States, if we except some slight extension of the process into Canada; and it has been suggested to me that a clue to it may be found in the fact that there were Thirteen Original States in the American Union, and in the associated fact that there are thirteen bars in the American flag. It is, of course, conceivable that these things helped to prepare the way for a more favorable consideration of the ill-omened number by the American mind, but I doubt if they were the immediate cause of its sanctification.

The real beginnings of the thirteen cult occurred, I am confident, when certain American educationists conceived the idea that the academic year ought to be divided into 'semesters' rather than into the 'terms' which prevail in Europe and which seem to have some connection with the major feasts of the Western Christian Church. A semester is half of an academic year; and an academic year in the United States has settled down into twenty-six weeks of lectures, six weeks or so of examinations, registrations, celebrations, and graduations, and twenty weeks of vacations. Half of an academic year is therefore thirteen weeks of solid instruction, plus some trimmings which need not be taken into account. Hence thirteen has become the basic unit of everything in the academic time system. So many periods of thirteen weeks each make a Bachelor of Arts; so many more periods make a Master; so many more yet make a Doctor of Philosophy, with the aid of a typewritten manuscript which may possibly be read by thirteen people. Thirteen is the essential number in the magic formula by which an undergraduate becomes a Bachelor, a Bachelor a Master, and a Master a Doctor. Obviously it has some supernatural efficacy, something like the laying on of hands.

I do not know whether the sacredness of thirteen will in time spread to Western Europe and the other countries in which modern civilization is rampant, or not. It depends entirely on the attitude of the educational authorities. Oxford and Cambridge seem to be deeply attached to the idea of Michaelmas and Easter terms, notwithstanding the circumstance that at least one of the feasts on which these antiquated divisions are based is continually wandering all over the spring months, and its exact location in any year cannot be determined without the aid of a Book of Common Prayer, a slide rule, a set of logarithms, and a horoscope. This cannot surely go on forever, and when the Easter term disappears it will presumably be replaced by the American semester, which has proved its superior efficiency by the fact that it turns out more university graduates in a decade than the British terms do in a century. Even Europe must eventually learn that you can't get anywhere without standardization, and that in education the standards come in thirteens.

Except in Russia. There they have upset the whole thirteen business by putting far too many weeks in a year. The Soviet week is five days, the Soviet year is seventy-three weeks, with a sort of *dies non* every leap year. The Soviet sacred number — which in time will doubtless come to be named after the late Comrade Lenin — will have to be either five or seventy-three. I presume it will turn out to be five, a number which is already associated with Sovietism not only through the five-day week but also through the Five-Year Plan — which you will notice does not cease to be the Five-Year Plan because it is intended to execute it in four years.

True, the number five is already slightly consecrated to another sort of worship; it is revered, if I am not misinformed, by members of the Masonic Order as having some connection with their founder or patron, King Solomon. I should for that reason have expected the Russians to fall back on seventy-three, which is also a prime number — at least I have tried dividing it by all sorts of things without success — and which has the advantage of being considerably larger than any other sacred number that I know of, and therefore appropriate to a large country with large ideas. However, I have not noticed the Russians doing anything about seventy-three, and they have certainly done a lot about five, from which I conclude that perhaps it is possible for a number to be too large to be sacred, even in Russia.

After all, there is something peculiarly suitable to the Soviet régime in the number five. It is probably the most efficient of all our numbers, next to ten, which itself is merely five multiplied by two. It is the number of the hand, and not only of the human hand, but of the hand of cards in poker, that most efficient of all means for effecting a redistribution of the ownership of valuables. It may well become the characteristic number of Russia, not for any mystic properties, but in virtue of its businesslike qualities. The hammer, the sickle, and the number five. Why, now that I come to think of it, the very contour of the figure itself is that of a sickle with the blade downward. The thing is getting serious. If these ratiocinations of mine are correct, the good old Anglo-Saxon and bourgeois game of fives may have to be abandoned by all loyal Americans, as savoring too much of Communism and a disregard for international debts.

But the Russians will never have any use for thirteen, and it can go on being the sacred number of Bourgeois Learning.

BERNARD K. SANDWELL